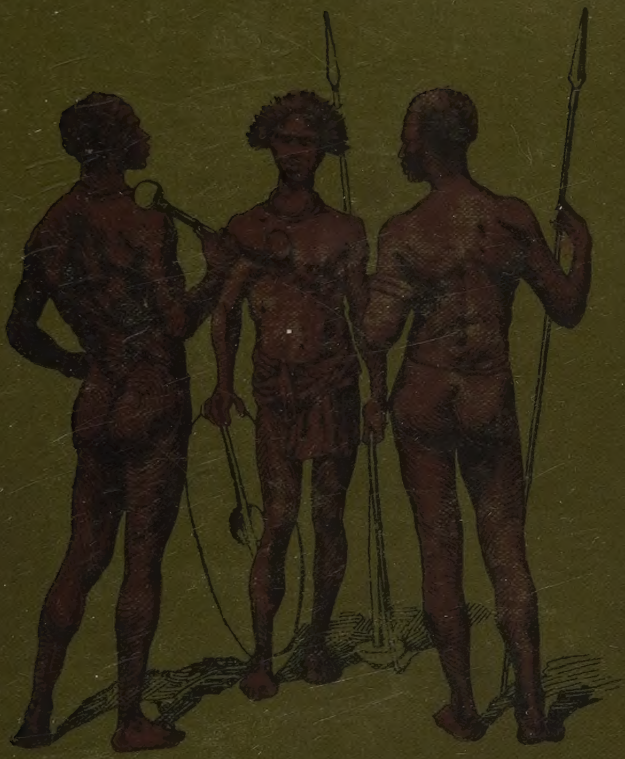

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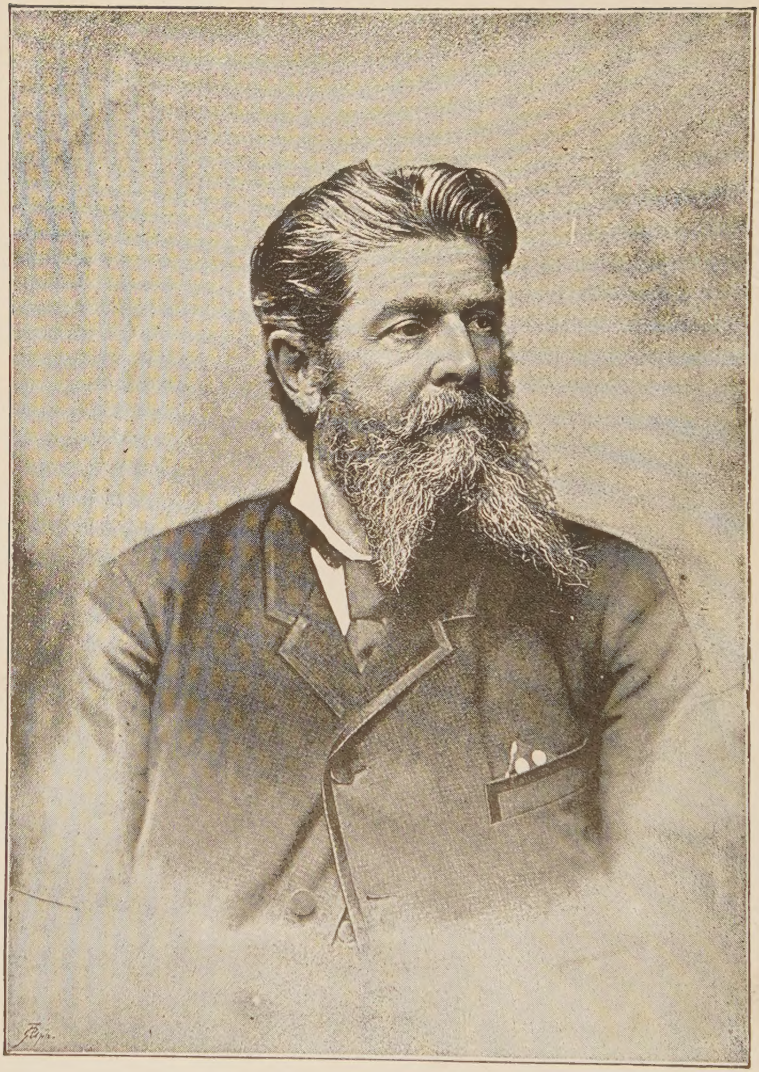

Dr. Wilh. Junker

TRAVELS IN AFRICA

DURING THE YEARS 1875-1878

BY

DR. WILHELM JUNKER

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY

A. H. KEANE, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

THE map of Africa still shows a huge vacuum extending from the head-waters of the White Nile right across the continent to the Gulf of Guinea, and reaching from the Lower Shari southwards to the great northern bend of the Congo. Where the Congo begins to trend south-westwards this blank space is, so to say, divided into a western and an eastern section by the lower course of the Ubanji, first ascended by Mr. Grenfell in 1885-6. The western section still remains mainly a blank ; the eastern has recently been more than half filled in, partly by the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition conducted by Stanley up the Aruwimi Valley, but to a much larger extent by the explorations of Dr. W. Junker in Central Africa. These explorations, begun in 1875, and interrupted in 1878 by failing health, were resumed early in 1879, and actively prosecuted till May, 1883, when they were brought to a sudden close by the spread of the Mahdi's revolt throughout Egyptian Sudan. Owing to the ensuing troubles, the traveller was obliged to sacrifice all his collections and hastily withdraw to Ladó, where Emin was still holding out. After Emin's retreat southwards to Wadelai, Dr. Junker made his way through Unyoro to the east coast, reaching Zanzibar in January, 1887.

In a general way, Dr. Junker's researches may be regarded as

a continuation of those of his fellow-countryman, Dr. Schweinfurth, which closed in 1870 with the discovery of the Welle. In fact, a main object of his later expeditions was the determination of the course of this great river, which Schweinfurth supposed must flow through the Shari to Lake Tsad, but which is now clearly shown to belong to the Congo catchment basin. At one point Junker penetrated westwards to 22° 55′ E., that is, to within sixty or seventy miles of the farthest point reached by Van Gele in his ascent of the Ubanji in January, 1888. Thus was practically settled the most important hydrographic problem still awaiting solution in Central Africa. Southwards also Dr. Junker nearly overlapped Stanley's route, for he struck the Nepoko some forty miles due north of Ugarrowwa on the Aruwimi. Although not the Aruwimi itself, as he supposed, the Nepoko is evidently a northern tributary of that river, and thus were determined the respective limits of the Congo secondary basins towards the Congo-Nile water-parting. These achievements, accomplished without any show of force, and without a single violent death, place Dr. Junker's name high up on the glorious muster-roll of African explorers.

In this volume his researches are brought down to September, 1878, and include, besides an excursion to the Siwa Oasis and Natron Valley, a careful survey of the Báraka watercourse, wanderings through Upper Nubia, an expedition to the Sobat river, and numerous journeys throughout Makaraka Land and surrounding regions. Much of the latter is entirely new ground, and all of it is here for the first time accurately described. It will supply cartographers with plentiful material for filling up their blank spaces in a region some 100,000 square miles in extent.

In this translation the spirit of the German text has been adhered to, with condensation of non-essential details throughout.

For the ten first chapters I am entirely responsible; for the rest I have availed myself of assistance, carefully revising the proof-sheets. In transliterating the author's spelling, I have combined the English consonantal with the Italian vowel sounds, an eclectic system which has been found convenient in the case of all Bantu and most other African languages. The phonetic method has also been preferred to the ethnological, where Arabic is concerned. Thus, for instance, بلد السودان is transliterated *beled es-Sudan*, not *beled el-Sudan*. It should however, be noticed the Arabic ق has rather the sound of *g* than *q* in Egyptian Sudan. The inlaut *h* used by Germans to lengthen a preceding vowel, and often wrongly retained on English maps, is discarded, while the auslaut *h* is kept where needed to voice a preceding *e*. Hence *Rol* = *Rohl*; but *Mudirîyeh* = *Mudirije*. Note also that initial *ss* and *s* German answer to initial English *s* and *z* respectively when preceding a vowel. Hence *Sandeh* becomes *Zandeh*, and so on. On the same principle the German variants *dsch* and *dj* are always represented by simple *j*, as in *Jebel* for *Djebel*. These hints, if attended to, may help map-makers to introduce a little order into the present chaotic condition of our English atlases.

Besides several illustrations, numerous notes, indicated by the initials R. B., have been supplied by the scholar and artist, Herr Richard Buchta. Others prepared for this English edition seemed to need no special indication.

A. H. KEANE.

79, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.,
May 30*th*, 1890.

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CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY FROM ALEXANDRIA TO THE LIBYAN DESERT AND THROUGH THE NATRON VALLEY.

Occasion of the Journey—Arrival in Alexandria—Cleopatra's Needle—Gerhard Rohlfs and the Bahr-bilâ-mâ problem—Project of a Sahara Sea—The Start—The Caravan—Meks—Ruins of Taposiris—Lighthouse of Oasr-el-Amad—The Zones of the Coast Region—Bîr Hamâm—Medîneh-el-Kafirîn—Fauna of the Desert—Hashm-el-'Agl—Amongst the Gawabis—A Night in the Desert—Mehemet Ali and the Bedouins—Aulad 'Aly—The Natron Lakes—The Koptic Convents—History of the Kopts—Origin of the Monophysite doctrine—Deir Baramûs and Deir Suriâni—The Koptic Manuscripts—Wady Faregh—Arrival in Fayyûm—Ruins of Arsinoe—To Cairo.

DURING the Paris Geographical Congress of August, 1875, I came into personal contact with those three bright German stars of African exploration, Nachtigal, Rohlfs, and Schweinfurth ; and by them my attention was directed towards Dar-Fôr, a region at that time presenting geographical interests of the first importance. I accordingly selected as the goal of my future activity this land still shrouded in the veil of an awe-inspiring mystery.

Early in the October of 1875, I embarked at Trieste, on board the Austrian Lloyd steamer *Austria*, and in fifteen days the low, narrow, yellow line of the Egyptian seaboard appeared

on the horizon. Presently the marine glass revealed a group of long-armed windmills, followed by numerous dazzling white houses, the lighthouse of Ras-et-Tîn, the ramparts and stone quarries of Meks, with the lead-coloured cupolas of Saïd Pasha's abandoned palace. The palms also, their tall feathery tufts waving on the breeze, awakened that magic sentiment which the imagination associates with Africa and the East, although the

LANDING AT ALEXANDRIA.

Egyptian coast itself is uninteresting enough, being destitute of any bold lines or headlands.

The *Austria* having obtained free *pratique* from the sanitary authorities, our landing is soon effected at the port of Alexandria, where the luggage is rapidly passed through the custom house, and we rattle away through narrow, busy streets, to our hotel.

To a traveller arriving from the interior of Egypt, the impres-

sion produced by Alexandria is rather that of a suburb of Naples than of an oriental city. The effect on a person landing fresh from Europe is described in highly graphic language, and with much true local colouring by Bogumil Goltz, in the following passage :—

"These Arab proletariates, with naked, yellow or dark-brown arms and legs, in dirty white or blue sleeveless shirts, and soiled turbans, or red tasselled fez on their head, these mahogany faces and limbs in every shade of colour down to the shining coal-black of the negro ; these tumultuous donkey 'cavalcades,' of half-naked riders, or grandees in sumptuous gold and silken robes, of German mechanics in German blouses, of Italian or English exquisites, the former in modern swallow-tails and choice Parisian hats, the latter in white broad-brimmed squash hats and all manner of fantastic garbs ; all these violent contrasts of motley throngs, broken at intervals by long lines of camels foaming at the mouth, coupled with palm-fibre cordage, slouching along with ungainly walk and melancholy moan. This first experience of a heathen land wrapped in old and new marvels, took me so by surprise that I instinctively drew out my watch to see whether it also like my poor bewildered Christian soul, had come to a stop, overwhelmed by amazement."

I, however, by no means lost my head, for after all I was no longer quite a novice ; I even soon became accustomed to this strange and at first really marvellous world, ending by finding it uninteresting and even monotonous. For archæologists themselves this ancient capital of the Ptolemies presents few points of interest, for the simple reason that very little of the old city has survived to our time. The famous obelisk, however, known as Cleopatra's Needle, was still there, standing on the beach of the "New Port," which was separated from the Eunostos or "Haven of Welcome," by Ptolemy Soter's "Seven Stadia Causeway" connecting the old quarters with the island or peninsula of Pharos.

The historical legend that the obelisk, which originally stood before the great temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, was removed to Alexandria by the famous daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, has so

persistently held its ground, that the monolith has become inseparably associated with the name of the Egyptian queen.

Yet the removal of the obelisk was really effected by the architect Pontius, by order of the Prefect Barbarus, in the year 22 B.C. But the myth-loving fancy of late generations could scarcely remain satisfied with two such insignificant names as these, and they accordingly connected the memory of Cleopatra with monuments with which she had nothing whatever to do. She left, in fact, no enduring memorial of herself to future generations, and now this empty reminiscence itself has vanished. One of the two obelisks which long lay half-buried in the sands has been removed to England, and re-erected on the Thames Embankment, the other, seventy-two feet high, to America, and set up in the Central Park, New York.

Of all the splendour and magnificence of this renowned centre of the commercial and intellectual world, nothing remains except a few blocks, which must be carefully sought out in order not to be overlooked.

A few days sufficed for me to inspect all that still survives of the old city. Nor was any specially interesting field of inquiry presented by the modern town, with its cosmopolitan inhabitants devoted almost exclusively to money-making. The chief impression produced on the stranger is that of a population given to luxury and the imitation of Parisian fashions, combined with an extremely superficial culture and the jarring notes of every imaginable living language.

On the Friday, the Mohammedan day of rest, and the Sunday, all the fashionable world resorts to the promenade on the banks of the Mahmudieh canal. Engaging one of the well-appointed public carriages, I took up a good position to watch the gay scene.

But for the few acacias (*Acacia nilotica*) lining the way, a secular sycamore, palms heavily laden with fruit, and bananas, characteristic of African scenery, I might have fancied myself in some large European city with its equipages, handsome and plain women in elegant attire, "ladies" of the *demi-monde* in landaus and broughams—*tout comme chez nous*. But there were

weighty matters to attend to, and all the preparations had to be made for my proposed journey to Dar-Fôr.

Meantime, however, Rohlfs had arranged for a preliminary excursion to the Libyan Desert, with a view, if possible, to a solution of the problems raised by that explorer regarding a hypothetical extensive depression in the desert and the Bahr-bilâ-mâ question.

During his journey from Tripoli[1] to Alexandria in the year 1869, Rohlfs had noticed an extensive zone of depressions which apparently comprised the oases of Maradeh, Aujila, and Jalo, disposed in a long chain from west to east, and followed, after a considerable interruption, by Siwah, the famous Jupiter Ammon of the ancients. From Siwah a sort of valley or cutting runs to the vicinity of the Natron lakes and the pyramids of Gizeh, and, according to the readings of Rohlfs' aneroid, this valley would appear to lie below the level of the sea.[2] Then came the question, might not the Bahr-bilâ-mâ ("Waterless Sea") also stand at a lower level than the Mediterranean, seeing that it is separated only by a narrow ridge from the Natron valley? This waterless sea runs from the neighbourhood of the Natron lakes southwards to the desert, and north-westwards in the direction of the Mediterranean, to which it comes within nine or ten miles at Abusir, the Taposiris of the Romans. Here it is separated from the sea by a limestone ridge, a continuation of the narrow sandy waste which lies between Lake Mareotis and the Mediterranean, and which has been compared to the tongue of a monster gasping for breath.

Rohlfs assumed that the Bahr-bilâ-mâ valley belonged to the large area of depression; only he was uncertain how far southwards this area extended. The depression itself he regarded as a former marine inlet, which first became separated from the Mediterranean, and then gradually evaporated. Starting from this theory, he at last conceived the idea of a project according to which the waters of the Mediterranean might be let in through

[1] That is the North-African Tripoli; the Tarabulus-el-gharb, or "West Tripoli" of the Arabs, in contradistinction to the Tripoli on the Syrian coast.

[2] Gerhard Rohlfs, *Von Tripolis nach Alexandrien.*

a cutting from the Bîr Rassem, and the whole depression again transformed to an inland gulf. In his opinion, a waterway might thus be opened into the interior of Africa, the climate of the surrounding lands improved, and Cyrenaica changed to an island in the middle of the Mediterranean. From Alexandria he wrote to Dr. Petermann, of Gotha, in May, 1869:—"Possibly the whole of the Libyan desert, as well as Kufra, may be lower than the Mediterranean, and what a change might be effected in the physical constitution of Africa by flooding this region as far as Ujanga, and perhaps transforming Cyrene and the so-called Libyan plateau to an island, or, at all events, a peninsula connected with Lower Egypt. The route followed by me to the Morhara wells showed an average depth of 100 feet below the sea, and as I was provided with an excellent aneroid, by Sekretan, on this point there can be no doubt.[1]

Strange to say, the long petrified stems of trees numerous enough in the Waterless Sea, and also occurring both farther west and eastwards to the pyramid plateau, are supposed by the natives to be the masts of a shipwrecked fleet. Can this surmise be based on some vague tradition of an historic event handed down from remote times, or is it merely a spontaneous explanation inspired by the imagination of these nomad children of the desert?[2]

The French traveller, Père Sicard, who visited Egypt early in the eighteenth century, also supposed that "masts and the

[1] *Petermann's Mittheilungen*, 1869, p. 228. After his expedition to the Libyan Desert Rohlfs entirely changed his views on the Bahr-bilâ-mâ, and even desired all such indications to be effaced from the map. (See *Petermann's Mittheilungen* for 1879.)

The assumed depression of the oases is now reduced to that of Siwah, where the Caravanserai lies ninety-five feet below sea-level. On the other hand, the results of the Kufra expedition show that Augila stands 132 and Jalo 296 feet above the sea (Rohlfs). R.B.

[2] The fossiliferous sands discovered by Schweinfurth three or four miles south of the pyramids of Gizeh on the verge of the Nile valley, were pronounced by Mayer-Eymar to be diluvial and on this evidence he inferred the former existence of a diluvial sea in the Sahara. They probably belong to the middle pliocene epoch, and show that at that time the Nile delta was an arm of the sea. The fauna is distinctly Mediterranean, 95 per cent. of the species belonging to the present Mediterranean fauna, as proved by Neumayr in his *Pliocene Marine Shells from Egypt*. R.B.

remains of vessels are found in the valley of the waterless river."[1] Anyhow, Rohlfs's somewhat academic project was attacked by Dr. W. Zenker in his essay *On the Zone of Depression in the Libyan Desert and the Waterless River.* This writer pointed out that the result of such a flooding of the northern Sahara would be the formation of an enormous saline deposit, which would fill the whole region of the depression, and render North Africa permanently uninhabitable. However, no attempt has been made to realize either Rohlfs's scheme, or that of Captain Roudaires, who also proposed to create an "inland sea" south of Tunis and Algeria.

According to an older hypothesis the Bahr-bilâ-mâ was regarded as the dried-up bed of the Nile, which was made to flow from the Fayyûm to the Mediterranean; its fluvial formation being taken almost as a matter of course. Although lying, so to say, almost at the gates of Cairo, from which it is distant in a bee-line not more than eighty miles, the Waterless Sea had never been systematically explored by any traveller. It was visited by some members of the French expedition in 1799, but not seriously examined. A gap thus remained to be filled up in our knowledge of an easily accessible region, and I was readily induced by Rohlfs to undertake the journey.

Through the consulate I obtained from the Khedive, Ismail I., an order signed by the keeper of the great seal and addressed to all the chiefs of the Aulad 'Aly Bedouins, who occupy the Libyan desert from Alexandria to the great oasis. In this document they were called upon to lend me every assistance in carrying out the object of my visit. Saïd, one of their sheikhs, was summoned to Alexandria by the Government, and instructed to provide the necessary camels, the hire of each being fixed at seven and a half francs a day. I also secured two saddle-asses at five francs a day each, a Nubian interpreter who spoke French, and Italian, and two personal attendants, Ali and Soliman.

After a stay of three weeks in Alexandria, I was able to set out for the Libyan desert on November 6th, 1875. Sending

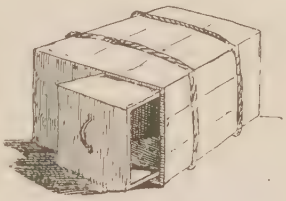
[1] Lettre à Mgr. le Comte de Toulouse, &c. Paris, 1717.

forward the baggage to the Gabari Gate on the south-west side of the city, where the camels were assembled, I followed, accompanied by the consular dragoman Minotto, who had received me in the most friendly manner, freely placing at my service his personal experience in making my preparations for the trip.

A LADEN CAMEL.

The "Hâbir," conductor of our little caravan, hailed me with the kindly greeting, "Blest be thy day and commended!" The camels, sprawling in the dusty road, stupidly gazing in the distance and incessantly moving the jaws as they placidly chewed the cud, were loaded with the packages secured in stout netting.

Whoever for the first time assists at the loading of these hump-backed animals, might suppose from their continual moaning and plaintive cries that they were enduring the roughest usage and agonies of torture.



A CAMEL'S BOX.

But scarcely is the loading completed and the weight as far as possible equally distributed on both sides of the primitive saddle, when the camel struggles to its feet, suddenly ceases all noise, and for the rest of the day never utters another groan. Then the jeremiads are renewed at the unpacking, and the doleful concert is thus rehearsed at every loading and unloading, that is, at the start and conclusion of each day's journey. But against such drawbacks may well be set the many unspeakable pleasures of a trip through the desert.

The Bedouins, ever anxious to spare their own beasts to the utmost, will always endeavour to persuade you that more pack-animals are needed than were originally hired. And so it was in my case, and to put an end to their importunities, urged with amazing glibness and vivacity, I promised these disingenuous children of nature that the very next day another camel should be engaged.

At last our little convoy was fairly started. The foremost animal was led by a rope, the rest strung together followed in Indian file, the Bedouins walking at their side, and one bringing up the rear. All these swarthy Arabs began the march with a devout ejaculation uttered in a half singing voice. I followed for a short distance in a carriage, which however I had soon to abandon owing to the wretched state of the sandy track, in which it sank every now and then up to the axle. But in the very act of alighting I was threatened with a serious accident. A heavily laden stone cart, which was just then passing, went plump into a hole, instantaneously discharging its whole contents on our side. Ali, my donkey-boy, was standing close to the carriage, and on seeing the stones tumbling down I gave him up for hopelessly lost, and in fact the very wheels were damaged.

Yet the cloud of dust had scarcely rolled away, when I beheld my little man scatheless and lively about a hundred paces out of harm's way. White as a miller from the limestone dust, I cheerfully mounted the little donkey, which was henceforth safely to carry me through the desert. He was greatly to be preferred to the camels, with their swinging, tiring gait.

A short halt was made in the Alexandrian suburb of Gabari, where one or two of our people quickly vanished, and as quickly returned with a goodly supply of green stuffs, onions, fresh bread, and the like, all of which was taken on board the "ship of the desert," or else disappeared in the capacious folds of the Bedouins' flowing robes.

We trended south-westwards along the narrow spit of land between the sea, which however was not here visible, and Lake Mareotis, whose shores were everywhere lined with saline deposits left by the evaporation of the water; presently we also came upon the people engaged in harvesting the salt. Between the coast and the lake runs a chain of limestone hills 100 to 115 feet high, varying in breadth from half a mile to nearly two miles. Wherever the bare rock does not crop out, the surface consists of heaps of rubbish, the remains of old buildings.

I followed the route already taken by Alexander the Great, to the boundless *aqaba*—that is, the waterless, uninhabitable wilderness, which separates the once flourishing and thickly peopled Mareotis district from the western oasis of Jupiter Ammon.[1] The aspect of the land changes immediately beyond Meks, a wretched Fellah village, near which are the large quarries, which are worked by an English company, and which supplied part of the material required for the huge breakwater which was still in course of construction in the harbour of Alexandria. Here the well-beaten, dusty, limestone highway is succeeded by a road partly stony, partly sandy, where flourishes the characteristic vegetation of the *hattieh*.[2]

[1] *Agaba* or *aqabeh*, the Arabic عقبة in the narrower sense of hill or steep way, is in other regions applied in a general way to any uninhabited wilderness or solitude, whether waste, stony, or even partly overgrown by vegetation.—R.B.

[2] *Hattieh*, waste lands overgrown with scrub and brushwood.

At Meks we left, on our right hand, the now neglected summer retreat of the former Viceroy, Saïd Pasha. Although scarcely more than twenty years old, the walls are pulled down the large court empty and lifeless, the surrounding structures—galleries, kiosks, turrets, and minarets—all crumbling to dust.

At a steady pace we plodded on for hours and hours without getting a glimpse of the sea, which was yet so near us. After four o'clock we halted at a place where there was a spring of bad water, with a few Bedouin tents, and the name of which sounded like Umusghéŭ. In many places the colocynth, or bitter apple, the *hándal* of the Arabs, was seen trailing on the

CARAVAN IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.

ground. The extremely bitter fruit of this plant is used as a purgative by the Bedouins, who remove the pulp, pour milk in, and drink it off.

Next morning we left Umusghéŭ, skirting the southern slope of a ridge of white sandstone and shifting dunes, on which stood several old watch-towers (*gelā'h*), and extensive quarries. This ridge was crossed by our caravan to reach the hamlet of Dehr, on the south side of a chain of dunes skirting the sea-coast, whither we were attracted by a clump of some twenty date-palms. Here was also a garden, irrigated by two springs of indifferent water, and growing fig-trees, onions, pepper, and the

like. We passed several other springs, amongst which was one which yielded excellent drinking-water. They are usually from sixteen to twenty feet deep, and are here and there surrounded by a few tents, under which women and children take shelter from the sun.

Then our steps were directed towards a long line of palms, which it took nearly half an hour to pass; at last, after leaving fully a dozen wells behind us, we pitched our tents about the time for afternoon prayer.[1]

During the morning, while we enjoyed the cool breezes from over the sea, all was life, song, and chatter in the caravan. But as the sun rose higher, and the heat grew more oppressive, every voice was gradually hushed, and my swarthy comrades continued to march in silence by the inaudible step of the camel, indifferent alike to fair or foul weather. But the arrival at our camping-ground again loosens all tongues; camels roar and groan, drivers shout and babble to their heart's content.

The name of this place we were informed was Kifan el-Magârin, "Kifan of the Quarries."

Before resuming our march on November 8, I made an excursion to the third watch-tower on the ridge stretching away on the left, on whose southern slope are the excavations of the real Kifan el-Magârin. The parts of the rocky surface that have least resisted the action of weathering presented a singular appearance, which might be compared to gigantic honeycombs of the most diverse forms all placed side by side. Northwards a view is afforded of the sea, along which runs the already mentioned ridge, and through this ridge winds the gully followed by our route. Towards the south-west stretches the continuation of the Mareotis depression, the saline *sebkha*,[2] beyond which rose a third ridge, or mountain range.

[1] The Mohammedans divide the day according to the five times for prayer. The afternoon (*asr*) is the time between noon (*dhu'hr*) and evening (*maghrib*). According to the Shafey rite *asr* begins the moment a man's shadow measures twelve lengths of his foot, or two of his body. In determining these periods Mussulman tradition requires physical observation, rejecting time-pieces and computations.

[2] *Sebkha*, or better, *sábkheh*, *sábakheh*, *sábakheh* سبخة plural *sibákh*, means literally salt marsh, salt ground, from *sábakh* = to contain salt.

Continuing our march towards the south-west, we ascended the Kôm-en-Ngus,[1] on whose summit I noticed a crater-like depression, besides some old walls and circular stone enclosures, burial-places of the Arabs. In the afternoon we encamped on the southern slope of Mount Abusir, where we again came upon vast quarries, beyond which stood an old half-ruined tower, apparently of hexagonal form. Then followed the remains of a colossal building still several stories high, whose eastern façade is so massively built that spacious and still well-preserved cells have been constructed in the thickness of the walls on the inner side facing the court. At the north-east angle of this Roman structure stands an Arab watch-tower, and near it a small ruined building of recent date. These ruins of the ancient city of Taposiris are so extensive that next day our caravan marched for, say, ten minutes by the foundation of an old wall or rampart.

Pushing forward across a plateau with a southern incline, and over the sand-hills, we next halted at the Bir Burden, close to the sea-shore, which had previously been visited by the French traveller R. Pacho in the year 1824. My night's rest was broken by a high wind, which covered my bed with sand, for which, however, I was next morning indemnified by a plunge in the sea.

Now we crossed the sand-hills where the white sandstone crops well out, and leaving the pack-animals in the rear we pushed rapidly across the Ferêkh el-Burden plain, which is partly overgrown with herbs and brushwood, and partly belongs to the *sebkha* formation. Thus was reached the lofty iron lighthouse of El Amad,[2] westernmost point of my excursion to the desert. On the "ground floor" of this building I found lodging, but also, unfortunately, vermin enough to destroy a second night's rest

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[1] *Kôm*, properly *kûm*, pl. *kimân*, a mound, knoll, or slight eminence, is a term prefixed to the names of places or settlements occupying such sites. Its original meaning is "Dunghill."—R. B.

[2] The form *Lamaid*, adopted even by Gruoc, a member of the Ehrenberg Expedition, is undoubtedly a corruption of Qasr el-Amad, that is, "Castle of the Pillars," in reference to a ruin now no longer extant. The traveller St. John writes Kasr-el-Amaid.—R. B.

THE LIBYAN DESERT, *from an original drawing by* L. H. FISCHER.

I had moreover to pick a bone with my Bedouin friends. It had been agreed that our men were to cater for themselves ; but through greed and the hope that I would keep open board, which here meant open bread-basket, they had neglected to provide their own supplies, and had consequently made a tremendous hole in my stock. On counting the loaves I found that there would be enough to last twelve days longer for my two attendants. So the bread-basket was henceforth hung not only higher but quite out of reach. I ascended the lighthouse to the lantern, which is approached by a flight of 250 steps.

My observations so far led me to the following conclusions regarding the configuration of the region we had just traversed. The strip of coast-lands, eight to twelve miles broad, extending from Alexandria to Qasr el-Amad may be disposed in six more or less parallel zones, which determine the topography of the whole region, and which may be everywhere clearly distinguished except in the district traversed the first day, where Lake Mareotis lies too near the sea to leave room for a range of hills. The level marine beach rises gradually to the shifting dunes, above which limestone frequently crops out. Here the flora is poor, and I noticed nothing but patches of scrub characteristic of *hattieh* districts. To these dunes succeeds a flat low-lying zone, which is apparently little higher than sea-level, and which is traversed by the route leading westward. In the *hattieh* occur a few solitary wells, round which languish some date-palms and figs ; here and there are also met a few garden plots growing some vegetables.

The third zone consists of a limestone ridge producing even less vegetation than the *hattieh* steppe. Here lie the old stone quarries, whence were drawn the materials for the ancient cities of the Egyptian coast-lands, numerous though mostly crumbling remains of which are still extant. On the crest of this ridge stand the five watch-towers dating from Arab times ; beyond it follows a plateau sloping southwards and imperceptibly merging in a broad depression, which in many places presents the unmistakable characteristics of the *hattieh*, and which after heavy rains is flooded far and wide. On the southern verge of this depression

rises another hilly ridge, forming the sixth and terminal zone of these coast-lands.

My observations had for their primary object to ascertain whether there were any grounds for the theory that within the historic period a branch of the Nile flowed to the sea at any point west of the present delta. I must absolutely reject any such supposition. On the strip of seaboard, some fifty miles long, traversed by me, I could nowhere detect any perceptible break or any seaward passage at all in the uninterrupted range containing the quarries. I must regard it as to the last degree improbable that any watercourse formerly reached this part of the coast from the south or the south-east.

From the lighthouse I noticed towards the southern horizon a mountain apparently of considerable height, which I was told was the Jebel Hashm el-Aish. I accordingly determined to visit this mountain, and sent the camels forward in a south-easterly direction towards Bîr Hamâm. After crossing the dazzling white dunes broken by some hard sandstone strata, we found ourselves five minutes from the lighthouse at an old structure whose walls were still standing, and which is probably the Antiphræ of Lapie's map.[1] Again crossing the intervening ridge we entered the flat zone, which in this western district no longer presents the aspect of the *sebkha*, and we thus reached Abu Juéde, as my companion, Sheikh Saïd, called the site of a ruined city, strewn with potsherds and a few dressed stones. About noon I scaled Mount Hashm el-Aish, which rises somewhat precipitously on the north and east, but merges southwards in a plateau.

Numerous remains of walls occurred along the route to Bîr Hamâm,[2] Lapie's Halmyræ, which was reached in the afternoon. Here the track lay through a valley flanked by ridges both north and south. Bîr Hamâm comprises a group of three wells, each of considerable depth, and all lying at short distances from

[1] "Carte Historique, Physique et Politique de l'Egypt, dressée par le Chevalier Lapie" (Paris, 1828).

[2] That is, "Pigeon's Well." The Bedouins are fond of naming their wells from animals—an ox, a goat, or the like, which may have been left behind and afterwards recovered at these places.

each other. A living reminiscence of my hospitable reception at El-Amad had followed me hitherto in the form of a dog, grateful perhaps for a crust of bread thrown to him at that place. I now enrolled him a member of our caravan, and he henceforth became our companion by day and faithful guard by night. In memory of the lighthouse, he received the name of *Fanâr*, the Arabic word for lantern or beacon.

Our daily routine underwent little change during the journey through the wilderness. I woke with the rising sun, between six and seven o'clock, to find my Bedouins for the most part already on the stir. Aroused from their sleep by the chill morning air, with the glass down to 46° or 44° F., they would frequently gather in the dark round a small fire. But my servants, Ali and Soliman, being better protected by blankets from the cold, I had myself to waken, after which the morning toilet was soon got through, for the luxury of a general "wash up" could be enjoyed only when we encamped in the neighbourhood of wells. But during our four weeks' excursion we found it necessary three times to lay in a supply of water for five or six days, and on such occasions little was naturally available for the "morning tub." Nothing, in fact, could be indulged in beyond a dab of the wet towel, dipped in a drinking-vessel, just enough to rub the sleep from one's eyes.

After dressing, during which process the coffee-pot simmered on the fire, I took the readings of our meteorological instruments, such as thermometer, hygrometer, aneroid, ozonometer, besides trigonometric measurements, levellings, &c., the observations made by day being roughly jotted down in pencil, and in the evening worked out in detail and transferred to the diary. During these operations I greatly relished the coffee with a few cakes, and, towards the end of the journey, tea with biscuits softened in water.

Then the arrangements had to be made for breaking up camp, and these were seldom unattended by a good deal of worry. Either the camels were not at their post, or the lazy Bedouins could not be got to shake off their drowsiness, or else they took hold of the boxes the wrong way, so that the contents got

"mixed," and such like "disagreeables." Thus the time wore on, and it was usually eight o'clock, or even later, before we were again on the move.

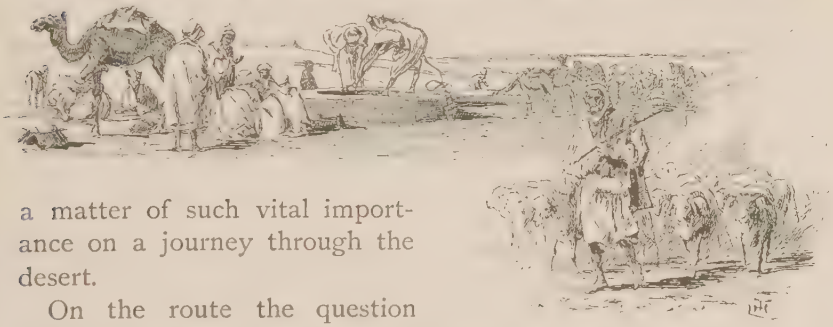
In the procession the four camels took the lead, three laden with my baggage, the fourth with the water-skins. Behind the camels and their drivers I followed with the donkeys, the servants, and Sheikh Saïd, who at first wanted to escort me only for one day's march. But of an evening there was always a little rice or a few beans to spare, or a cup of coffee, or even a cigar; and then he had had to make himself personally responsible to the Government for my safety, and so it ended by his accompanying us the whole month all the way to the Fayyûm.

TENT AND BED.

On the march I was quite as much afoot as in the saddle. With note-book in hand, I was constantly busy with compass and chronometer, determining the route by azimuthal observations, or else collecting minerals and fossils, or the few scanty botanical specimens occurring along the track. Such occupations would often delay me fifteen minutes, or even an hour, and then I had to overtake the caravan on foot. At noon also I would tarry awhile over a slight lunch, the camels plodding steadily along at their slow but measured pace. In the afternoon every dry bush by the wayside was carefully uprooted and laden on the pack-animals, to supply us with fuel for the evening.

Wherever pasture was found about five o'clock or earlier, we encamped for the night. I marked off a square space in the sand, along which my servants placed the boxes, and over these was pitched the tent which I had had prepared in Alexandria according to a specified design. Then everybody went about his own business; and I enjoyed a short *dolce far niente*, smoking a cigarette, and quietly looking on at the preparations for dinner, the tethering and feeding of the animals, and the like. In front of my tent crackled the fire on which the cooking-pot simmered, while the Bedouins on their part were fanning the flames to roast a few beans or bake their loaves in the glowing embers.

I may here be allowed a few words on the "water question,"



a matter of such vital importance on a journey through the desert.

On the route the question never is, "Where or when shall we fall in with people?" but always "*Fên el-bîr*"—"Where's the well?" To cheer each other up you will hear the Bedouins saying, "*Inshállâh*" ("D.V.") "We shall find water to-morrow or next day!" Or else "*El-hámd li'llâh*"—"God be praised, the draw-well is near!" In these inhospitable regions the wells are naturally the rallying places for all caravans and wayfarers. Here rests the pilgrim from the far west, bound for Mecca; here the weary traveller slakes his burning thirst and that of his beasts of burden, and replenishes his goat-skins for the next stage.

Hither the Bedouins drive their sheep and goats, often from great distances, or else load their camels with water-skins for the cattle and the encampments miles away.

In the northern parts of the Libyan desert the wells, often over sixty or seventy feet deep, date from remote times. At sunset, after the day's march, they are the centre of a busy scene, which however is attended by the strain of the vigorous efforts required to bring the water to the surface.

How severe this strain is when the supply needed by hundreds of sheep and goats has to be drawn up by the most primitive contrivances I had excellent opportunities of judging. The water is hauled up in leathern sacks from a depth of sixty feet or so by two men, who pull the rope alternately, stimulating one another's efforts with a continual "há, há, há—há, há' há" and when clear of the well discharge it into the long cattle-troughs. Strange to say, one of these troughs on an improved model, supplied by the Khedive, Saïd Pasha, has been allowed to get out of repair by the stupidly conservative and indolent Bedouins.

Although the ruins at Bîr Hamâm cover an extensive space none of the buildings have been preserved. Near a square Arab enclosure used as a resort by a few tattered nomads, I noticed a lion's head of the natural size, carved in stone and still in good condition. At the back the neck was replaced by a groove or channel eighteen inches long, which terminated in front at the throat, doubtless originally the ornament of some well.

Owing to its abundance of water Bîr Hamâm is visited from far and near; even caravans of pilgrims to Mecca from the far west appear frequently to pass this way. At least during my stay two large canvas tents had been pitched on the spot by some devout pilgrims, who were incessantly absorbed in prayer.

During the next days our line of march lay due east to Ghara on the New Canal, where we rested on November 16. Along the whole route we were continually passing the sites of ruins, showing how densely this now desolate region must have formerly been peopled. Yet I seldom noticed well-preserved remains from the old times; the only noteworthy objects seemed to be a column of polished bluish marble nearly seven

feet high, which stood at the north-west corner of the venerated shrine raised to the memory of the marabout,[1] Sheikh Rukha. As far as Kafr et-Tîn the road gradually ascended, and then in the same way led down to the New Canal. Kafr et-Tín, that is, "Fig Village," fully justified its name, taken from some stunted fig-trees growing in two cavities ten paces square hewn in the rocky ground, which I am inclined to think were old cisterns; the steps leading to them can still be distinctly detected.

Near the Karm[2] Buyirish hill Sheikh Saïd brought me a small plant which he called *Negil* (*C. dactylon*, Rich), adding that it grew only in the Nile mud. On asking him whether we were near any Nile mud, I discovered that for some time we had been marching on an old canal of the Nile, which would appear to have led from the so-called Old Canal to Karm Buyirish. Presently he brought me some old mud that had been deposited by the Nile water, and this now completely closed branch of the Old Canal may still be recognized by an embankment clearly visible at many points along the lateral scarp.

We passed the night at the Old Canal, and then followed its course eastwards, crossing the junction of the small side branch, and thus at last entering a more hospitable region. The bright green fields of *durra*, already visible in the distance, gave promise of human settlements; presently also we came upon a group of beehive-shaped mud huts, and soon after midday enjoyed the refreshing sight of a sparkling sheet of water, the backwater of the New Canal. Ten minutes later I was comfortably housed under the roof of the district intendent, of Turkish nationality.

Next day we were busy replenishing our water-skins, baking a fresh batch of loaves, and readjusting the camel loads for a

[1] Marabout (from the Arabic مربوط = bound, made fast), an ascetic; a term applied especially by the Berbers of Tunis and Algeria to Moslims devoted to a solitary life of contemplation and abstinence, and "dying in the odour of sanctity." The tombs of such devotees are also briefly called *marabouts*.

[2] Karm = vineyard.

six or seven days' excursion. When all was ready we set out across the *basât*[1] to the Hash el-'Agl[2] hills, some fifty miles to the south-west. After crossing the Old Canal we met two strips destitute of vegetation, which my guide took for former canals; but my aneroid observations, as well as the absence of any trace of embankments, were opposed to this view. The characteristic aspect of the broad open *basât* disappears the farther you advance westwards, until at last the life-destroying solitude reigns supreme.

JERBOA, OR JUMPING-MOUSE (*Dipus ægyptiacus*).
(*From an original drawing by Dr. Schweinfurth.*)

The vegetation becomes continually scantier, the yellow sand more frequent. Where the sand region prevails, blocks of reddish and violet bluish granite crop out, and at one place Sheikh Saïd gave these the name of Medineh el-Kafirîn, "City of the

[1] Basât, بساط, any broad plain or open country.

[2] Hashm-el-'Agl literally "calf's snout"; the Bedouins frequently compare rising grounds to the snout or muzzle of an animal; cf. Hashm-ed-Dîb, "wolf's snout," &c.—R. B.

Unbelievers," the stones here resembling the foundation walls of ruined edifices.

The ground was much honeycombed by the Egyptian jumping mouse (*Dipus ægyptiacus*), the gerboa (*gerbu'a*) of the natives.

The European wagtail also appears to abound; at least this graceful little bird was daily "in evidence," and a constant guest at our evening meal.

In this region I noticed several other animals, such as the rock-pigeon (*Columba livia*), which delights to build in quarries

FENNEC—FOX OF THE DESERT.

and ruins; the soaring lanner (*Falco laniarius*); the white Egyptian vulture (*Neophron percnopterus*), perched on the acacias fringing the New Canal; the yellow-dun goat-sucker of nocturnal habits, which flits past like a phantom, and which I found extremely difficult to bring within range of my fowling-piece. Not so friend *Lepus*, who is common enough in the desert, and who received many a charge in his sand-coloured fur. The desert hare (*Lepus isabellinus* and *L. ægyptiacus*) lies during the heat of the day quite still, but is lively enough in the morning and evening.

Here and there were seen the characteristic sand-grouse (*Pterocles alchata*), as well as tracks of the gazelle. Amongst the stationary inhabitants of the desert were several species of the stone-chat, besides the long-eared fennec, or Egyptian fox, and even the lynx-like *Felis libyca*. I might have gathered the shells of ostrich eggs, showing that these birds range as far north as these latitudes. Aged people reported that twenty years ago they were tolerably numerous, whereas now they reach only so far as the Natron Valley.[1]

HEAD OF THE FENNEC. (*From an original drawing by Dr. Schweinfurth.*)

I also captured a chameleon, for which the Arabs have the peculiar name of *Jemel el-Yahud*, "Jews' camel," while on the other hand they call the pelican *Jemel el-mâ*, "Water Camel." Occasionally I came upon wandering Bedouins of the Aulad 'Aly tribe fetching water from the New Canal, for they are in the habit of making several days' journeys to keep up their supplies. I ascertained that water is usually brought away once a week, the camels being watered there and then once for all, while a

[1] Cf. Rohlfs, *Drei Monate in der Libyschen Wüste*.

skin to last a week is filled for each member of the family. Goats are watered once every four days.

From the sandy waste we at last passed to the stony *sserîr*,[1] and on the third day out reached the ruins of Qasr Gettajich, which is already mentioned by my predecessor Pacho.

Of this structure everything has crumbled away except a building ten paces both ways, some walls of which are still standing to a height of eight or ten feet. The entrance is on the north side, and on the east and west sides are openings for three narrow windows almost on a level with the ground, which however has been considerably raised by heaps of rubbish. In the south wall facing the entrance is seen a well-preserved arched niche about forty inches high, such as are introduced in walls as receptacles for statues. Altogether it gave me the impression of an edifice dating from later Christian times. In a corner I noticed the number 1824, presumably a trace of Pacho's expedition.

On November 20th, we reached the Wâdi[2] Natrûn or Natron Valley, at a point close to Hashm el-'Agl; but its appearance scarcely came up to my expectations. From the margin running north-west and south-east, but in places scarcely visible, a broad flat surface stretched before me, whereas I had expected to see a well-defined valley bordered by steep escarpments on both sides. In the wide space at my feet rose one behind the other the three hills of Hashm el-'Agl, and similar heights were visible in various directions, while close by the first flat-topped hill ascended by me there stood others with summits of quite peculiar formation.

Through the long weathering of ages these rocky summits have been eroded, and now present the most fantastic outlines,

[1] In contradistinction to the sandy wastes properly so-called, those parts of the Sahara are called *sserîr*, where large masses of the siliceous hornstone lie scattered over the sands (Zittel, *Letters from the Libyan Desert*). The *sserîr*, in fact, is covered with coarse, rather than fine, shifting sand.—R. B.

[2] *Wâdi* means a valley, whether large or small, whether watered by a perennial stream or periodical freshets, or not watered at all; but it always suggests the presence of a herbaceous or scrubby vegetation, however scanty it may be.—R. B.

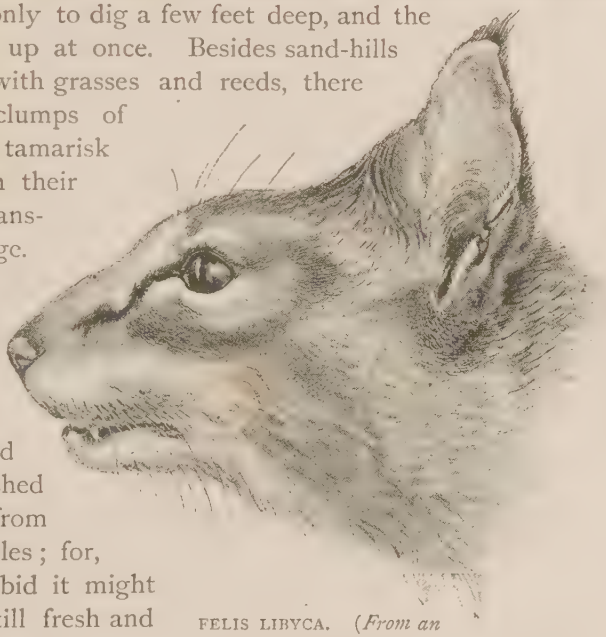
partly overhanging, partly like ramparts erected on the crest of the hill. Possibly this may be the explanation of the term *Abu thâqîyyeh*, now corrupted to *Abu taki*, which figures on the maps as the designation of these places. *Thâqiyyeh* is the white cotton skull-cap worn by the Egyptians under their fez or turban, and often embroidered or crochet-stitched with open-work. In such connections the word *abu*, or "father," has the sense of model, prototype, or paragon, as in the expression *Abu Sandûq* ="Father of the Coffer," that is a hunchback. Hence *Abu Thâqiyyeh* would be, as it were, the beau-ideal of the caps to which these hill or mountain tops are compared. The Bedouins as well as the Nilotic populations delight in such fanciful play of words.

The question whether the Wâdi Natrûn extends to Lake Mareotis I was unable to solve: to do so I should have had to retrace my steps in a north-westerly direction, which our short supply of water rendered impossible. Hence, I will merely give the answer made by my very intelligent and well-informed Sheikh Saïd, who, in reply to my questions, stated that the Wâdi Natrûn soon trends westwards, stretching thence away to Siwah, while it is separated from Lake Mareotis by an intervening hill or rising ground.

We now turned at an acute angle eastwards, and here the ill-defined character of the Natron region, whether as a valley or a wâdi, was shown by the circumstance that the caravan, against my wish, but also without my becoming aware of the fact, passed beyond the margin at first south-eastwards, and then due east. However, next morning I took a southerly direction, and thus again soon reached the edge of the valley, which was here also somewhat more distinct. Still, it presented the same broad, flat expanse, bathed in sunshine and reflecting the streaming solar rays. After crossing a few sand-hills, we entered the Deffa district, and from this point the ground fell continually south-eastwards.

On the sixth day out from the New Canal, and when our last water-skin was almost empty, we sighted the first tents of the Gawabi Bedouins, and hailed their welcome appearance with a

loud "*El hámd li'lláh rabb el-'álamîn!*"—"God be praised, Lord of the Universe!" We presently counted their dark tents by the dozen, so that water, the vital fluid, could not be far off. We also began again to notice the struggling efforts of plant life, which, thanks to the copious underground reservoirs, became more vigorous the nearer we approached the camping-ground. You have only to dig a few feet deep, and the water wells up at once. Besides sand-hills overgrown with grasses and reeds, there appeared clumps of palms and tamarisk shrubs with their delicate transparent foliage.



FELIS LIBYCA. (*From an original drawing by Prof. Schweinfurth.*)

On November 22, we encamped near the Gawabis, and greatly relished the water from the sand-holes; for, however turbid it might be, it was still fresh and palatable compared to that we had to put up with during the last few days, which had become black and putrid in the goat-skins.

As we approached the Gawabi camp, Sheikh Saïd went forward to his fellow-countrymen, and presently a few stately though poorly-clad Bedouins came to meet us. Thereupon ensued an endless round of greetings between the caravan people and the children of the desert. "How fares it with thy father and mother, thy son and thy camel, thy ass and thy goats?" Such questions are incessantly repeated, and it takes a long time before everybody appears to be mutually reassured regarding the con-

dition of man and beast. Then follows a series of inquiries on the journey, the date of our setting out from Alexandria, the object of the expedition, and also, but in a more subdued tone, on the traveller himself, whether he be English, French, or German, and so forth.

With the preparations for encamping and for the frugal

BEDOUIN OF THE LIBYAN DESERT.

evening meal the rest of the day is soon over, and the setting sun is quickly followed by the unspeakably beautiful star-lit night of the wilderness. The Bedouin,[1] who never grows in-

[1] *Bedouin*, from the Arabic بداوى *bédâwî* ... a dweller in the wilderness. The free Bedouin tribes take the collective name of *'Urbân* (plural of *'Arab*), or *Ahl el-wabar* ... "People of the Tents," *Arab* and *Bédâwî* are synonymous terms. The Arabs confined to the towns are called *Aulâd el-'Arab*, and the peasant *Arab-hádarî*, or *Fellâh*.—R. B.

different to the charm of such a night, sings a favourite song of the Egyptian boatmen in the drawling tone which sounds like a wail, but which, despite its peculiar rhythm, is really an expression of sentimental joy: *Ya leile, ya leile, ya khabibti, ya leile!* Now is heard the shriek of the night-bird and the howl of the jackal, while the easily excited fancy conjures up all the terrors of the darkness brooding over the wilderness.[1]

The Gawabi Bedouins roam between the Natron Valley, the Mareotis Lake (on whose fertile shores they raise the corn needed for their support), and the Nile as far as the district of Terraneh, the usual starting-point of travellers bound for the convents in the Natron Valley. They told me they dwelt in 5,000 tents, which is certainly an exaggeration. The Gawabi are a branch of the great Aulad 'Aly tribe.[2]

Although since their contact with the inhabitants of Alexandria they may not have preserved all the pride and dignity of the free sons of the desert, the Gawabi even in their somewhat mean clothing, still maintain an undeniable air of self-respect, a conscious proud carriage, which favourably distinguishes them from the town Arabs, and still more from the wretched, long-suffering Egyptian peasantry. In general, the nomads of the Libyan desert are freer and more independent than those of the Arabian desert east of the Nile. Although partly reduced by the strong arm of Mehemet Ali, they are still little more than nominal subjects of the Khedival government. Being exempt from the conscription, like the Bedouins generally, their military service is

[1] The Arab peoples the world with countless spirits, demons, genii, called *jin*, جن, some good some evil, some Moslims some not. An evil spirit is a *Sheithân* or *Ifrît;* the most potent of them *Marîb;* their chief *Iblîs*, whose sons are *Thîr*, the mischief-monger; *el-Awar* the seducer; *Sôth*, the liar; *Dâsim*, Asmodæus; and *Zelembûr*, Mammon. In the waste and wilderness dwells the غول, *Ghul* (ghoul), the vampire; in the woods *Silâ*, *Ghaddâr*, the deceiver, or *Gharrâr*, the beguiler, and *Nisnas*, the troll, or satyr. *Shiqq* waylays wayfarers; *Dahlân* dwells in lonesome islands; *Hâtif*, the crier or warner, is our invisible monitor, or "guardian angel."—R. B.

[2] According to the official census of 1882, the Gawabi number 3,305, of whom 1,701 are males. The Aulad 'Aly, who were returned at 19,344, and whose domain stretches as far as Tripoli, are the "middlemen" for the trade with the Siwah oasis. Their head sheikh resides in the province of Beherah, in the Nile delta.

reduced to the equipment of a volunteer corps, maintained at the charge of the Government, and entrusted with the safeguarding of the caravan routes.

These Bedouins despise the settled populations, and would consider themselves disgraced by an alliance with the family of a peasant. In the eyes of his fellow-tribesmen, the humblest nomad would be degraded by marriage with the daughter of the wealthiest bourgeois. Nevertheless several of the tribes have already settled in the Nile valley on the verge of the desert, where they till their own plots. Necessity knows no law, hunger pinches; and so these proud and stubborn nomads were fain, after their strength was broken by the troops of Saïd Pasha, to renounce the free, lawless life of the solitude, and at least partly turn to agriculture for several months in the year. Most of the tribes in Upper Egypt have already become settled, occupying themselves with tillage as well as hunting and stock-breeding, and paying their share of the taxes like the Egyptian *fellâhs*.

Of all the true nomad tribes the Aulad 'Aly[1] ("Sons of Aly") hold the foremost position in Egypt.

The reduction of the Bedouins was the master-stroke of Mehemet Ali, the energetic and highly gifted founder of the Viceregal dynasty. From the moment he felt his power securely established in Egypt, his policy was steadily and uniformly directed towards the subjugation of the free but lawless and predatory tribes of the wilderness. He loaded the chiefs with distinctions, and respected their tribal prejudices, but at the same time spared no effort to stir up strife between them, and

[1] According to the returns for 1882, about 19 per cent. of the Aulad 'Aly were settled in villages, the rest under tents; in this tribe the disproportion of the sexes is remarkable—71·5 females to 100 males. Rohlfs (*Drei Monaten in der Libyschen Wüste*) considers them pure Arabs, ascribing to them all the national characteristics, as they had but recently migrated from the peninsula. He describes the sinewy, symmetrical figures, the bold, flashing eye, the large, moderately arched nose, rather pointed chin, and tumid lips of these nomads, whose acquaintance he made in the Siwah oasis, whence they annually export 30,000 cwt. of dates to Egypt. Yet, according to trustworthy authorities, the Saadi, collective name of the Harabi Fawayed, Gawazi, and Aulad 'Ali, came from the district of Bengazi and Derna—that is, from Cyrenaica. Hence it is doubtful whether they have remained pure Arabs without any mixture of Berber blood.—R. B.

BEDOUIN TENT ON LAKE MAREOTIS. (*From a drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

thus keep the tribes isolated. *Divide et impera* was his guiding principle. To the very nomads who had heretofore been the terror of caravans he entrusted their safe conduct, even in this merely following long-established precedent. From time out of mind the Ababdehs had escorted the convoys trading between Kench on the Nile and Kosseir on the Red Sea. In return for the substantial aid afforded by them during the expeditions of 1820 and 1822 to Nubia and Sudan, the Viceroy granted to the Fogara branch of the Ababdehs the privilege of conducting caravans through the Nubian desert, also conferring on the chief's family the title of Calif, literally "successor."[1]

The Aulad 'Aly received a similar privilege for the caravan route to the Siwah oasis, and Mehemet Ali even engaged Bedouins as a kind of police for Cairo. By such measures he gradually brought the chiefs and the principal tribes into regular connection with the Government, and accustomed them to a practical dependence which he was too wise to call by its real name.

Nevertheless these restless nomads could not all at once adapt themselves to the new order of things. The Aulad 'Aly, amongst others, broke into open revolt, which however was vigorously repressed, and the rebels pursued nearly to the frontier of Tripoli, losing 8,000 camels, 10,000 sheep, and over 80,000 thalers in hard cash. This was enough, and since then the Aulad 'Aly have gradually settled down to peaceful ways.

In the forenoon of November 23rd, we left the Gawabi camping-grounds, and advanced farther into the Natron Valley. After passing an ancient settlement marked by some stone foundations and innumerable potsherds, we noticed in the distance some old masonry, towards which we directed our course, supposing it to be the Koptic monastery of Baramûs.

After several hours' heavy marching over a sandy soil growing tall reeds (Phragmites) we reached a few camel-hair tents[2]

[1] *Calif*, properly *khalîfa* = successor, from خلف to succeed, applied more particularly to the successors of Mohammed.

[2] Hence called *bêt esh-shâ'ar*, "hair houses."

in the vicinity of the building, which turned out to be the Qasr Sâgig, a decaying structure of large size, built of stone and mud. An hour's pleasant ride after nightfall brought us to the monastery, where we received hospitable entertainment.

The Koptic monks were most obliging, though also somewhat tiresome with their obtrusiveness and silly, idiotic questions. Each of the four convents, still extant in the Natron Valley[1] is built in castellated style on a very large scale. The massive outer enclosure of Deir el-Baramûs, strengthened on the inner side by high palisading, is 170 paces by 150, and three stories or about forty feet high. On the inside a lofty gallery runs round the walls commanding an extensive view either through apertures or over the parapet by steps built up here and there. The entrance is low and narrow, and may easily be closed by granite blocks always at hand. Nor is the gate thrown open to the first comer. Before the bolt was drawn back, I had to reassure the monks as to my personality and good intentions, all these precautionary measures being taken against any sudden attack from the nomad marauders. The interior of the building is a labyrinth of cells, passages, and chapels, reminding one of the intricacies of an Arab town.

Four only survive of perhaps a hundred convents in the former Nomos (administrative district) of Nitria, which contained so many inmates that, for instance, the Emperor Valens (364–378 A.D.) was able to levy 5,000 monks for his legions. Each of these is under a *khummus* (superior), the community consisting of a few priests with the title of *abuna* (father), and sundry lay brethren and recluses (*râhib*, plural *ruhbân*). Each has also its well and

[1] The valley was already known to the ancients by this name from the natron found in its lakes. The old Egyptians called the little oasis Sekhet-hemam, the "salt-field," and Strabo applies the term "Nitriotes" to the whole lacustrine district.

The natron is obtained both on the surrounding plain and in the lakes themselves. Several of these contain carbonate and muriate of soda, salts which crystallize apart, the muriate above, the carbonate below, to a thickness varying with the form and depth of the basin. Two kinds of natron are obtained: the white and the so-called "sultani," the latter being deposited on the bed of the lakes after evaporation; the white and better quality found on the ground surrounding the lakes.—R. B.

garden, the cultivation of which is almost the only distraction of these devotees. In their order from north to south-east, these convents are:—

1. Deir[1] Baramûs, formerly also Deir Musa ("Moses"), or Abu Musa, and dedicated to the Virgin of Baramûs, as stated in Macrizi's *History of the Kopts* (1437 A.D.).

2. Deir Suriâni, Convent of the Holy Virgin of the Syrians, with three chapels, in one of which is a finely carved door inlaid with ivory, and an iconostas[2] of like workmanship.

3. Deir Amba[3] Bishoy, ten minutes from the foregoing; the seventy-fourth in Macrizi's list of eighty-six Koptic monasteries:

THE CONVENTS IN THE NATRON VALLEY.

"The Convent of Bu Bishâi . . . enjoys great repute, because this Bishâi was one of the monks belonging to the circle of Macarius and Johannes el-Casîr; it is a very large convent."

4. Deir Macarius, southernmost of the group.

Speaking of these, and of the convents of the Natron Valley generally, Macrizi relates as follows:—"Now, as regards Wâdi Habîb, called also Wâdi el-Natrûn, . . . here were formerly one

[1] *Deir* or *Dair*, دير, convent, monastery, applied especially to Christian communities.

[2] Iconoclas, the wall covered with pictures of saints separating the sanctuary from the congregation.

[3] *Amba*, better *Anba* انبا is prefixed to the names of Koptic saints in the same sense as *Bu*, a shortening of *Abu*, father, answering to our "Saint." Anba is merely a strengthened form of Αββα or Αββας.—R. B.

hundred convents, of which seven remained, extending westwards along the plain between the Boheira[1] and Fayyûm districts, where sandy wastes alternate with saline tracts, arid spaces, and dangerous rocks. The inhabitants drew their drinking-water from cisterns, and the Christians brought them gifts and alms. At the present time they are entirely extirpated, since the Christian historians have related how 70,000 monks from these convents, each with a staff, went forward to meet 'Amr Ben-el-'Asi ;[2] after they had declared their submission to him, he gave them a letter which they still hold. Amongst the convents is that of Bu Macâr the Elder, famous in their eyes, and before it are several others in ruins . . . It is related that about 1,500 monks permanently resided in it, and now only very few are there. Abu Macâr the Elder, that is, Macarius, adopted the monastic life from Anthony, who was the first amongst them to take the cowl and the *ashkîm*—that is, a leather belt from which hangs a crucifix. He met Anthony on the eastern hills, where stands the convent of el-'Araba, and tarried some time with him ; then Anthony put the monk's dress on him, and bid him go to the Wâdi-Natrûn and there bide. He did so, and a great number of monks gathered round him. Of him they relate many excellent qualities, amongst others that he fasted throughout the forty days without ever taking food or drink, at the same time keeping vigil through the night. Further, he cooked himself palm-leaves and fed on them, and never ate fresh bread, but took old shoes (?), soaked them in the water from palm-leaves, and partook of them with all his monks so long as a breath of life remained, and nothing else ; that was their food their life through till they went home."[3]

The convents of the Natron Valley are amongst the oldest in Christendom, and the Kopts justly claim to represent the earliest

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[1] *Boheira*, diminutive of *Bahr*, sea, here refers to Lake Mareotis.

[2] The Arab captain of Calif 'Omar, conqueror of Egypt.

[3] Macrizi, *History of the Kopts*, from the Gotha and Vienna MSS., translated and annotated by Ferd. Wüstenfeld. Macrizi's mistakes are sufficiently evident from the Life of St. Pakhomius by E. Amélineau, *Bulletin de l'Institut Egyptien*, année 1886.

Christian religious communities. St. Mark, the Apostle, is said to have first preached Christianity in Egypt, which had become a Roman province after the death of Cleopatra.

The religion of the poor and oppressed found a congenial soil amongst the Egyptians, whose old religious system had lost its efficacy under the influence of the Greek spirit.[1] The belief in an after life, and in a dooms-day to weigh the deeds of the departed, the conception of life as a pilgrimage to death, the doctrine of eternal gods who begat themselves, who are their "own Father," their "own Son," the very Trinity of a Father, Mother, and Son, all reappeared in the new religion under new forms, so that the transition to Christianity was merely an advance along the old lines of thought.

In the cult of the god Serapis, with its completely organized monastic and conventual system, lay the origin of Christian asceticism. Accordingly we find so early as 62 A.D. numerous Christian communities in Egypt, at the head of which stood Annianus, Bishop of Alexandria. In 179 the Alexandrian Bishop took the rank of a Patriarch, and conversions to Christianity became so numerous that the Emperor Septimius Severus issued an edict against the Christians. But nearly the whole of the Egyptian people had already renounced their polytheistic doctrine, and their tendency towards mysticism and pessimism had found its hoped-for relief in the new faith.

The Koptic[2] form of Christianity is that of the Monophysite or Eutychian sect, which arose in the fifth century, and found its main-stay in Egypt. The schism was caused by the refusal of Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, to give the Virgin Mary the title of *Theotokos*, or "Mother of God," because she

[1] Hellenism prevailed to such an extent that districts, towns, villages, streets, assumed Greek names, and the gods themselves had to acquiesce in the addition of Greek titles to their national designations. Even amongst the primitive Egyptian inhabitants of the province of Fayyûm all documents and deeds of every kind dating from the first century of Islam are drawn up in the Greek language (Dr. W. von Hartel, *On Grand Duke Rainer's Greek Papyri*). Later Arabic translations were added to such documents, and at last the Arab text stood alone.—R. B.

[2] The term Kopt is derived from the Greek Αἴγυπτος.

was only the mother of Christ (*Christotokos*) according to his human nature. In opposition to the Nestorians, recognizing in Christ two natures, a divine and a human, Cyril taught that after the union of both natures the Man-God had *one nature* only, that of the incarnate *Logos;* hence the term "Monophysite" applied to this sect.

At the Council of Ephesus in 431, before the arrival of the chief adherents of Nestorius, Cyril induced the assembled bishops to pass a decree denouncing his teaching as heretical, and deposing him from the Chair of Constantinople. Nestorius died in exile, and the fiery zealot Cyril found himself supported by an army of fanatical monks, amongst whom those of the Natron Valley specially distinguished themselves. In the strife which he stirred up against the moribund Græco-Roman heathendom, the Roman Prefect himself was assaulted by the monks in the streets of Alexandria. This city was repeatedly wasted with fire and sword by the Church "militant." Cyril was even indirectly to blame for the shameful death of the learned Hypatia, renowned alike for her beauty and spotless morals.

No less belligerent was his successor Dioscurus, while the Archimandrite Eutyches developed Cyril's doctrine to the logical issue that the body of Christ was not consubstantial with that of other men. At the Council of Constantinople (448) Eutyches was condemned and deposed by his Bishop, Flavianus. But he found strong support in the favour of an Imperial Minister and of the Patriarch Dioscurus, as well as in the Egyptian monastic party. At the next synod, which was held in 449 at Ephesus, under the presidency of Eutyches, Dioscurus, abetted by his armed monks, obtained the sanction of the Church for the teaching of one nature in Christ, and the acquittal of Eutyches. On this occasion Bishop Flavianus was so ill-treated by the monks that he died a few days thereafter.

But in 451 the Council of Chalcedon declared this synod a "synod of robbers," and branded the Eutychian doctrine as heretical. The numerous priests and monks in Egypt and Syria, however, refused to accept the Confession of Chalcedon, and separated themselves from the State Church. After a long and

sanguinary struggle, the Monophysites succeeded in asserting their independence; but they now began to quarrel amongst themselves over dogmatic hair-splittings, and again broke into numerous sects, such as that of Severianus, who asserted the corruptibility of Christ's body, which was denied by Julianus; some again held it for uncreated, others for created; but in the end the Severiani prevailed.

During these bickerings the orthodox party became known as *Melekites*—that is, Royalists—while the Monophysites took the name of *Jacobites*, from the Syrian monk Jakob el-Baradai (*ob.* 578), who had consolidated their ecclesiastical constitution. Although few in numbers, the Melekites held the power in their hands, and this they used with relentless cruelty, as "in duty bound," against heretics. Hence that bitter feeling of hatred at all times and even to some extent still displayed by the Jacobite Kopts against other Christian sectaries. This hatred they carried so far as to pave the way for the Moslem invasion, thereby preparing the severest scourge for their own backs.[1]

The struggle has ceased for many hundred years, the thousands of monks in the Natron Valley have disappeared with most of their convents; their very memory has faded away; the halls that resounded with warlike clamour are silent; the few inmates of the four convents who still survive from times that can never return seem like apparitions from beyond the grave.[2]

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[1] When the Arabs, under 'Amr Ibn-el 'Asi, burst upon Egypt, it was inhabited by 300,000 Greeks, including the military (Macrizi). After the conquest 'Amr took a census, which showed, excluding Alexandria, over six million Kopts, not reckoning the aged, women, and young. —R. B.

[2] Despite their numerical insignificance, some 350,000 in the whole of Egypt, the Kopts held till recent times a prominent position in the administration of the land. The instruction imparted in their schools, such as it is, is still superior to that of the Arabs, and most of them are at all events thoroughly proficient in the "three R's." Hence they were preferred for such offices as those of writers, accountants, and revenue officials, to which departments they might be said to have acquired a sort of prescriptive right. In other respects the Kopts have always been a subject of special interest. Their descent from the old peasantry of the Nile valley, their history, their language and literature, the struggles and sufferings endured for their steadfast adherence to the Christian religion throughout 1,200 years of Moslim rule—such are their claims to the attention of historical students. It is not their present, but their past record, that excites interest.—R. B.

On November 25th, I turned from the Deir Baramûs, south-eastwards to the convent of St. Macarius, stopping on the way at the Deir Suriâni for refreshment. It was here that the Rev. Henry Tattam procured in 1842 the valuable collection of nearly 1,000 volumes now in the British Museum; amongst them are some MSS. dating from the fifth century. After that, Koptic MSS. were hunted up in every direction, and the distinguished Egyptologist, Heinrich Brugsch, who in 1852 visited the Natron convents in quest of such treasures, wrote on the subject:—"Here is the library which they guard with Argus eyes. We expected to find and admire a properly arranged collection rich in old works; but what chaotic confusion prevails in these rooms! About forty stout volumes, mostly Arabic and Koptic MSS., lie in careless disorder on a bench; torn sheets of parchment or paper litter the dirty floor, the covers of the books are mostly in a state of decay, and gnawing grubs have defaced the old writing with deep channels. Some of these MSS. may well be four or five centuries old; but the monks cannot be induced by love or money to part with them. The fact is, some Englishmen have lately secured several hundred MSS. from the El-Baramûs Convent for a relatively small sum, and then sold them at a much higher price. This reached the ears of the monks, who now know that their MSS. are valued by Europeans. They might not perhaps scruple to sell them at exorbitant prices, had they not received a sharp reprimand from the Patriarch in Cairo, with the strict injunction henceforth to sell no manuscripts."[1]

To prevent any further alienation of the books and MSS., the Patriarch had all works not absolutely needed by the monks for liturgical purposes removed to Cairo, where they are said to be secured in a built-up room from treasure-hunting Europeans.

Wishing now to visit the Deir Amba Bishoy, ten minutes distant from the Deir Suriâni, I was refused admission. I afterwards learnt that a few years before a stranger had purloined (?) some MSS. from the convent library, and since then the seven inmates have had a "holy horror" of Europeans.

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[1] H. Brugsch, *Wanderungen nach den Natronklöstern in Ägypten.*

From the Deir Macarius the road led by some crumbling walls standing out prominently on a very hilly, stony plateau, on which much petrified timber was found. It falls abruptly down to the Wâdi Fáregh ("the Empty Valley"), a broad plain partly sandy, partly covered with a sparse vegetation, where traces were visible of the Abu Haráb (*Antilope leptoceros*), and which is encompassed by distinctly perceptible escarpments like river banks.

During a five days' excursion (November 26-30) round to Ain Eggar, westernmost of the Natron Lakes, I crossed the Wâdi Fáregh three times, again ascending the surrounding plateaux, which afforded numerous vistas of the sand-hills in the wilderness.

On the morning of November 29th it poured for two hours, and next day we crossed a lateral valley of the Wâdi Natrûn, thus returning to the Gawabi encampment. The following day I returned to the Deir Macarius by the lakes along the north-east margin of the Natron Valley. The lakes, ten in number, contain saline water charged with natron, or carbonate of soda but only in winter; one only, Mellâhah er-Rish, easternmost of the group, is flooded throughout the year, all the others drying up in summer and leaving a thick incrustation of natron, which is collected for the markets of Cairo and Alexandria.

From the Deir Macarius I turned due south, again crossing the southern edge of the Natron Valley, again traversing the Wâdi Fáregh, and thence ascending through the narrow Wâdi Rasse gorge to the Libyan plateau on the direct route for the Fayyûm. Here the camels walked with steady pace over the firm ground of the *serir*, which was strewn with fragments of quartz and hornstone. At the solemn majesty of the wilderness every sound is hushed; over the boundless ruddy yellow surface broods a simmering refracting atmosphere heated by the midday sun, against whose oppressive glare the eye in vain seeks relief in some shady nook. More vividly even than the sea, the solitude produces the impression of limitless space, its very grandeur stimulating to reverie, awakening feelings of awe and devotion. But the predominant sentiment produced by a

journey through the desert is one of quiet serenity. The desert air, as remarked by Bayard Taylor, is an elixir of life, pure and refreshing as the breath inhaled by man at the dawn of creation. Where all the lovely charms of nature are lacking, God has diffused his sweetest, tenderest breath, lending clearness to the eye, strength to the body, cheerfulness to the mind.

And these swarthy nomads themselves love their desert home. Their dark eye sparkles when they sing the praises of its beauty ; for hours together their song is poured forth, animating the monotony of the camel's measured step as it rises and falls in uniform cadence. This night song is especially impressive when

SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT.

the wilderness glitters in the white moonlight as if mantled in snow, when the distances seem vaster, the camel's shadow larger, the stillness more intense, broken only by the crunching of the sands beneath the animal's tread. For now the drivers are silent, as if even these otherwise boisterous nomads felt the overwhelming charm of this awe-inspiring stillness.

On December 4th there sprang up a strong south wind, driving the sands over the stony surface of the plateau right in our teeth, so that the air was filled with dust, our face and hands lashed with the minute flinty particles, our eyes blinded

by the raging storm. Soon all traces of our track were effaced, and we lost our way, inclining too far to the east, and only recovering the right path by coming upon the furrows of a ploughed field. We then descended slowly and cautiously from the summit of the plateau (960 feet) down to the north-east corner of the Birket el-Qurûn ("Lake of Horns"), and I had scarcely reached the sandy and rocky edge of the Fayyûm oasis when the vicinity of the fertilizing waters was revealed by the display of a vigorous desert vegetation, represented by *Salsola fœtida*, henbane (*Hyoscyamus muticus*), tamarisk bushes (*Tamarix nilotica* and *T. effusa*), and the agol (*Alhagi maniferum*) so dear to the camel. We soon reached the Bats—that is, the north branch of the Yussuf ("Joseph") Canal, whose clear, sweet Nile water refreshed our parched lips. The wilderness, with all its charms, but also with its perils and privations, lay behind us.

I now hurried forward by Ssenures, Bihamu, and the ruins of Arsinoe to the capital of the province, Medineh el-Fayyûm,[1] which I entered on the evening of December 6th.

Here I found myself surrounded by a garden tract of unsurpassed fertility, where there was scarcely room for a path amid the exuberant growths, where pedestrians, riders, and animals had to move about along the embankments of countless canals. Now a land of roses, of the vine, olive, sugar-cane, and cotton, where the orange and lemon plants attain the size of our apple trees, it was in primeval times an arid depression of the stony and sandy Libyan waste. Then came an early Pharaoh, who cut a deep channel through the rocky barrier towards the Nile, and thus let in the western arm of the river. Since the Twelfth Dynasty (about 2300 B.C.) this Ta-she or "Lake Land," has been a land of blessing and abundance.

The Arabs refer the creation not only of the oasis but also of the channel, or Bahr Yussuf, which is unquestionably a natural

[1] According to Yaqût (*Geographical Dictionary*, edited by Ferd. Wüstenfeld), the only correct pronunciation of this word is Fay-yûm, not Fa-yûm; cf. the Arabic form فيّوم, which may be transliterated Faiyûm or Fayyûm.—R. B.

FLORA OF THE FAYYÛM.

branch of the Nile, to the patriarch Joseph, who is supposed to have completed this stupendous work in a thousand days; hence the term *Fayyûm*, a corrupt form of *alf yôm*, "a thousand days." The tract thus reclaimed from the desert was justly a wonder amid the wonders of Egypt; here the marvellous and recently again much-talked-of Lake Moeris regulated the water-supply of the land, and here also the Labyrinth was said to have stood.

But this Labyrinth, reckoned by the ancient Greeks amongst the seven wonders of the world, has entirely disappeared. Some very shapeless remains of the 3,000 chambers it was supposed to contain were brought to light in June, 1843, by Dr. Richard Lepsius near the Pyramid of Hauwareh —that is, the pyramid which, according both to Herodotus and Strabo, contained the tomb of the

assumed King Moeris (Amenemhat III.). But this identification has been frequently questioned.[1]

As I stayed only one day in Medineh, I was naturally unable to view the numerous remains from old and later times. I visited neither "Pharaoh's Throne" in Bihamu, nor the ruins of the ancient city of Arsinoe, which cover about a square mile

[1] To settle this point the energetic archæologist Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie carried out some excavations on the spot in the year 1888, with the result that the brickwork was found to belong to the ruins of an extensive village dating from the Roman period. But as their position agreed with the descriptions of Herodotus and Strabo, Petrie hesitated to reject Lepsius's assumption; for here was not only the "tableland," but also the pyramid. Petrie therefore attacked the plateau, and discovered that the houses of the Roman period stood on older foundations, undoubtedly of some important structure. Excavating through these, he came upon a most carefully executed sub-structure covering no less than forty to fifty acres. But there was no trace of inscriptions or sculpture, and Petrie came to the conclusion that Lepsius was right as to the *site*, but not as to the *ruins*, of the Labyrinth.—R. B.

before the gates of the present provincial capital. Here are still concealed the remains of the old Egyptian Shedet, a city dedicated to the water-god Sebet, the materials for whose temple were brought from the quarries of black stone in the Hammamât valley, as attested by local inscriptions.[1]

Next morning I took the "up-train" for Cairo.

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[1] Thus we read, for instance, that in the second year of Amenemhat III. an expedition under the official Amennemha came to Hammamât to procure stones for the buildings in the Fayyûm (Lepsius, *Denkmäler*, &c., iii. Plate 138*a*).

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY THROUGH THE BÁRAKA VALLEY TO KASSALA.

Theodore von Heuglin and my plans—Kopp, the hunter—Passage to Suez and Jidda—Quarantine in Sawâkin—The island of Sheikh 'Abd 'Allah—The Red Sea—Wealth of animal forms—Sawâkin—Camel-hiring and start—Suburb of El Gef—Hair-dressing of the Begas—The Hadéndoas—Akhu-el-benât—The Red Sea coast-lands, vegetation, and fauna—The To-kâr oasis—The Báraka delta—First sight of the Báraka—Khor Langêb—Jebel Tinâyeb—The Dûm palm, *Adanson'a digitata*—Excursion to Bela Genda—The Lakes—Departure from the Khor Báraka—Khor and plain of Hawashêd—The Beni 'Amr Bedouins; their Deglel—The Bega peoples—Arrival in Kassala.

IN Cairo I met the well-known zoologist and African traveller, Theodore von Heuglin. We became warm friends, and my further plans naturally formed a constant subject of discussion both with him and with Dr. G. Schweinfurth, who was often one of our party. Heuglin drew my attention to the still unexplored region of the Khor Baraka,[1] which reaches the plains of the coast-lands on the Red Sea some distance south from the seaport of Sauâkin.[2] The Paris Geographical Society had

[1] *Khor* خور, plural *kherân*, torrent, intermittent stream; is applied both to the freshet itself and to the dry bed. A *khor* is also often called a *wâdi* when it forms a long deep ravine or bottom-land; but the word is also at times used to designate a whole river valley, as, for instance, Khor Báraka.—R. B.

[2] According to Yaqut (*op. cit.*), the proper form of this word is سَوَاكِن Sawâkin. The forms *Suakin*, and especially Suakim or *Sauakim*, now figuring on our maps and also current in the periodical press, are quite wrong.—R. B.

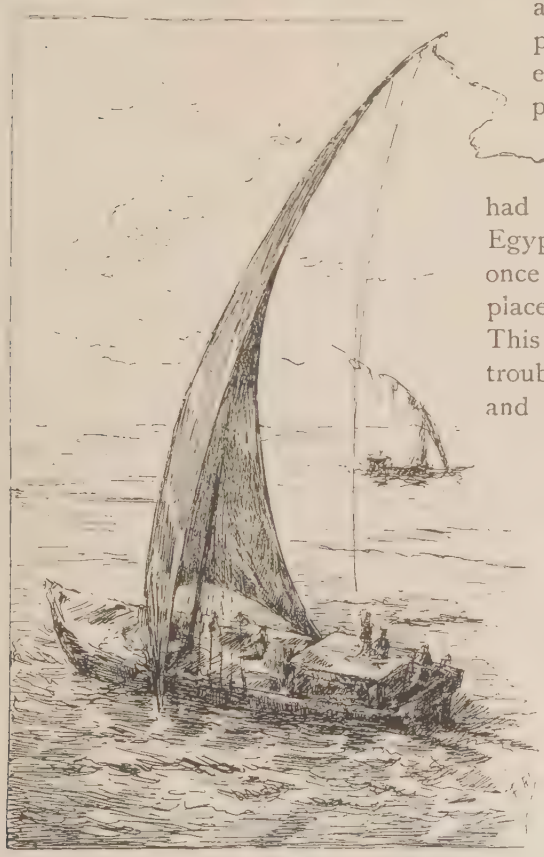
offered a prize for its investigation, and I found I could devote a few weeks to this object without interfering with my main purpose. I was easily persuaded to undertake the trip, as it

BAZAAR IN SUEZ.

presented no great difficulties in itself, and the ground also lay within the sphere of my general programme — Sawâkin to Khartum; only instead of Berber it took in the town of Kassala, in any case a more interesting place for me.

Anxious to turn the excursion to the best account, I decided to

engage Herr Kopp, a young forester from Württemberg who happened just then to be in Cairo, with the view of studying the zoology of the region to be explored. Kopp was a fine specimen of vigorous manhood, and displayed so much eagerness for expeditions to distant lands, in which he had already acquired some experience, that I fully expected he would prove of real service. A change of Ministry had just occurred in Egypt, Nubar Pasha once more exchanging places with Sherîf Pasha. This caused me no little trouble, as all my papers and official recommendations to the authorities in Sudan[1] had again to be altered. At last we were able to get away from Cairo accompanied by two servants engaged there, Bu-Bekr, a Kanûri Negro from Bornu who had already accompanied Rohlfs on his travels, and had been highly recommended to me, and a Nubian named Karar.



SAILING CRAFT IN THE RED SEA.

[1] *Sudan*, short for *Beled es-Sudân*, "Negro land," from *sûd*, pl. of *aswad* = "black," and *beled* = "land, country."—R. B.

The train brought us to Suez, where we found that, owing to the war with Abyssinia, the steam navigation of the Red Sea was limited; in fact it would be difficult to land anywhere except at Massawa, whither Government vessels were conveying supplies. This war, it may be incidentally mentioned, ended disastrously for Egypt with the battle of March 18, 1876, on the Gura plateau.

Fortunately I found in Suez the English steamer *James Barras*, bound for Jidda, the captain of which agreed to take us, baggage and all, for £14. The vessel went without freight to Jidda for the purpose of bringing back the pilgrims now returning from Mecca. After a pleasant passage we reached the place on February 9th, 1876, when I engaged the largest and best dhow I could find to continue our voyage to Sawâkin.

Favoured by fair weather we ran across in thirty hours. But at Sawâkin, we were detained four days in quarantine, Jidda being al-

ways a suspected seaport during the pilgrim season. I had accordingly arranged to have tents set up for our party in the adjacent islet of Sheikh 'Abd 'Allah, where I was able to keep up communication by boat with the town, which is itself situated on an island. Here I found everything so pleasant and so convenient for making our preparations for the journey to the interior—unpacking of supplies and their distribution in equal camel-loads—that I made up my mind to remain in the island for the fortnight or so before starting.

Thanks to the crystalline transparency of the surrounding waters, the submarine world in all the splendour of its brilliant colours lay before me as in an open book. My attention was constantly riveted by the destructive warfare of the predatory fishes, whose combats could be seen and heard even from a distance. Ripples appear on the surface; the prey rushes in shoals out of the water and with a splash soon falls back again. But the pursuing foe is no less active. He flings himself, as I repeatedly noticed, several yards into the air, and plays havoc amongst "the small fry," until he falls himself a victim to a greater and still more skilful predatory animal—man.[1]

Before my tent I set up sundry large vessels, &c., which I stocked with all manner of marine creatures for present study or future preservation. Many I placed in spirits of wine, but from my experience of European collections I had no great hope that my specimens would retain much of the charm of their natural colours. Of an evening when I fished with my little net, it looked as if filled with the lovely moonlight. And when I captured an electric fish, my people were startled by the violent shock communicated by its touch.

Sawâkin may be described as a very daughter of the sea. Surrounded by the marine waters, its houses are themselves a product of the deep, being built of fine blocks of coralline lime-stone fished up from the bottom, while the very existence of the

[1] The Red Sea superabounds in animal forms; see a graphic description of its marine fauna in the voyage of the *Frundsberg* in the Red Sea and to the coasts of India and Ceylon, by J. von Bento, Pola 1888; also C. P. Klunziger's *Bilder aus Oberägypten, der Wüste und dem Roten Meere*.—R. P.

place depends upon its marine traffic. Its favourable position had already attracted the attention of the Ptolemies, who here founded a settlement, which thanks to its insular position was safe from direct attack on the land side. Ptolemy Philadelphus is said to have maintained a factory in this seaport, in order to secure the monopoly of the ivory trade. Then came the Arabs, who intermingled with the aboriginal Hamitic tribes. They were followed by the Turks, under whom Sawâkin remained till the year 1865, when it was ceded with the seaport of Massawa to the Egyptian Khedive.[1]

As the only really available seaport for the whole of Egyptian Sudan, Sawâkin enjoyed considerable prosperity down to the revolt of the false Mahdi,[2] when it was occupied by the English. Previous to that event the export dues averaged £60,000, and the yearly exchanges over a million sterling.

There could be no doubt that a brisk traffic in slaves was being still carried on with Arabia. Nevertheless the capture of a dhow with sixty slaves by an Egyptian cruiser, satisfied me that the suppression of this nefarious trade had been seriously taken in hand by the government.

I had some trouble with the governor of Sawâkin, an official

[1] *Khedîv*, a Persian word, meaning *prince, ruler;* this title was conferred by the Sublime Porte on the Viceroy, Ismâîl Pasha in 1867, instead of the title *wali*, "lieutenant," hitherto borne by the Egyptian Pashas.

Burckhardt, who visited Sawâkin in 1814, found the government in the hands of the Emir of the Hadhrihits (properly Hadharim, "immigrants from Hadramaut"), who had acquired a certain influence over the native Hadendoa, Amarar, and Bishari peoples. The Emir was nominally subject to the Pasha of Jidda, to whom he paid an impost of of forty ounces of gold.—R. B.

[2] *Madhi*, "the Guided." On the appearance of a last Prophet, the Arab historian, Ibn-Khaldûn (ob. 1406 A.D. in Cairo) writes as follows in the introduction to his history of the Arabs, Persians, and Berbers:—"At all times the Moslim have believed that towards the end of the world a man of the Prophet's family would appear to sustain the true religion and complete the triumph of righteousness. He will lead the believers, and will be named Lord of the Mohammedan State and Madhi. Then will appear the Mesih-ed-Dejjâl (Anti-Christ), and those things will happen which are to precede the end of the world. After the appearance of Anti-Christ, Christ will come down from Heaven and destroy him, and the Madhi will become his Imâm." (*Prolégomènes historiques d'Ibn Khaldoun, publiés d'après les Manuscrits de la Biblioth. Impér. par Quatremère, Paris*, 1858.)—R. B.

who seemed to concentrate in his own person all the vices of the oriental despot. To the amazement of the underlings, I openly resisted his extortionate custom house charges, and settled the matter by threatening to telegraph straight to Cairo. Then he wanted to induce me to pay the camel-owners two Maria Theresa pieces for each animal, merely for the journey from Sawâkin to To-kâr, scarcely two days distant. Of course a large slice of the plunder would have found its way into his own pocket: but he was again foiled by a threatened appeal to Cairo, and I soon concluded a favourable contract for all the camels I required, not only to To-kâr, but for the whole journey to Kassala.

After that we became good friends; he visited me on my island, and I on my part accepted an invitation to a supper, at which the Bey treated me to at least twenty courses edible or not, but without a drop of wine. Next in authority to my host, was a certain Conte Formiglio, formerly an Italian officer, now military agent, port officer, director &c., and to him I was indebted for many kind offices. A few Greek traders, supplemented by some Servians and Croatians, represented the European element in Sawâkin. I was not a little surprised to notice a Russian adage inscribed above one of their doors.

Owing to the Abyssinian war, it was just then no easy matter to hire camels, a large number having already been secured by the Egyptian government. It also frequently happened along the route, that the drivers took advantage of the night or the fog, to leave travellers and their baggage in the inhospitable wilderness, their conduct being dictated by the fear of being pressed into the military service on their arrival at Kassala. Hence throughout the expedition I took the precaution every evening to impound all their pack-saddles, and also detain one at least as a hostage for the rest.

It was arranged to set out on February 27th, 1876, when a start was actually made. But although the water was just then so low that towards evening we could cross almost on dry ground to the mainland, the camel-drivers refused to come and fetch me and my effects from the island. I had accordingly to intrust the things to a somewhat primitive method of transport, and the

tents were struck after a fortnight's encampment on the pleasant little island. The labourers and boatmen carried our boxes suspended by cords from a pole to the boat, which brought us in twenty minutes round the little island of Sawâkin to the coast at the track leading from the town to Gêf.[1]

El Gêf is chiefly inhabited by members of the Hadéndoa branch of the Bega (Beja) nation, with a few representatives of several other African peoples. Except a few stone houses the dwellings are all either straw huts or straw tents, good

HADÉNDOA BEDOUIN.

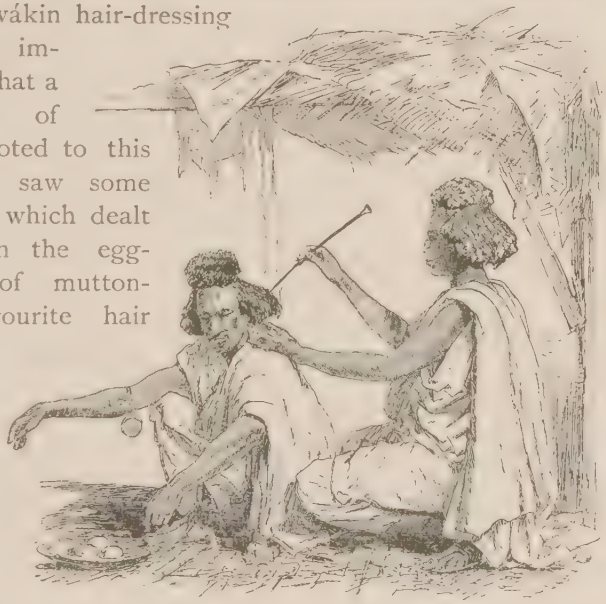
enough to afford shelter against the sun, but assuredly not against wind and rain. They are disposed in separate groups surrounded by thick, thorny hedges, or inclosures, the first specimens of the so-called zeribas[2] that came under my notice,

[1] Since 1879 Sawâkin has been connected with the suburb of El Gef (El Kef) by an embankment and a bridge; since 1884 by a railway viaduct.

[2] زريبة, *zeriba*, a fence or paling, has become in Sudan the specific name for settlements inclosed by palisades or hedges, whether forming a single farmyard or a large village.—R. B.

but every imaginable type of which I was destined for years to have constantly before my eyes. Busy crowds fill the main thoroughfare all day long, while the side streets echo with the hammering of armourers, silversmiths, leather-workers and other craftsmen.

Numerous hairdressers are kept constantly employed by the vain young Ethiopian dandies having their impenetrable head of hair well greased and trimmed. On this subject Von Maltzan writes: "Amongst the black (that is, dark or swarthy) people of Sawákin hair-dressing plays such an important part that a whole street of shops is devoted to this business. I saw some twelve shops which dealt exclusively in the egg-shaped balls of mutton-fat, the favourite hair ointment. Close by were perhaps as many stores trading in the various mineral powders in all the colours of the rainbow which are dusted over the greasy substructure and regarded as most effective. Here are also half-a-dozen tents of the native hairdressers, where the mysteries of the toilet receive the finishing touch. It is not very attractive to assist at this beautifying process. Such places, however, are patronised only by the men, for the women indulge in their still more lavish consumption of unguents at home. The style in favour amongst the Hadéndoas of Sawâkin differs as a rule



HADÉNDOA HAIRDRESSER.

but little from that of the other Bega tribes, or even of the Abyssinians.[1] The black kinky and wavy hair, essentially different from the fine, woolly hair of the negro, is drawn out so as completely to cover the ear, and is then disposed in two main divisions by a horizontal parting. The upper mass is raised to a top-knot, while the rest is plaited in small tresses with their ends unravelled. But the whole is first of all saturated with mutton-fat, which causes it to retain the shape given to it by the deft hand of the artist."

The fat used for this purpose is not melted down to the consistency of lard or tallow, but taken fresh from the shambles and after considerable mastication rubbed in. The hair is divided into numerous strands, plaits and tresses by means of a long round stick, or else an ivory or horn rod, which afterwards serves as hairpin.

Early on February 28th the camel-owners and drivers arrived, and the baggage was arranged on the ground in loads adapted to the strength and age of the respective beasts. After the usual interlude of lively discussion, the Bedouins began to prepare the cordage for securing the boxes to the pack-saddles, this cordage being made of palm fibre which the travellers have to buy usually at the rate of seventeen or eighteen shillings the hundredweight. As a rule the packages remain corded the whole journey, those of course excepted which contain provisions and other articles in constant use. To avoid the trouble of this continual unpacking, I had boxes specially made with drawers as shown at p. 9.

When everything was safely corded, my people went to look after their own simple wants, and take leave of their wives and children. Meanwhile, I returned to Sawâkin to make some final arrangements and pay a parting visit to the governor, from whom I received another letter of recommendation to the Mudîr of To-kâr. On my return, after meeting the usual importunate

[1] The tribal name *Hadéndoa*, is derived from the Bega words *Háda*, chief, master, and *endoa*, people, Bedouins; hence it means "Chief" or "First People," a title flattering to the pride of these Bedouins. —R. B.

demands for *bakshîsh*,[1] I found the camels already on the spot, and had them loaded without further delay.

Soon after noon we were fairly on the way, the caravan proceeding in the following order: first, a powerful, sinewy Hadéndoa youth, enveloped in his cotton *tôb*, a long narrow strip with coloured border wrapped round his loins, and leaving the upper part of the body exposed and shining in the sun like a Benvenuto Cellini bronze. He held by a halter the leading camel, which was followed by the nine other beasts of burden strung together in single file. In the rear were the two saddled camels with our rifles, each led by a Hadéndoa. Our escort consisted altogether of four camel drivers, the *hâbir* or conductor, and an interpreter, all armed with spears, to which one or two added a buckler of rhinoceros hide, and a long, straight two-edged sword in a red-brown sheath hanging from the left shoulder. Judging from the numerous broad scars, which curiously enough occurred mostly on the back and edge of the right shoulder-blade, I concluded that our Hadéndoa friends made rather a free use of these weapons in their incessant quarrels and bickerings.

Many of the strokes, however, may have been due to the ambition of acquiring the title of *Akhu-el-benât*, Defender or Protector of the village maiden: for on certain festive occasions the young Begas often challenge each other to a duel of a peculiar description. Stripped to the waist, and armed with a lash of hippopotamus hide, they belabour each other till they give way, thoroughly exhausted and streaming with blood. Whoever shows most staying power in these singular combats secures the honourable title of Akhu-el-benât, of which he is not a little proud.

By the side of the caravan walked my servant, Karar the cook, and the Kanûri negro, Bu-Bekr; a little donkey purchased in Sawâkin also trotted along in all the glory of its English saddle, sheepskin housing and holster. This was to be my

[1] *Bakshîsh*, properly *bakhshish*, from the Persian بخشش *present, gift, gratuity*, is a word with which all travellers in the Mohammedan world are painfully familiar.

mount through steppe and savannah, over sandy and stony wastes; for I still preferred the ass to the camel, owing to the convenience of dismounting whenever any observations had to be taken along the route.

Leaving Sawâkin and Gêf behind us, we took a south-easterly direction, parallel with several western ridges, each projecting its granite spurs and offshoots across the flat coastlands. On these coastlands, the Sâhil[1] of the Arabs, our road to To-kâr lay much nearer to the sea than to the hills, whereas the ordinary and shorter route to Kassala keeps closer to the ranges and much more in a south-westerly direction. On the east, at a distance of twenty to forty minutes, we had the blue sea constantly in view, the flat coastline being here disposed in numerous curves. As at Sawâkin, the almost perfectly level strand shoaled very gradually and consisted of coralline limestone, which in smooth water was betrayed by the emerald tints of the sea. But this was again interrupted by a white line of surf fringing the limestone cliffs along the eastern horizon. The patches of tamarisk scrub that I had noticed at Gêf, were now displaced by the samra, or samor (*Acacia spirocarpa*), varied here and there with the 'ud[2] (*Acacia pterygocarpa St.*)

But here the most prevalent plant was a shrub with short, thick, fleshy leaves which the Hadéndoas called *Addi*. This coast vegetation was alive with the song of the crested lark (*Alauda cristata*), while the allied African species, the black-necked *Coraphites melanauchen*, flitted close by us. We noticed three varieties of the ubiquitous wagtail, the *Motacilla alba*, *sulphurea*, and *flava*, besides the steppe harrier (*Circus pallidus*), the peregrine falcon, the Egyptian dove (*Turtur senegalensis*) very frequently, and several species of the stone-chat (*Saxicola xanthomelaena* and *S. leucomela*).

From the western hills, distant about eight miles, several torrents flow to the coastlands, some in the rainy season reaching

[1] Whence the term *Sawâhili*, *Swâhili*, collective name of the mixed Bantu populations of the seaboard opposite Zanzibar.

[2] *'Ud*, called also *La-'ud*, through fusion of the article: العود el-'ud; compare the French *lierre*, for *l'ierre* from *hierre*, *hedera* = ivy.

the sea, others running out in the sands. Of these I ascertained the names of two, the large and northern Khor Ghoāb or Guōb which reaches the sea at Mersa (Port) Eutabēb, and the smaller Khor Nauvlâbab.

About five o'clock, finding a suitable camping-ground, we pitched our tents, and enjoyed the declining hours of a moderately cool evening. We were alone in the wilderness; as far as the eye could range not a tent or wreath of smoke was visible to betray the presence even of the temporary home of a passing nomad. But the feathered world sent us their representatives in the lively little nodding and curtseying stone-chat, the graceful, dainty, white or yellow wagtail, curiously contrasting with the repulsive carrion vulture, the *rakhām* of the Arabs. Immense flocks of the striped sand-grouse (*Pterocles Lichtensteinii*) came from the west, flying very high in the direction of the watering-places on the coastlands. At night our slumbers were now and then disturbed only by the disagreeable howl of the jackal.

Next morning we were astir with the sunrise, and special attention had now to be paid to the riding camels, one of which was mounted by Kopp. We still continued in the same south-easterly direction, the Red Sea on our left, the hills on our right hand. But the farther we advanced south, the farther the many crested and jagged heights receded from the coast; or it was rather the coastline trending eastwards that withdrew from the mountain range, which maintained a somewhat uniform southward direction.

We again crossed some dry watercourses, that I should have scarcely recognised as such, had not my attention been drawn to them by the guide. The monotony of the sandy plain was here somewhat relieved by a tolerably abundant scrubby vegetation, conspicuous amongst which were the tall, leafy, roof-shaped crowns of the acacia, known to the Hadéndoas by the name of *Sángane*.[1] We also frequently met the *Cassia obovata*, the Senâ-Mekka of the Arabs, which the Hadéndoas call Amberki.

[1] *Acacia spirocarpa*, H. widely diffused throughout the steppe.—R. B.

This morning our eyes were gladdened by the sight of the first couple of gazelles, who are here not nearly so shy as in the Libyan desert. Even after a shot they do not always bound away, but often remain, at a distance of a few hundred yards, looking wonderingly at the approaching foe. Several very small hares (*Lepus isabellinus*) starting from their forms, sped swiftly by beyond the range of our guns. Our ornithological collection received a few additions, including the ground dove (*Chalcopheleia afra*) of metallic sheen; we also secured the nest of a raven (*Corvus scapulatus*) with four eggs, three of which unfortunately got broken. Cranes in flocks of five to ten rose from the brushwood at considerable distances from us.

On the third day we lost sight of the sea, as the coastline trended more and more eastwards, while the view was further obstructed by a line of yellow sandhills. The range on our right hand also receded, and was presently concealed by the Jebel Shāba skirting the east side of the Wâdi Ossir, which is traversed by the caravan route to Kassala. This large fluvial valley reaches the coast between the Ureba and the rugged Shāba range, which rises to a relative height of over 3,000 feet. Here the ground was covered with fine sand, the low dunes overgrown with scrub giving it the aspect of a rolling steppe.

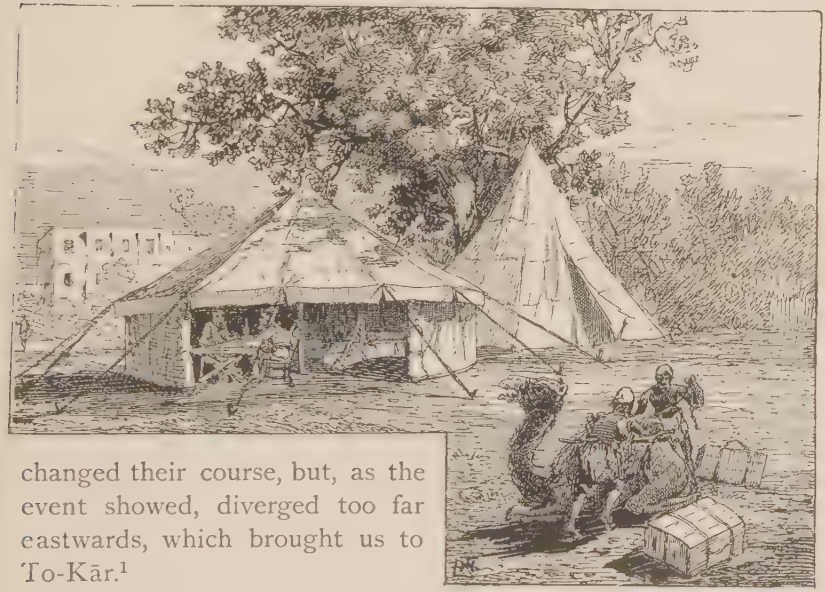
At this point of the route converge two watercourses, the Khor Ashād and Khor Siterab, both of which send their rain-water to the Red Sea.

About two o'clock on the third day we entered the delta district of the Khor Bâraka. In the course of an hour we crossed probably more than a dozen small, more or less deep, channels; there could be no doubt that the intervening spaces were at times under water, and that after the rainy season the rest of the flood subsides into these channels.

The whole district was covered with leafless brushwood, the shrubs firmly closed against the parching atmosphere. But on the return of the rains the budding leaves expand, and in an incredibly short time every tree and shrub is clothed in fresh verdure.

We soon reached the Khor Aquetīd, whose dry bed contained

nothing but deep springs and water-holes, and just then even these were dry. Immediately beyond the Khor Aquetīd, the parched scrub disappears, and the eye is relieved by the bright foliage of the Umm Oshur (*Calotropis procera*), the slim tamarisk, plantations, well gleaned durra fields, cotton shrubs interspersed with tents and large flocks of goats. Our camel drivers now changed their course, but, as the event showed, diverged too far eastwards, which brought us to To-Kār.[1]



CAMP AT TO-KĀR.

Here the monotony of the route was relieved by the chase; some gazelles were stalked, and in the evening after encamping Kopp brought down a fine eagle (*Helotarsus caudatus*). From the tamarisk came the coo of the dove; but our night's rest in the camp beneath these trees was marred by swarms of small but none the less irritating musquitoes. The bites, which at To-Kār

[1] *To-Kār*, a Bega word in which *To* is the feminine article. According to Heuglin it means "The Well;" but Munzinger writes *O'Kar* with the masculine article, and translates "ravine" or "valley." H. Almkvist (Tū-Badâwie or Bishari language) gives the meaning "hill," "eminence," answering to the Arabic "Tell;" but as this word is masculine, the form would be *O-Kār*, not *To-Kār*.

I had the opportunity of examining by the hundred, itch most unpleasantly and raise blisters.

Next morning we reached the large and deep Khor Antiteb, whose wells contained water. Beyond a sandy district we crossed two other Khors and at nine o'clock arrived at To-Kār, halting before the house of Soroker, the only resident Christian in the place. This excellent linguist, who seemed at home in every language, had been settled here about a twelvemonth, and on my handing him our letters of introduction gave us a very friendly welcome.

The camels now coming up, for I had pushed ahead, Khurshīd Efendi, Mudîr of To-Kār, assigned me a site for our camp opposite the Diwan under the shade of two Parkinsonians. He showed us every courtesy, and invited us to the inevitable coffee and sherbet in the stately, two-storeyed Government House built by himself.

Khurshīd Efendi, an Armenian, proved himself to be a Turkish official of more than average intelligence. He not only willingly gave me all the information I expected from him, but also treated me with genuine Eastern hospitality. Not satisfied with entertaining myself and Kopp, he had one dish after another served up to our party, employing even some of the little garrison for the purpose. The food was carefully protected against the evil eye, and, what was of more consequence to us, against dust and other accidents, by the prettily worked straw cover customary in Sudan. Another round in the evening, so that we revelled in luxuries.

To-Kār, which like Sawâkin and Massawa was formerly under direct Ottoman rule, a Turkish fleet having reduced the seaboard in 1557, was ceded with the whole of this region in 1865 to the Khedive, who placed it in charge of a Mudir with a small garrison subordinate to the governor of Sawâkin. The Mudîr had at his disposal a few notaries, and a wakil or agent, with a few dozen soldiers housed in mud huts like those of Egyptian villages, and employed chiefly as tax-gatherers. The commercial world was represented by a few Greek dealers or hucksters, the population of this oasis being completed by the members of

several Bega sub-tribes, engaged almost exclusively in stock-breeding. Large herds of camels, cattle, sheep and goats are reared by them. But To-Kār was also a penal settlement for Egyptian convicts, who were seen loafing about in chains.

The value of this alluvial oasis, the only place on the seaboard where tillage is possible, depends on the inundations of the Báraka, which rises on the north-west slopes of Abyssinia (the Dembelas plateau), but is not a perennial stream. After the first periodical rains its bed becomes saturated with moisture, and swampy; then the continual downpours flood the various channels, sending down to the coast at Mersa Trinkatat a copious stream, coloured a red-brown by the sands and erosions of its banks.

Khor Báraka[1] sends its waters to To-kār in the month of September, but not continuously for the whole month, the delta being flooded during this period twice, or even oftener, successively. On the subsidence of the first flood tillage begins, the ground being now softened by the water and manured with the fertilizing mud. By dams and canals, of somewhat primitive form and insufficient in number, the water is distributed over the sorgo fields, but the natives also cultivate two varieties of cotton, the American and the Egyptian ("Ashmûni"), besides melons and pumpkins, tobacco, onions, and other vegetables.

It may happen, however, that the next inundation is too strong to be dammed; then the seed, often already sprouting is swept away, and all has to be done over again. The sorgo (*Sorghum vulgare*), the staple product of the soil, ripens in two or three months, and is garnered during the months of December, January, and February; cotton, which takes four months to ripen, in February, March, and April; and the raw material at the time of my visit had a market value of six shillings the hundredweight. The Egyptian cotton fetches a higher price than the American, having a longer and more easily spun staple.

[1] *Khor Báraka* would mean in Arabic a beneficent watercourse, a dispenser of "blessings;" but Heuglin refers it to the Hamitic (Ethiopic) *barakha* = wilderness. Anyhow, the name indicates both the stream itself and the fluvial valley.—R. B.

Owing to the enormous quantities of sand carried away by the sudden freshets from the upper valley and deposited lower down, the To-Kār basin is subject to almost yearly changes. Branches of the main stream, formerly perhaps themselves copious watercourses, get silted up, and at last cease to discharge any water, while fresh channels are excavated at lower levels. Of the twelve or fifteen branches of the Báraka delta, I myself crossed only the two larger ones in the north-west, and of these the Khor Aquetīd illustrates the foregoing statement. Formerly a watercourse, at present it remains dry, even during the highest floods. The Khor Antiteb alone now sends down the flood-waters to the sea.

Were the water fully utilised by a proper system of irrigation, the resources of the To-Kār oasis might be greatly increased.

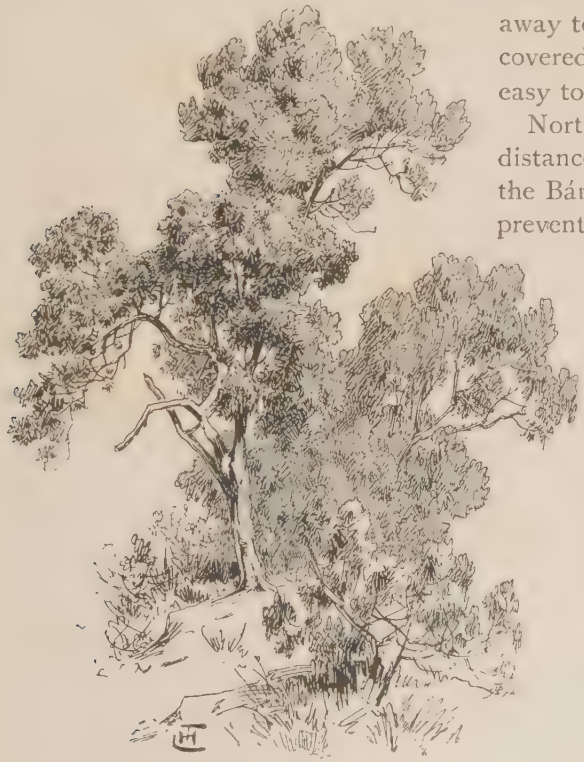
We left this place on March 6th, when I took leave of the kindly Mudîr with a parting cup of coffee, and received from him some introductions to the authorities in Daga and Kassala. We were now under a new guide, and our party was joined by an Arab traveller *en route* for Kassala. Proceeding south-westwards, we crossed some durra and cotton-fields, where a few peasants were turning up the soil with the most primitive of ploughs. On the left some wells were passed, after which we again entered a sandy tract, intersected farther on by several khors, of which Khor Otil (Odil) alone was noteworthy. Beyond it were some dukhn fields (*Penicillaria*).

In the evening we encamped near the huts of some Hadéndoas, who had here become settled at least for the few weeks required by the durra and dukhn to ripen.

Next day we reached the Khor Báraka, which we had left to our right, where it makes a great bend to the west. We traversed a broken tract with eminences strewn with sand, and here and there some dunes of considerable size. Here the characteristic vegetation—*Phyllanthus*, *Calotropis* and *Sododa decidua*—was soon succeeded by larger forms, such as the Sangane Acacia (*A. spirocarpa*) followed by a row of tall tamarisks which brought us to the right bank of the Báraka.

I must confess that the first sight of this stream surpassed

all my expectations. Knowing it to be only a periodical river I fancied we should find it a stony, sandy fluvial bed, exposed to the glowing solar heat and difficult to follow. But at the point where we struck it nothing of all this was to be seen. After piercing the thick tamarisk wall, we descended a steep bank ten or twelve feet high down to a uniformly excavated fluvial bed stretching away to the south, and covered with hard sand easy to traverse.



TAMARISKS.

Northwards at the distance of a rifle-shot the Báraka made a bend preventing an extensive view in that direction. But towards the south it presented the aspect of an easy highway some fifty paces broad, inclosed on both sides by high banks densely wooded with trees and shrubs. The prevailing plants were tamarisks growing close together, and in many places forming an impenetrable living wall with the bright green creepers (*Cissus adenantha*) by which they were interlaced to their summits.

The homely feeling that pervaded the scene was enhanced by the coo of the dove, the warbling and piping of various little songsters that had their retreats in the dense foliage. The sun

was still low on the eastern horizon, so that the left side of the river valley lay in the shade of the tall vegetation. In African lands I have seldom enjoyed a more pleasant morning stroll than beneath the delightfully cool shade of these tamarisk groves. Unfortunately the beauty of the landscape was not maintained higher up. In some places the vegetation along the edge of the valley grew thinner; elsewhere the Báraka itself was laid under dukhn fields, while our progress was obstructed by the deeper sands. A fresh turn of the valley brought into view the bold granite range of the Shāba mountains, affording a fine background to a beautiful picture.

Farther on appeared dense thickets of the light blue-green colotropis shrub, whose milky sap is dreaded by the natives, causing inflammation of the parts it touches. At the Tamenré[1] wells we rested awhile, and then quitted the bed of the Báraka, making a short cut across a considerable bend, where the march was at first much impeded by large heaps of driftsand. This was followed by stony ground with scant vegetation, soon merging in lines of hills of considerable height, strewn with dark-coloured shingly granite. These hills were offshoots from the ranges that lay in front of us.

On our left the Jebel Heina drew nearer, the foothills being skirted at a distance of two or three miles by a belt of tamarisks, which masked the Báraka here bending round to the east. Farther on we crossed the Khor To-Shīkh, which in the *kharîf*, or rainy season, sends its flood waters from the Shāba hills down to the Báraka.

Our tents were pitched in the evening gloaming, which imparted a weird aspect to the picturesque mountains, at whose foot we were encamped. The bare, rugged crags, domes and peaks of these granite and schistous hills were radiant with the glow of the gold and rosy sunset tints, recalling the somewhat similar though still more varying picture of the Alpine after-glows.

By the time I had made a clean copy of my daily jottings and

[1] *Tamenré* is a compound Bega term, from *támen* or *temen* = ten, and *ré* = well; hence "Ten Wells."—R. B.

BED OF THE KHOR BARAKA. (*From a drawing by* L. H. FISCHER.)

surveys, a task which occupied a portion of every evening, it was getting on to one o'clock. Rising from my camp-stool to have a look round before turning in for the night, I had scarcely looked out on the moonlit scene, when I perceived at a distance of perhaps fifteen paces from my riding-ass, and about double from myself, a spotted hyæna (*Hyæna crocuta*) prowling about the camp. I stepped to the door to get a better look ; but before I could seize my rifle, the beast must have noticed me, and disappeared in the distance. This species, larger and stronger than the common striped hyæna of Egypt and Nubia, is numerous enough in the Báraka valley and surrounding districts. Concealed during the day in the dense bush or in

SHARING THE SPOILS OF THE ELEPHANT.

some cleft of the rocks, he comes out at night, hanging about the villages, encampments and farmyards. When pressed by hunger, he grows very daring, and, for want of better, will carry off fresh or dressed skins, and is even said to make a meal on butter and milk. But his favourite prey are horses, asses, mules, sheep and goats.

Nature assumed a no less lovely appearance in the morning than on the previous evening. Like the portals of some mighty Alpine land, the rugged peaks stood out in the west, east and south ; at a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, was visible to the right the highest summit of the Jebel Shāba (3,500 feet), the

lower Mount Bāne[1] in the foreground falling almost perpendicularly southwards. Still far to the south, veiled in the blue morning haze, stood Adarō Réba, the Jebel Ahmar, or "Red Mountain," of the Arabs, whence ramify towards Shāba smaller ridges distinguished by the name of Shāba ssaghîr, or "Lesser Shāba." From the Great Shāba run connecting ranges northwards, and beyond these there is still visible the cloud-capped Uréba.[2]

Countless lower chains and lines of hills lay between us and the Jebef Heina away to the east. This hilly district is held by a *qabîleh*[3] of the Beni 'Amr nation. On our left runs at a short distance the belt of tamarisks, towards whose shade my eyes turned yearningly, for our track lay now across an uninteresting hot, sandy, and stony district, with a sparse growth of the characteristic *Phyllanthus*. For my part I could not make out why we did not march along the bed itself of the Báraka ; but to all our inquiries the constant answer of the guide was : "We shall get there presently."

On the right and left the mountain masses drew continually nearer, so that the true fluvial valley was no longer much more than four miles broad. Yet the highest crests of the eastern and western ranges may still have been some forty miles apart ; the intervening hilly space, constantly rising and assuming more varied forms, is divided by the Báraka into an eastern and western section occupied respectively by the Beni 'Amrs and the Hadéndoas.

Giving chase to a herd of gazelles I found myself amid the foot-hills of the Shāba range, where the surface consisted everywhere of a dark brown rock streaked with lighter veins, perhaps basalt with quartz veins. The natives call these hills Togána.[4]

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[1] *Bāne*, the giant vulture ; the Bega of this region are fond of giving animal names to their mountains. Thus the "Hyæna," the "Wolf," and others occurring further on.—R. B.

[2] *Uréba*, the "Mountain," in a pre-eminent sense.

[3] *Qabîleh*, قبيلة pl. *qabâyil*, tribe. By the French the term has been applied in a special sense to a group of Berbers inhabiting the coast ranges about the frontiers of Tunis and Algeria.—R. B.

[4] *Togana* = flat land.

About midday we were back on the west margin of the Báraka, here forming a perfectly vertical scarp twenty-five to thirty feet high, scored by deep channels, through which flow the intermittent torrents from the Jebel Shāba. But just then the fluvial bed, apparently about 100 paces wide, had been partly transformed to a large dukhn field. We descended the steep banks to fetch water from a place called Odwán, that is, the "great waterpot." Here the constant windings of the valley compelled us to cross the khor several times, until at last we left it

COW ELEPHANT AND CALF.

altogether, encamping in the evening several hundred yards down a small lateral khor of the Báraka. Large flocks of guinea-fowl (*Numida ptilorhyncha*) were feeding among the scrub and grasses, while whole herds of gazelles still tempted us to give chase.

In this region we met the first dûm palms, rendered conspicuous by their forked branches with large deep green shady leaves spreading out like fans. Next day we wandered along through a sandy steppe till we again struck the Báraka

about noon. Here some torrents from the Jebel Heina converged on the main stream ; but when we crossed them all were of course, dry and empty.

To-day the caravan was wild with excitement at the sudden appearance of a cow-elephant, which emerged with her calf from the tamarisk thicket, scarcely a hundred paces in front of us. But the huge beast, driving the young one forward with her trunk, soon disappeared in the bush on the opposite side of the khor.

Presently we reached the confluence of the Khor Langēb from the west. This tributary has a very large fluvial bed with banks over six feet high, which, especially higher up, are overgrown with regular forests of *suaeda* and tamarisks, shooting up to a height of twenty-five feet. The Langēb enters the Báraka nearly at right angles, but its valley soon trends southwards, and farther on we followed it a long way in this direction. It describes a semicircle round the southern slopes of the Adaro Réba, and as we advanced we had the Báraka on our left and the Langēb on our right hand. The former we soon lost sight of, owing to the projecting spurs of the mountains, by which farther on the tributary also was concealed.

So it continued the following day, when our route was deflected by the Adarō Réba more and more to the east. From a species of mimosa, the *Aqba* of the Arabs, the tract now traversed takes the name of Beled Tawéi, that is Mimosa Land. Beyond it the route lay between rounded hills, at first over a sandy plateau and then across sand-hills, where the Kurmet shrub (*Cadaba glandulosa*) thrives, and so again down to the Báraka.

Here we hoped to find wells, that is, water-holes ; but on our arrival we found them all trodden down and choked with sand, the abundant traces of elephants leaving no doubt as to the authors of the mischief. A whole herd of these pachyderms had recently come to slake their thirst ; but the sandy ground had given way under their enormous weight.

The khor itself was converted into a sea of moving sands by a strong north-east wind, which had been blowing for several

days, and which now caused us much trouble. The vast quantities of sand washed down during the rainy season sufficiently explain the silting up of the various converging branches, and the origin of the fresh channels excavated by the rushing waters.

A BENI 'AMR BEDOUIN.

Timber, snags, trees of the most diverse species and size, whose original homes lay doubtless far from their present sites, are seen heaped up in the khor and along its banks, where in the dry season they form the nucleus round which the drift-sands are

collected into dunes, until the flood-waters again sweep everything away, and begin to make fresh deposits.

Farther on, we again came upon traces of elephants, as well as their calcined bones; hence it is evident that these animals must abound in the Báraka lands.

My servant, Karar, informed me he had seen a fine little dwarf in the bush; but despite his emphatic assurance, and the repeated exclamation "*w' allah!*" (by Allah!), his story was told in such a way as to raise suspicions in my mind of his veracity.

We now halted near a Hadéndoa encampment on the little Khor Tabate, where we were well sheltered against the north wind. On all sides rose the rugged summits of the hills, above which towered the Jebel Hager in the heart of the uplands occupied by the Beni 'Amr Bedouins. About this region I was entertained in camp with all manner of confused and mostly contradictory accounts. The country had never been visited by any of my imaginative friends, whose geographical reports were richly interspersed with fanciful statements. Amongst other marvels one of our party had much to say about certain bubbling springs which well up from the Jebel Hager.

The wild Beni 'Amr tribes occupying the highlands, above which the dome-shaped summit of the Jebel Hager rises to an altitude of over 6,000 feet, are an inexhaustible topic of conversation, and a never-failing subject of curiosity.[1] I shall have elsewhere an opportunity of dealing with the Beni 'Amrs, a people whose position amongst the heterogeneous populations of Eastern Sudan has not yet been clearly determined.

Our firearms, after the recent sand-storms, requiring to be furbished up, we spent a day in the camp near the Hadéndoas, where I was introduced to some culinary novelties. Aided by

[1] They are goatherds subject to the Beni-'Amrs ("Sons of 'Amr); they dwell in caves and solid huts in remote places, are somewhat wild and with the occasion predatory. Milk is their almost exclusive diet. They are subdivided into the Bet Male, Bet 'Awed, Bet Basho, and Hamazén tribes, whose elders bring tribute to the *Deglel*, or Grand Sheikh of the Beni 'Amrs; but they are otherwise almost independent. They speak the Tō-Bedāwie (Bega) language, common to the Bishari, Hadéndoas, and other Hamitic tribes between Nubia and the Red Sea. —R. B.

some passing Egyptian soldiers, the nomads had captured an elephant, some of whose dried flesh found its way to our cooking pots; it resembles beef in flavour, but is far more sinewy and coarse. In the evening the Hadéndoas brought me some milk which I much relished.

During the day I was entertained with some marvellous stories about lions, elephants, buffaloes, which are all common enough in this region. The true and false, the possible and impossible, were inextricably interwoven in these accounts, but were all alike received with equal credulity by the eager listeners. Only now and then, when the narrator gave too much bridle to his fancy, you might perhaps hear some exclamation of surprise, such as the familiar *Mash 'Allah!* A strange, naïve people, lending a ready ear to the extraordinary and exceptional; brave men, too, fond of danger in word and deed!

By this time the troublesome north-east wind had fallen, and although the heat increased with the rising sun, the next day's march was enjoyable enough.

Here also the changed scenery of the surrounding country gave fresh interest to the journey. As we advanced southwards the fluvial valley became gradually so contracted by the ranges and their offshoots converging on both sides, that our route was at last confined to the bed of the Báraka itself, with its fringe of tamarisk-trees. The ground began to rise almost from the very margin of the river towards the foot-hills. My well-informed guide gave me the local names for the now empty periodical torrents, for the mountain ranges and isolated eminences. Here was a *Kwire*, an "Ostrich" mountain; there a Jebel and Khor Kerāj, a "Hyæna" mountain and watercourse. On the west were visible the southern spurs of the Jebel Barassach, whose highest peaks may attain a relative elevation of 3,000 feet.[1]

After a two hours' march I noticed some large and regular piles of stones, which on closer inspection proved to be graves like those discovered in the year 1865 by Schweinfurth on the

[1] Perhaps the form should be *Berroshán*, "the boat-house of stone." The spelling *Parasaeh* must be rejected, there being no letter *p* in the Bega language.—R. B.

Jebel Mamân. There they were counted by the hundred, forming a regular burial-place; but here I could find only five varying in size, and so decayed that in one only the original form could be recognized. This best preserved and largest of the group was a square structure, twenty-six feet long, thirteen feet deep, and only three feet high, built of flat, undressed stones and clay-slates, put together without any mortar. The low height was doubtless the result of dilapidation.

Above the stone covering projected an arched superstructure which, although formed only by the overlapping of the blocks forming the walls, was sufficiently strong. Beneath this structure was the grave proper, covered with large slabs. Beyond this nothing was seen, no trace of monuments thirty to fifty feet high, like those of Jebel Mamân. The present inhabitants of the district call these buildings *buyût qedûna*, "old houses," and assign them a Christian origin. Hence they would date from the time when Abyssinian rule still extended far to the north nearly to the verge of the lowlands.

My guide informed me that several such burial-places occur in the Báraka valley, and many also in Beni 'Amr territory. Some, like those of Jebel Mamân, may have enjoyed a special reputation, so that the nomads brought their dead from great distances to deposit them in such places.

Following a winding stony track across hilly gorges, where the way was much obstructed by variegated granites, we passed round the Jebel Melâhtei ("Bare Mountain"), which rose on our left, shutting out the view of the Báraka. Here the observing eye was riveted by the continually shifting pictures of the mountain masses, by the indescribable charm of the light effects produced by the dazzling solar rays reflected from the rocky surfaces, and by the transparent coloured masses in the shade of the gloomy ravines.

Far below us ran the green belt of tamarisks fringing the Khor Báraka; only the scene acked the refreshing effect of running waters. Gazelles bounding along the stony plateau are hotly pursued from crag to crag; time and the track are forgotten in the excitement of the chase; but we return at last

to the caravan rewarded by the capture of two of these lovely creatures. Less fortunate was my Kanûri servant, Bu-Bekr, who caught sight of a young wild ass (*Asinus Africanus*), but after a long chase returned from the hills empty-handed and gasping for breath.

On the afternoon of March 13th we reached the Khor Anseba, which has its source in the remote Hamazēn district, and after a course of nearly 200 miles joins the right bank of the Báraka. It presents much the same aspect as the main stream, and like it is inclosed by steep banks. We found it thirty paces broad, and followed its course for some distance upwards to a point where it trends to the east.

Next day, as we penetrated still farther into the hills, the scenery became still more varied. During a morning ramble from the camp, I had ascended a neighbouring height, which commanded a wide prospect in three directions. In the east I beheld the Anseba winding between its high rugged banks, and the characteristic tamarisks marking the line of the Báraka. South-eastwards rose the rocky pinnacles of the Adarkála range.

Leaving a lateral affluent of the Anseba, we ascended a hilly plateau, and for the rest of the day enjoyed all the charms of an Alpine landscape. We missed, however, the variety peculiar to our northern highlands—no soft transitions from woodland to bare rocky heights; no lovely green or flowery meads to delight and refresh the eye. Here all these upland plateaux, hills, and valleys are waste and dead, unrelieved by any grassy patches, by a single tree, or even a modest Alpine flower. Yet we were gladdened by these barren prospects, which at least brought a pleasant change to our montonous daily routes.

Now we approached a lofty peak of the Jebel Sotaï ("Green Mountain"), whose precipitous slopes are washed by the flood-waters of the encircling Khor Báraka.

In these uplands dwells the grey baboon (*Cynocephalus Hamadryas*), and I had soon an opportunity of observing a troop of nearly a hundred up amongst the rocks, led by a large, old male, the Sheikh, as the Arabs call him. The full-grown males are easily recognized even at great distances by their size and

the long, hairy covering hanging from arms and breast. These baboons take their siesta in the heat of the day, but spend morning and evening in a diligent hunt after insects and other "small deer," as well as all kinds of worts, buds, and fruits, which are stowed away in a mouth armed with a most formidable set of teeth. In the evening they also usually descend to the lower ground to quench their thirst at the springs and water-holes, betraying not the least fear of the dark-skinned natives.

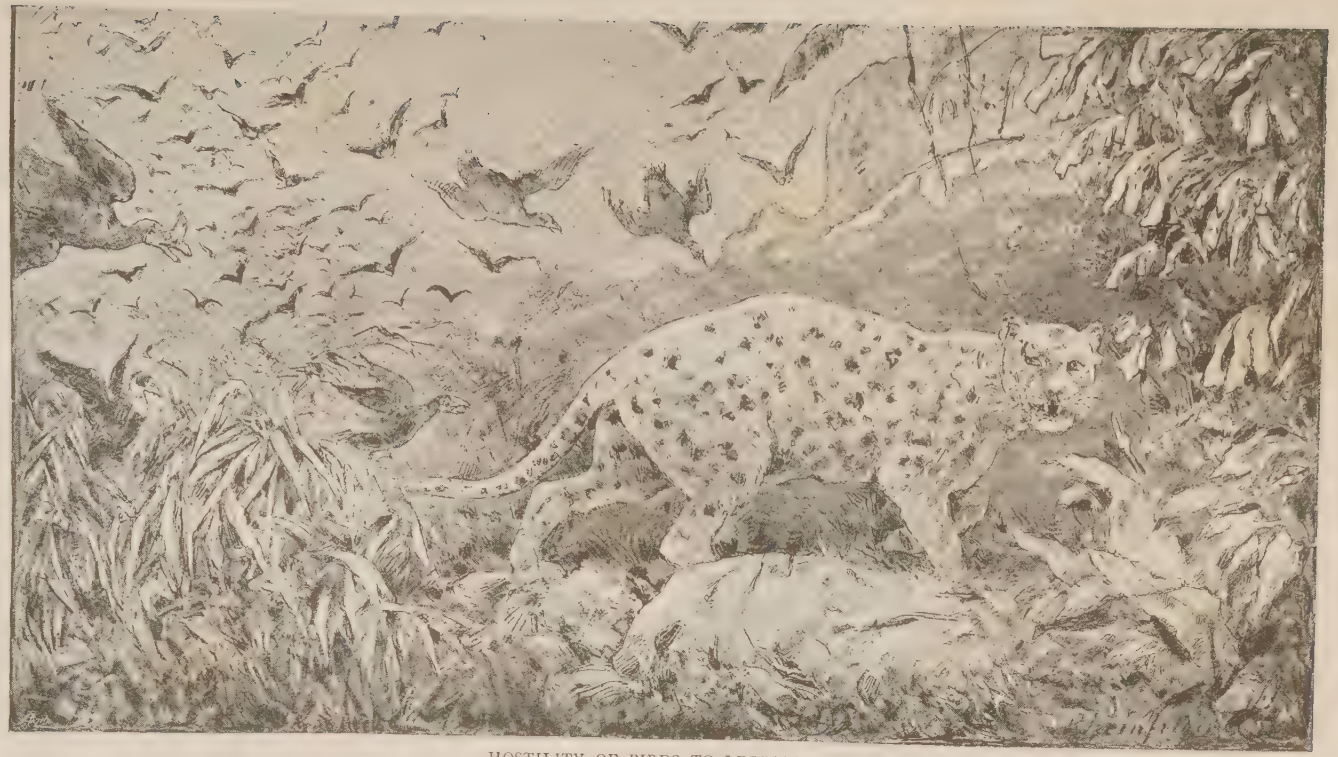
Their grim foe, the leopard, also gave signs of his presence. The incredible daring of the Nimr,[1] as the Arabs call him, makes this animal the terror of the neighbourhood. As agile on the crags and trees as on the plains, nothing, not even man himself, is safe from his attacks. But on the other hand the hostility manifested towards him by all other creatures, from the smallest bird to the largest baboon, is probably unprecedented in the animal kingdom. "It is as if all had combined together to warn each other against the ubiquitous marauder. Scarcely is he detected by any little bird, when the whole feathered tribe raises the hue and cry. One of the numerous ravens approaches, satisfies himself of the foe's presence, and with a scream darts down upon him, taking good care, however, to keep beyond the reach of his dangerous claws. Other ravens, attracted by the familiar note, flock round; the whole company pursues the robber through bush and bramble, perching over him on bare branches or rocks, and drawing other scoffers and warners to the spot."[2]

In this section of the Báraka, where it winds between the mountains, we frequently met pools at the foot of the rocks, which, in one instance, were rudely carved with numerous drawings of camels and cruciform figures. By whom or when they were executed nobody could say. A short distance beyond this place, which was called Kolitēb, we encamped near a larger pond at Mount Tināyeb,[3] in the bed of the Báraka.

[1] *Nimr*, or *Namir*, نمر, a panther or leopard; the *lengig* of the Begas.

[2] A. E. Brehm, *Ergebnisse einer Reise nach Habesch.*

[3] *Tināyeb*, the "Goat Mountain," from *To nay*, a goat.—R. B.



HOSTILITY OF BIRDS TO LEOPARD.

In the evening a high gale filled my tent with whirling sand to such an extent as to render writing almost impossible. The large fire, always kept up to scare away the beasts of prey, got blown about, and the glowing embers were sent flying over the sandy waste in front of the tents.

My people, who during the evening had talked of nothing but lions and other gruesome beasts, were now fast asleep. I looked round from time to time, and at sight of any distant object which in the doubtful starlight might escape recognition, my

NIGHT CAMP IN THE KHOR BÁRAKA.

mind became filled with fancies which sent the blood coursing more rapidly through the veins.

The moon now rose upon a glorious scene, to which an unspeakable charm was imparted by the solemn stillness of the night, the balmy breeze, and the consciousness of being alone beneath this tropical sky.

But I also grew weary, and however weird this bewitching night-scene, which one so easily peoples with elves, goblins and monsters, I close the tent door and retire to rest, with the hope that our slumbers may not be disturbed by the prowling feline marauders.

In the morning I brought down a vulture, who with other birds of prey could not await our departure before falling on the remains of a gazelle I had shot the day before. For four days since our last halt near a few Hadéndoa tents, we had not met a single human being. But I could willingly dispense with the presence of man, in order the better to enjoy the grandeur of the nature by which we were surrounded.

On the evening of March 15th, after passing the Jebel Tināyeb, we encamped at the Lanwaéb well near the tents of some Hadéndoas, who were friendly enough to bring us some milk. The importunity of the jackals, who were everywhere "loafing" about surprised and annoyed us. Even before sunset they came trotting along the river bank, planting themselves in front of us about a gunshot off, and watching every scrap that fell from our hands. The animals must have been half famished, though it is also possible that the nomads of this district may leave them unmolested, that they should venture so fearlessly within range of our rifles.

To punish them for their presumption, and also to secure a quiet night's rest, I had a trap laid for them. Scarcely were our backs turned when a dismal chorus of howling told us they had taken the bait. Yet we found the iron springe empty. It had certainly fallen, but in some to me inexplicable way the gold-haired rascal had managed to get off scot-free. The trap was again set, and with the pious wish that one or other of the nightly choristers might this time be captured, we returned to the tents.

During the night we also heard a lion, his far-resounding roar falling like distant thunder on my ear. I listened not without agitation, for this was the first time I had found myself at such close quarters with the king of beasts in the wilderness. The fire, which protected us from too near a visit on the part of his majesty, was diligently stirred up. For a time he prowled about our camp, betraying his presence by terrific bellowings; but presently he made off for more promising hunting-grounds.

Next morning I shot a young gazelle in the bush. For several days gazelle had been our exclusive diet; but although good enough in itself, tasting like roebuck, one may have too much of

anything. On a later occasion, while pursuing some of these animals, Kopp and myself lost the caravan, which had gone ahead. I wanted to stop at the Khor Logwéb, which flows, when it does flow, in a wide bed between flat banks to the Báraka. But seeing no signs of the convoy, we pushed on, despite the sultry midday heat. We soon came on its track, and to avoid losing our way we followed every winding of the Báraka, reaching Karkabat in the evening well-nigh exhausted.

Here we came upon a Beni 'Amr settlement, and also rejoined the caravan. The pain of a swollen foot detained me two days in Karkabat. But despite the foot I ascended a neighbouring hill which commanded a wide prospect, and also enabled me to take angular measurements of numerous summits, with a view to a more accurate cartographic representation of the Báraka valley.

As already stated, my guide was a well-informed person, and was able to give me the local names of many mountains.

At the foot of the hill stretched the Karkabat plain, a verdant forest of acacias and tamarisks densely interwoven with creeping plants. To the north lay the confluence of the Khor Harabsoid,[1] while the plain itself was traversed by the Khor Karkabat, which farther south was joined by a small torrent.

Eastwards the horizon is bounded by the crests of the ranges stretching away one beyond the other far into the Beni 'Amr domain. From my own observations confirmed by the reports of the Beni 'Amrs, I concluded that this domain is still more decidedly mountainous than has hitherto been supposed.

On my return to Karkabat I found the swollen foot so much worse that I had to take to my *angareb*[2] for the rest of the day. I gave audience to my swarthy neighbours, and endeavoured to procure from them explanations of doubtful points in the mountain and river systems of the land.

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[1] *Harabsoid*, perhaps etymologically connected with the Bega word *harib*, a water-skin.

[2] *Angareb* is the bed-post found in every hut and tent throughout Nubia and Sudan. It is so adjusted with leather straps as to serve for couch, sofa, table, in a word, as a universal article of furniture. The word *angareb* is the Bega form of the Nubian *angarē*, a settle or bedstead.

Despite the sore foot we resumed our journey on March 19. The fluvial bed, which had now become much broader, brought us to a group of Hadéndoa tents at a well, round which were gathered thousands of sheep, goats and cattle. During the course of the day we also met splendid herds of camels.

On some low hills to our left stood some more graves, such as I have already described; only these were in a far better state of preservation, and were built in three steps to a height of fifteen feet. Farther on we noticed the large and leafy acacias which the Arabs call *nabaq*,[1] and a few specimens of the dûm-palm with its fan-shaped leaves (*Hyphaena thebaica*), which we had already met in the Khor Langéb.

At a pool a little east of our route were traces of the elephant, who growing wise with experience has become more cautious in his visits to watering-places. To avoid being seen too frequently at the same well or river bank, the herd, young and all, makes tremendous journeys, often traversing a distance of 100 miles in forty-eight hours.

The silver heron (*Ardea garzetta*) and the ruff (*Philomachus pugnax*) were here endeavouring to fish in troubled waters. In this region they would seem to be birds of passage.

The Báraka was now hemmed in on both sides by hills scarcely a mile apart, shutting off all distant prospects. Winding our way through the bush, by which the pent-up banks were overgrown, we reached some well-sheltered nomad tents in the Béled Terdemia district. During the ride I had suffered much from the state of my feet, and I was again compelled much against my will to lie up for a day at this place.

Early on March 21st we broke up camp, and on the route we noticed some new mountain masses some fifteen to twenty miles distant in the west. Amid a luxuriant growth of acacias, numerous flocks of goats were grazing. The herdsmen carry long crooks, with which they hook down the blossom on which the animals feed.

Here also I saw some curious irregular clay structures, broad,

[1] *Nabaq* is the Arabic name of the fruit of the sidr tree (*Zizyphus spina Christi*). In the Bega language both fruit and tree are called *gaba*, but are distinguished by the gender, the fruit being masculine, the tree feminine.—R. B.

ADANSONIA DIGITATA. *From a photograph.*

cone-shaped and from four to six feet high. They were grouped in considerable numbers round a shrub which the nomads call *kúrmu*,[1] and whose foliage and young twigs are found very useful for tanning skins. Those conic structures, showing numerous apertures about the size of an apple, we found to be abandoned termite's nests.

The fresh milk now daily obtained from the tents of the natives, proved a welcome addition to the everlasting gazelle diet. The quantity consumed was almost incredible.

Farther on we noticed a decided change in the aspect of the vegetation and cultivated ground. Hitherto sands had everywhere prevailed in the northern parts of the Báraka valley traversed by us; but these were now replaced by a dark soil overgrown with a fine grass a foot high, which had now been turned yellow by the sun, and lay strewn over the surface. These grassy tracts between brushwood and forest, afford splendid pasturage for the stock-breeding nomads. Consequently here settlements became more numerous, and were surrounded by large herds of cattle, sheep and goats.

Farther on we crossed the Khor Haŭashed, a flat watercourse fifteen feet broad, whose banks were decked with a display of dense, rich vegetation. This district seems to be about the northern limit of the dûm-palm[2] in the Báraka valley. It may doubtless occur farther north, nowhere however in continuous stretches, but only as isolated specimens, which moreover are rarely more than three or four feet high, and resemble spreading bushes rather than ordinary palms. Here, on the contrary, they presented themselves in dozens, growing close together, and offering a grateful shade with their spreading foliage.

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[1] According to Schweinfurth, the *kúrmu* (*Kurmut*) is a member of the acanthus family; *Justicia ecbolium*, L. On the other hand, the *Cadaba glandulosa*, F., which belongs to the *Capparidæ*, is called *kurmet*.—R. B.

[2] The remarkable dûm-palm, which by one or more forkings of its tall stem loses the character of a palm, has its real northern limit in the Nile valley at 26° north latitude. The first specimen, not, however, growing wild, occurs in the town of Siût, in Middle Egypt, from which place it ranges as far as the Abyssinian plateau, in the north mostly as a solitary tree, in the south in clumps, and even large groups.—R. B.

Amid these palm groves, and the other hitherto observed vegetable forms, the tamarisk, till now the prevalent plant lending to the scenery its characteristic feature, began to take a less prominent position.

Following a very winding track we reached the Beled Hademdemeh, where were pitched in a broad crescent hundreds of the long low tents of the Beni 'Amr people.

At this place, where we encamped for the night, the direct and shortest road to Daga trends to the south-west, and our guide wanted to take this route. But I was anxious to connect my itinerary with the point of the Báraka already reached by previous explorers, so as to leave no gap in our knowledge of this fluvial valley. Hence I insisted on proceeding to Bela-Genda, from which place we could turn westwards to Daga. But it was no easy matter to produce an impression on the hard heads of my caravan people. Thinking only of their own interests, and of how the camels could most be spared, they brought forward all manner of fanciful objections to my route. But some sharp words, to which I would have no reply, convinced them that I was not to be diverted from my resolution, and they had to give way with the best grace they could.

I was desirous of seeing with my own eyes, the so-called permanent sweet-water lakes, which figure on the maps in the neighbourhood of Bela-Genda, so as to acquire from actual observation, some positive knowledge of their condition. My curiosity was all the more excited, that during the last few days their very existence had been denied by the natives.

From Hademdemeh we marched southwards through dûm-palm and acacia groves. Mounted on my little donkey I came into unpleasant contact with the thorns of the acacia shrubs, from which those perched aloft on the camels' backs escaped without a scratch.

But we were soon again in the sandy bed of the Báraka, which we were able to follow for some distance. At a pool of water in a deep part of the channel, we enjoyed the interesting spectacle of thousands of sand-grouse (*Pherocles*), filling the air with their characteristic cry, *khata*, *khata*, hence their Arabic

name. As these birds live chiefly on grains, they require a great deal of water, and they visit their watering places with the greatest regularity, usually in the afternoon and evening. It would probably take hours for such a flock as we saw on this occasion to slake their thirst. The sand-grouse fly very swiftly, with a hard, whizzing, but still graceful flight.

Beyond a low hilly district strewn with much withered grass we reached the verge of a broad plain destitute of vegetation. I was attracted by the sight of a gigantic tree with almost leafless, thick and apparently entangled branches. Its hollow trunk, measuring forty-eight feet in circumference, might accommodate several persons. By introducing a door the natives had converted it into a regular dwelling. This was the first specimen I had met of the baobab, which is of such frequent occurrence in the uplands north of Abyssinia, and which from the French naturalist Michel Adanson has received the name of Adansonia.

However large this isolated specimen seemed to me, its girth being out of all proportion to its height, later experience showed that it was in fact rather a small member of the family. Yet I never met giants such as those seen by Adanson on the Senegal river in 1749. By comparing them with the size of stems whose actual age was known, this observer was able to assign a life of 5,000 years to the largest and stoutest described by him. Hence in the language of Alexander von Humboldt, "they would date back to the times of the pyramid builders or even to Menes, an epoch when the constellation of the Southern Cross was still visible in North Germany.[1]

In this north-eastern corner of its domain, the baobab, this 'pachyderm" of the vegetable kingdom, occurs most numerously in the depression of the Algeden plateau and on the upper Báraka as far as Keren in the Bogos territory.

Our route was continued obliquely across the arid plain, where we were beguiled by a fata morgana, which conjured up visions of water, or "Devil's water" (*Ma esh-Sheitan*) as the Arabs call it.

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[1] Humboldt, *Ansichten der Natur.*

After a several hours' march we again encamped at a Beni 'Amr settlement. Knowing that we could not be far from Bela Genda I pushed on alone with Kopp and the guide. After an hour's walk we again approached the Báraka which had been left in our rear in the early morning; we also soon perceived the luxuriant belt of vegetation nourished by the infiltrating waters. A crooked path brought us in the heat of the day to a well in the bed of the Báraka, where a friendly Beni 'Amr treated us to some milk.

Here I ascertained the position of the problematical sweet-water lakes, whose existence was rendered very doubtful by this laboriously constructed and carefully preserved well; for why should these indolent Bedouins take all this trouble, if water could be had in abundance twenty minutes off? On the other hand, there was the testimony of well informed and trustworthy travellers, such as the Swiss, Werner Munzinger, who in his *East African Studies* expressly states that "not far from Dunguaz near Bela Genda there are two small lakes, the larger of which is about sixteen square miles (English) in extent, and never runs dry."[1]

But although I did not expect much, my disappointment was great when at last from the top of a hill I surveyed the depression which should have contained the sparkling sheets of water. The blue crystalline lakes of Bela Genda, which had hovered before my imagination were just then strewn with the yellow stubble of the garnered durra crops, and the herds of the Beni 'Amrs were quietly grazing on the bed of these lacustrine basins. The refreshing plunge that I had looked forward to in the morning had to be deferred for a more watery region.

Amid the hills and mountains east of the Báraka I could discern depressions which communicated with the main water-

[1] The text has *eine Quadratstunde*, "a square hour," say four English miles both ways, or sixteen square miles. On the other hand, G. Lejean writes in his *Voyage au Taka*: "Balaghinda, thus are named two pretty little lakes near the right bank of the Barka (Báraka), which are flooded only during a part of the year; the rest of the time they present a bed of brown alluvial humus."—*Tour du Monde*, 1865.

course. As soon as this overflows in the rainy season, the depressions are flooded, and thus are formed the two periodical lakes at the lowest levels. Each of them seems separated from the Báraka, for I noticed between the large northern and smaller southern depression rising grounds by which the flooded basins were confined.

As my expedition was carried out before the commencement of the rains, and at a time when the water was perhaps at its lowest level in the Báraka region, I found the depressions completely dried up. I was thus enabled to correct the error regarding the two fresh-water lakes of Bela Genda. On the other hand, the cultivation of the depressions by the Beni 'Amrs clearly showed that their exhaustion was normal, and not due to an exceptionally dry season.

Like the Nile valley, the To-Kār oasis and the Tāka district, watered by the Khor el-Qâsh, these depressions are rendered suitable for corn-growing by the annual inundations. My excursion was not altogether barren of results, although the lakes did not happen just then to be in evidence. Returning by the same road we reached the camp after sunset.

Next day we struck westwards, continuing mainly in the same direction to Daga, and in fact all the way to Kassala and Khartum. Crossing a slightly hilly tract, we arrived in the forenoon at the Báraka, which we now saw for the last time. Despite their disagreeable flavour, we had become accustomed to its waters, and had even got to like them. How often had they tasted like the purest crystalline spring, when they slaked our burning thirst as we plodded along, exposed to the vertical rays of the fiery sun. Despite the copious draughts swallowed on such occasions, I never experienced any disturbance of the digestive system, and the water even agreed with me better than milk, which is here for the most part, thin, watery, and flavourless. Nevertheless milk forms an essential factor in the diet of the Beni 'Amrs, as in fact it does of all the cattle-breeding Bega and Arab tribes.

The scenery of the Báraka valley, with its dûm-palm thickets, was here enlivened with herds of thousands of camels, magnifi-

cent beasts with huge humps, well nourished and tended, and in every respect very different from the ordinary pack-animals. They resembled the much-prized Bishari camel, which bears about the same relation to the common beast of burden that, for instance, a heavy cart-horse does to an English thoroughbred. The Bishari camels are the most hghly esteemed as mounts throughout East Sudan. Compared with the pack-animal the swift-footed *hegin*[1] is really a noble beast.

At last we turned our backs on the Báraka, which we had hitherto followed from north to south, and in whose fluvial bed we had for eighteen days enjoyed a pleasant and free nomad life. Here the elephant had made his beaten track in the thicket, the lion announced his nightly visits by his voice of thunder, a sleep-disturbing concert echoed from the throats of a dozen sneaking jackals, the crafty, nimble but cautious hyæna prowled stealthily about our tents, striking terror into my poor little donkey. Here we had traversed an almost virgin hunting-ground along a section of the valley, which had scarcely yet been visited by any European.

The route now lay through much brushwood, where some time was given to gazelle hunting. Here Kopp shot a beautiful, large, dark-coloured antelope, the Ariel of the Sudanese (*Antilope Soemmeringii*), which is met in herds of many hundreds especially in the marshy depressions of the Khor-el-Qâsh. Farther on we passed numerous herds of cattle, and procured some milk from their owners. The Jebel Sirur, although apparently near us, was still so far off that we despaired of reaching Daga that day.

[1] The *hegîn*, الهجين, in Arabic called *delûl*, الدلول, is derived by cultivation from the common Arab camel (*jemel*), from which it is distinguished by longer legs, thinner body, more arched back, longer neck, wider nostrils, and larger eyes. It is endowed with extraordinary swiftness, staying power and endurance of hunger and thirst. These are the δρομάδες κάμηλοι of classic writers. Arab poets were, and still are, lavish in their praise of the camel in general, and the Arabic dictionaries contain no less than 1,800 words relating to this animal. The Arab fondness for metaphoric designations discovered for the camel some very characteristic names, such as Abû Ayúb ابو ايوب, Father of Job, that is, the "Patient"; Abû Ssifwân ابو صفّوان Father of the hard rock, in allusion to the stony ground it treads, and so on.—R. B.

Next morning I was awakened by a vigorous cock's crow. Surprised at the unexpected voice of chanticleer in this neighbourhood, I was soon afoot, but presently remembered that, in order to be independent of game, I had recently procured a supply of poultry. To-day we crossed a saddleback pass between the Jebels Sirur and Kambur, enjoying from its summit (2,200 feet) a fine westerly prospect over a wide plain, which was traversed by the Khor Haŭashed on its north-easterly course to the Báraka. We soon reached its bed, and presently encamped before the diwan of the Beni 'Amr tent village of Daga. This so-called diwan[1] stood in a circular space inclosed by a fence of acacia branches.

Here the usually sumptuous eastern diwan[1] was represented by a simple circular hut of dukhn straw, covered with a conic roof of the same material. It was surrounded by half a dozen huts of even simpler structure, several of which were placed at our service. In Daga the Egyptian government was represented by a Mamûr, or district superintendent, named Jafer Aga,[2] who also commanded the few garrison troops. To him I had an introduction from the Mudîr of To-kār, and in the diwan I also made the acquaintance of Ali Bahît, the Deglel[3] or head Sheikh of the Beni 'Amrs. In this office, which is hereditary, he had succeeded his brother Hamid-Bei, who had fallen in the Abyssinian war.

[1] *Diwan*, a Persian word, current also in Turkish and Arabic, denotes the Council of State, the place where it meets, and, in general, any sumptuous state apartment. From the general arrangement of such rooms the term has also come to mean a couch, sofa, or ottoman. In ordinary language every council-chamber or assembly-room is a diwan. The word also means an anthology, or selection of poetry, the collected writings of an author, or else a co nplete series of odes or other poems running through the alphabet. In Persian it is written and pronounced *dí'wâ ı* دِيوان

[2] *Aga*, or *Ag'ha*, أغا, is a Turkish word originally meaning "elder brother," now applied to uneducated civil and military officials. In this respect *effendi* is the *opposite* of *aga*, being applied only to persons of some education. The chief of the eunuchs in the Sultan's harem bears the title of Aga-Kyzlar-Agassi.—R. B.

[3] *Deglel*, according to Munzinger, a Tigré word meaning "old," is derived by Professor Prætorius from the Geez (Ethiopic) *Teklel* or *Tekliel*, "coronation." This now obsolete title was held by the head chiefs of the Beni 'Amrs, Hadéndoas, and others; but after the Egyptian conquest of Eastern Sudan it was gradually replaced by the Arabic title of Shekh-el-Kebîr, "Great Sheikh."—R. B.

The Beni 'Amrs, who have so often been mentioned in these pages, are nomad cattle-breeders with but few fixed settlements. Such a settlement, the Dwār of the Arabs, they call Daga, pronounced almost Tsaga; hence the name of the Deglel's residence in the Haŭashēd district simply means "Camp," in a pre-eminent sense.

These nomads occupy the eastern section of the Báraka valley, the uplands dividing it from the coast-lands on the Red Sea, and these coast-lands themselves. Geographically speaking their domain comprises the whole region between Hamesēn and To-kār, being conterminous with the Hadéndoas in the north and west, and with the Abyssinians in the south. Their language is the To-Bedāwie, which is common also to the Ababdehs, Bishari, Hadéndoas, Halengās, and other Bedouins between the Nile and the Red Sea, who are all grouped under the collective name of Begas.

On the ethnical and linguistic position of the Bega peoples, no definite conclusion has yet been arrived at. In the introduction to his *Nubian Grammar*,[1] Lepsius with most ethnologists identifies the Begas with the aboriginal Blemmyes of classic writers, which nation occupied exactly the same region as the Begas of Macrizi, Ibn Batuta and other Arab historians. Munzinger regards the Beni 'Amrs as the result of a fusion of the Begas (Hadéndoas) with the Ethiopians (Abyssinians). According to Theodore von Heuglin the Beni 'Amrs are a nomad Semitic people who have partly reduced and partly expelled the settled Begas, who, Macrizi tells us, occupied the region as far as Massawa.

The Beni 'Amr people consist of nobles and subjects, the former comprising the two tribes of the Belus and Nebtabs. But the latter have gained the upper hand, and amongst them is chosen the Great Sheikh. The hostility still prevailing between the Beni 'Amrs and the Hadéndoas speaks of the former inter-tribal feuds in which the Beni 'Amrs came off second best, as shown by their present position. Since the conquest of Sudan

[1] Berlin, 1886.

they have found in the "Turks" (Egyptians), the common enemy of all, a support against the Hadéndoas.

Like that of all the tribes in the Taka and Báraka districts, the present condition of the Beni 'Amrs is truly deplorable. On the one hand they lie within the sway of Abyssinia, which always claimed tribute, and levied it by organized plundering expeditions, without being strong enough to protect them from the Egyptians; on the other hand they were again plundered by the Mudîr of Kassala, who on his part afforded them no security against the raids of the Abyssinians. Constantly threatened to be pillaged by one or other of these rival powers, the unhappy Bedouins endeavoured to withdraw with their herds and all their effects to the shelter of their almost inaccessible uplands. But even in the lowlands they now and then enjoyed an in-

BEGA YOUTH—ARMOUR BEARER.

terval of peace, and this was especially the case during the years immediately preceding the Abyssinian war.

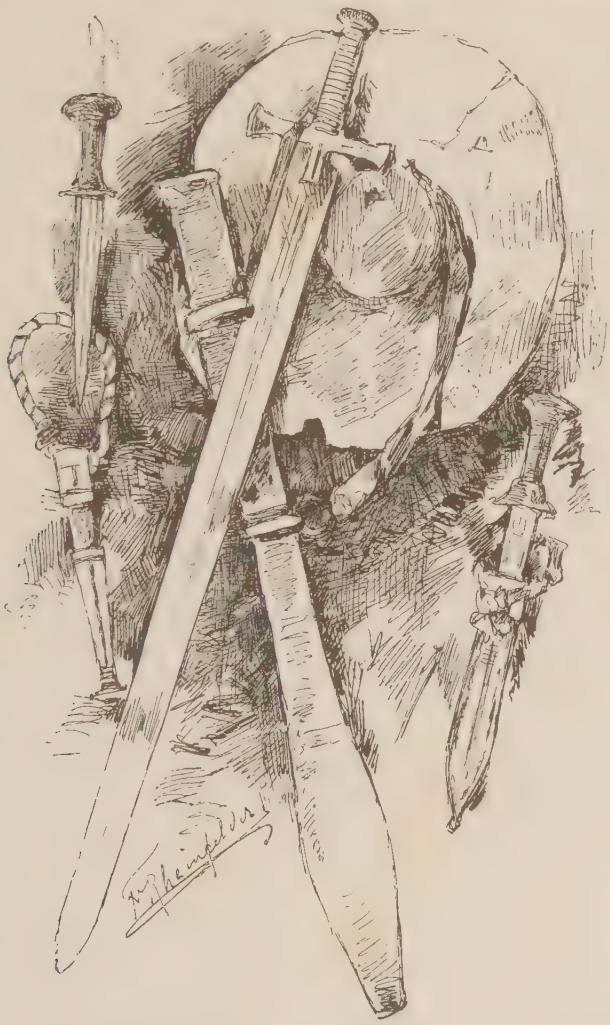
From Daga I sent back my Hadéndoa guide to To-Kār. He had stipulated to accompany me no farther than this place, and seemed to fear either the arm of justice or the vendetta in Kassala, for I was assured that he had the lives of many persons on his conscience. Even in Daga he showed himself as little as possible, and could not even be detained by the fleshpots which, thanks to the gift of two sheep from the deglel, I kept simmering in my tent. Scarcely had he received the letters for To-Kār announcing my safe arrival in Daga, when he vanished.

Not far from the Khor Mahadwâlid an event occurred which greatly enraged me. For some time past I had noticed the petty jealousies of my two servants. The feeling of aversion by which both seemed to be animated towards each other, and which at first betrayed itself in slight bickerings, must at last have grown to one of downright hatred. I kept my eye upon them as much as possible, and lost no opportunity of urging them to make matters up, but with what little success I was presently to learn in a way that caused me the greatest vexation.

Turning aside from the route they began wrangling again, soon passing from words to blows and from blows to the knife. Had I not come up in the nick of time, the quarrel might have ended in a murder. I found Bu-Bekr seated on Karar, who had been thrown to the ground; both were streaming in blood, and I concluded that the Kanûri must be cutting the Nubian's throat. Karar had drawn his long dagger, which the other had wrested from him, not without receiving some deep cuts in hands and arms. I was so furious at the sight that I felt half inclined to shoot both rascals. The incident naturally caused me great anxiety, for I felt that their uncontrollable savagery might again at any moment drive them to deeds of violence. I could evidently no longer retain them in my service. In any case Bu-Bekr's wounds had put him *hors de combat* for some time. Luckily, however, Kassala was only a day's march from the spot.

Through my energetic interposition my clothes also got stained

with blood, so that it looked as if our caravan was returning from a brush with some predatory nomads. The same evening



ARMS OF THE BEGA TRIBES.

we encamped at Sabderat, a village presenting a similar appearance to Daga. On the hill side the straw huts were grouped side by side, and one above another, amid the boulders scattered about.

Between the rugged hills of the district lies a wide plain, traversed by the Khor Fetai, which we crossed next day, March 29th.

The rounded summits of the Jebels Kassala and Mográn, marking the position of Kassala, remained for hours in sight, without seeming to draw nearer. At last I beheld the minaret of the mosque, then a factory for cleansing cotton, and then the little group of Europeans who bid me welcome at the gates of Kassala. Thence they accompanied me to the house of Schmutzer, a German dealer in animals, who gave me and my people a friendly reception.

He had been looking out for us for weeks, and just as we turned up he was on the point of starting for his zeriba amongst the Homrân Bedouins on the Bahr Setît. With the greatest readiness he accommodated us in his house, where we remained during our stay in Kassala, in close proximity to his rich menagery. After the unpleasant incidents of the last few days, I was heartily glad to reach the place in safety.

CHAPTER III.

TAKA AND QEDĀREF.

Historic Retrospect of the Province of Taka—Ahmed Pasha's Military Expedition—Khor-el-Qâsh—Foundation, Growth, and Prosperity of the Town of Kassala—The Bogos—Khosrev Bey's Raid—The Italian Missionary, Padre Stella—My Quarters with Herr Schmutzer—The Homrân Hunters—Buildings, Streets, Bazaar and Market-place of Kassala—The Inhabitants—Adventure with a Leopard—Departure—Choice of the Route—Jebel Kassala—The Savannah and Mimosa Forest—On the Atbâra—Corn Caravans and Guinea Fowl—Hyæna Hunt—Exodus of the Shukurieh Bedouins—At the Qedāref Wells—Arrival at Sûq-Abû-Sinn—The Greek Colony—Easter Festivities—Ghâziyeh Dance—Weekly Market—Ethnological Map—The Bedouin Women, their Position, Dress, Ornaments and Fumigations.

THE town of Kassala-el-Lûz, or simply Kassala, capital of the former Egyptian province of Taka, is one of the most recent places in Sudan. In the year 1840 the governor Ahmed Pasha, a Circassian with the nickname of Abû-Udân, "Father of the Ears," son-in-law of Mehemet Ali, undertook a *gházweh*[1] or military expedition to reduce the inhabitants of the eastern part of the kingdom of Sennaar, which had been overthrown by the Egyptians in 1820.

This military and plundering campaign had for its special object to make the Halenqā,[2] Beni 'Amr, and Hadéndoa tribes

[1] *Gházweh*, غزوة, a hostile attack غازى, the victorious).—R. B.

[2] Lepsius writes *Halenka;* Hartmann, *Halénqā*, and Burckhardt, *Hallenga.*

tributary to the Pasha representing the Egyptian Viceroy in Khartum. In 1822 Sultan Ba'adi, last ruler of Sennaar, had paid homage to Ismáïl Pasha in Wold-el-Medîneh, and since then that state, which had for over a hundred years been ruled by the Fung (Funj) people, had been an Egyptian province. Nominal vassals of Sennaar were the sheikhs of the Bega tribes occupying the broad alluvial steppes between the Atbâra and the Khor-el-Qâsh, the Báraka valley, and the uplands stretching from the Abyssinian highlands to the Red Sea. They received their investiture from the Sultan, presenting a few offerings, and with few exceptions remaining tolerably free from molestation.

When Sennaar ceased to be a separate state all these Begas and their immediate neighbours enjoyed complete independence; but attempts were made to reduce them by Khurshîd Pasha, first Hukmdar[1] of Sudan. The Bishari gave him much trouble, and but for the superiority of their firearms the "Turks," as the Egyptians are called in these regions, would have been completely annihilated.

On the occasion of the expedition of 1840, in which the brothers Ferdinand and Joseph Werne had taken part, Kassala was founded. Ahmed Pasha's army or rabble of Bashi-Bazuks, Shaiquiehs,[2] Arnauts (Albanians), and others built a strong military station on the right bank of the Khor-el-Qâsh, near the precipitous granite mass of the Jebel Kassala el-Luz.[3]

Ahmed Pasha remained for several months in the station, from which he sent some plundering expeditions to make the nomads more submissive, but with little success. The greatest resistance was offered by the Hadéndoas, a brave and warlike

[1] *Hukmdar*, or *Hokmdar*, governor, from the Arabic *hukm*, حكم command, order, rule.

[2] *Shaiqiehs*, a Semitic tribe claiming Arab descent through a Sheikh Shaiq (Shayig) Ibn Hamaidân; they occupy the banks of the Nile between Korti and Berti, with a part of the Bayūda steppe.

[3] According to Lejean (*op. cit.*), *Luz* is a Bega word, meaning "inaccessible," in reference to the smooth vertical walls of the mountain. But the word is unknown to Almkvist, the learned Bega philologist, and according to Werne (*Beitrage zur Kunde von Afrika*), el-Luz is properly the name of the mountain, and Kassala that of a holy Sheikh.

people, as the English discovered during the late engagements in the neighbourhood of Sawâkin. In order to reduce them Ahmed Pasha was induced by the Halenqā Sheikh, Mohammed Ehle, to construct a dam about 1,600 yards long to divert the waters of the Khor el-Qâsh[1] from their territory. Ferdinand Werne himself was the chief engineer in the construction of this work; but the Hadéndoas surprised and put to the sword the band of 200 men left to guard the dam, and again let the water through.[2]

Thus the expedition ended in failure, and brought the Pasha no laurels. The great chiefs of the threatened tribes, however, obeyed his summons, most of them after much wavering, hoping by outward submission to protect themselves against his enmity. Had they been united they might have easily driven back the Egyptians and secured their independence. But rivalries, or rather a tribal feud, brought upon them fresh troubles from the Egyptians. Ahmed Pasha having seized by treachery a number of chiefs, sent them in chains to Khartum, where they were held as hostages for the payment of the tribute.

[1] The spelling *Qâsh* here adopted is in accordance with the Arabic قاش though the letter *q*, ق, is really pronounced like *g* in Egypt and Sudan.—R. B.

[2] The theory that the Blue Nile itself, and not merely one of its affluents, might be diverted to the Red Sea has had its advocates from remote times down to the present day. If well founded it would place the prosperity of Egypt, or rather its very existence, at the mercy of the Abyssinian Negus, or of any other master of the eastern head waters of the Nile, as distinctly expressed by Ariosto in the *Orlando Furioso*, xxxiii. 106.

In his *Historia Æthiopica* (Frankfort, 1681), Ludolph relates that it was firmly believed in Abyssinia that the Nile might be cut off from Egypt by piercing a mountain with a tunnel. In Albuquerque's *Commentaries* it is stated that the Viceroy of India applied to Dom Emanuel, King of Portugal (1495–1521) for labourers from Madeira to carry out the project of sending the Nile to the Red Sea, in order to reduce Egypt by famine. Bruce also, the discoverer of the sources of the Blue Nile, refers to some large works said to have been constructed for the same purpose by a King Lalibala, presumably in South Abyssinia.

Even in recent times the scheme has been discussed, and in October, 1888, Sir Samuel Baker wrote to the *Times* that an enemy holding the Blue Nile and the Atbâra might divert the stream by a dam, and thus prevent the periodical inundations so necessary for Egypt. He even expresses his belief that the seven years of famine at the time of Joseph were caused by damming up the Atbâra, Rahat, and Dinder.—R. B.

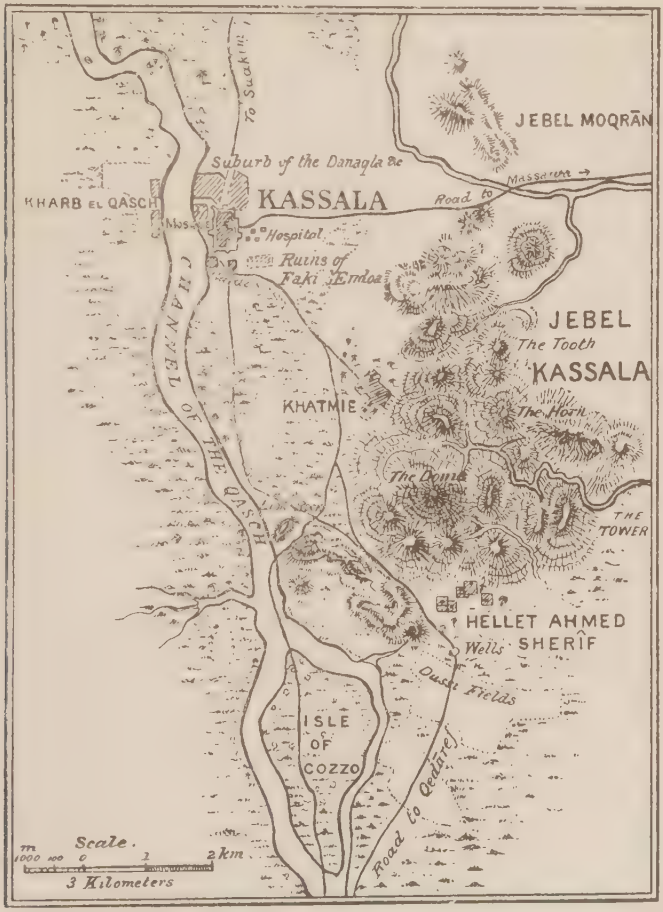
Then came the ruthless suppression of the revolt in Taka by Ahmed Pasha Menekli in 1844. After the heavy imposts had been fully paid the sheikhs were summoned, as if for a great conference, and then carried away into bondage with many of their people, the women being left as slaves to the soldiers. Forty-one of the chiefs, who threatened to succumb to the hardships of the journey, were shot dead. The wretched captives were yoked with the cruel "slave stick" five to six feet long, which was never removed from their necks, and at night most of them were also bound together by the feet. Many others were beheaded by Ahmed Pasha's orders in front of his tent, and he became known to the Halenqās by the nickname of El-Gezâr, "the Butcher."

In the province of Taka the great landmark is Mount Kassala with its granite crags towering in picturesque disorder one above the other, the highest peaks piercing the clouds like the domes and spires of a gigantic minster. The various forms of these summits are known by special names to the natives, who speak of the "Tooth" and the "Horn," the "Tower," and the "Cupola." Here was the central point round which was settled the Halenqa tribe. According to the local tradition they had from remote times held possession of this district, and were not Beduán (Bedouins), but *nas betâ el bêled*, "people of the land," that is, indigenous, as also shown by the mud huts of their villages, for the nomads dwell in tents and tent villages.

At present the Halenqās speak the Bega language, preferring it to their mother-tongue, the Tigré or Khassa, which has almost died out. Their former capital, which, according to Ferdinand Werne, was four miles long, extended from the village of Khatmîeh at the foot of Mount Kassala to the entrance of the valley between this mountain and the Jebel Moqrán. In 1840 there were still to be seen numerous mud walls, the remains of the old town, which bore the name of Faqi Endóa. Its site was partly occupied by Ahmed Pasha's military station, from which sprang the modern town of Kassala, head-quarters of the various expeditions sent to reduce the Begas, Basens

(Kunamas), Bogos, and other peoples occupying the Abyssinian borderlands.

Favourably situated between Sawâkin, the natural seaport of East Sudan, and the corn-growing provinces of Qedāref and



KASSALA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Taka, Kassala soon attracted numerous settlers. The Khor-el-Qāsh, scarcely 150 paces from the ramparts, secures for the inhabitants good drinking water throughout the year, quite

an exceptional advantage in this arid region. Doubtless the Qâsh, like the Atbâra and the Báraka, runs dry in the hot summer months. But the numerous walls in its sandy bed yield a clear, wholesome water in sufficient abundance even for irrigating purposes. In the Kharîf or rainy season, however, which begins in June, it is somewhat turbid and needs filtering.

The province of Taka,[1] of which Kassala became the capital, comprises the perfectly level plain between the Atbâra and the Qâsh, where corn, cotton, and other useful plants, may be successfully cultivated in many districts. With the increasing security of the communications since about the year 1860 a brisk transit trade was developed, especially with the Blue Nile as far as Khartum, Qedâref, Qalabat and the Red Sea. In the heyday of Kassala's prosperity before the Mahdi's revolt, dozens of caravans arrived and departed daily, and the camels camped before its gates were numbered by the thousand.

Since 1871 Kassala had been connected with Sawâkin and Massawa by telegraph lines, the latter traversing the Bogos territory. Along both lines small posts had been established to protect the wires. But since Sudan has been lost to Egypt, and its trade with Sawâkin entirely suspended, Kassala must have naturally lost much of its importance. It was defended by a loyal Egyptian officer and a brave garrison against the repeated assaults of the false prophet's derwishes for many months after the fall of Khartum and its heroic defender Gordon. But its prosperity is now departed; the telegraph poles lie rotting on the ground, the wires have been broken and stolen. How much lavish work, how many sacrifices of lives and money, how many centuries of military and civilising efforts have been wasted with the loss of Sudan!

On the other hand it need not be too deeply deplored that the arbitrary sway of the Egyptian satrapy has been brought to a close by the oppressed peoples themselves. An episode from the history of Sudan may here be communicated in illustration

[1] *Belâd-el-Tâkā*, بلاد التاكا, like the town of Kassala itself, is by the natives often simply called El-Qâsh.

of the shameful way all sense of justice was there trodden under foot.

Some sixty-five miles inland from Massawa on both sides of the wonderful upland valley of the Khor Anseba lies the territory of the little Bogos, or Bilin,[1] people as they call themselves. Numbering about 10,000 souls, this primitive pastoral nation, was, so to say, discovered about the middle of the present century by the two Italian Lazarist Fathers, Giovanni Stella and Sapeto. Stella settled in the village of Keren or Senhit, although he had originally chosen Abyssinia as the field of his activity.

The Bogos call themselves Christians, and claim to be members of the Abyssinian Church. But owing to long isolation but few traces of Christianity appear to have survived amongst them. Anyhow, small and obscure as was the little community it could not escape the greedy eye of the Egyptian Mudîrs. The first plundering expedition against Senhit, a name applied both to the Bogos land and its capital, Keren, was led by Elias Bey in 1850. Fortunately they had timely warning, and were able to take refuge with their herds in the mountains. But a few aged and invalided women, who had fallen into the hands of the Egyptians, were barbarously murdered. Four years later followed the Mudîr of Kassala, Khosrev Bey with his Bashi-Bazuks and other pillagers, from the Qâsh and Báraka, and without the least pretext of hostility this peaceful tribe was suddenly attacked from two quarters. The village of Mogareh was burnt to the ground, fifty of the Bogos were slain in battle, and 380, mostly women and children, led into captivity.

Just then Padre Stella was absent; on his return learning what had taken place, he hastened to Kassala, demanded of Khosrev Bey the release of the prisoners, and compensation for the plunder of the people. His demand was brutally and in-

[1] Both by descent and speech the Bilins are a branch of the Agau people, who probably represent the aboriginal element in Abyssinia. The Agau language forms with the Bega, Shoho, Falasha, Galla, Dankali (Afar), and Somali, the so-called "Kushite" linguistic group, itself a branch of the widespread "Hamitic" family. Agau and Bilin have recently been studied, the former by Joseph Halévy, the latter by Leo Reinisch.—R. B.

SLAVE GIRL IN KASSALA.

solently rejected by the Mudir, who declared the whole Christian community of Senhit to be 'Asi, or "rebels," adding that Egypt had both full right and the firm intention of reducing them. Stella now turned for help to the English and French consuls. Mr. Plowden took the matter vigorously in hand, and failing to obtain justice from Khosrev Bey, he proceeded to Alexandria with a petition from the Bogos to the Queen of England. Here at last his efforts were crowned with success, and, thanks to the resolute language of the European consuls-general, the Egyptian Government found itself compelled to give satisfaction. Khosrev was deposed, and the captives, all but about a dozen who had found their way to the harems of Kassala, were released, receiving an indemnity of £700, about one third of the value of the herds plundered by the Egyptians.

Our host in Kassala, George Schmutzer, a German American formerly agent for Reiche of Alfeld in Hanover, had lately set up for himself, and was now exporting his menageries to America. Since 1857 Kassala had become the central station for this traffic. The hunting grounds between the Qâsh and the Bahr Setît, along the Royân and the Mâreb, that is the upper course of the Qâsh, teem with game. The plain watered by the Mâreb is an uninhabited wilderness, affording ample space for elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, antelopes, the rhinoceros and ostrich. This region, a vast swamp in the rainy season, is rendered useless for stockbreeding by the *surrêta*, a poisonous fly, whose sting is fatal to the camel, horse, ox, and ass.

Hence the Bazens, Beni 'Amrs and others inhabiting the surrounding mountains descend to the plain in quest of game. But the Homrâns of the Bahr Setît, the renowned "sword hunters," devote themselves exclusively to hunting, and formerly brought their captures to the agents of the wholesale dealers Karl Hagenbeck, Casanova and others. To further the traffic the agents settled in Kassala erected their "zeribas" near Tomat amongst the Homrâns, and to these places the hunters brought their "wares." The animals were either at once sent on to Kassala, or else remained on the spot until the agent brought his great annual convoy to Sawâkin, where it was shipped for Europe.

The commissions and purchases of the great dealers were a welcome source of income for the hunting nomads. Thus for a young elephant over 200 Maria Theresa pieces were paid. But the trade which at first yielded large profits afterwards lost much of its importance by excessive competition.

The house assigned to me by Schmutzer comprised three large

HOMRÂN BEDOUIN.

rooms, one for our baggage, one for the gazelles and antelopes at night, and between the two our living room. Round about were extensive courts and outhouses for the menagery. After our first somewhat formal reception, a bottle of wine emptied over a cold breakfast soon relaxed our tongues, and the rest of the day was passed in uninterrupted conversation with

THE CHILD AMONGST THE BEASTS OF PREY. (*From a drawing by Fr. Rheinfelder.*)

Schmutzer, who had been joined by his wekil (agent) Estimio and other Europeans. But he had at last to hurry off in order to join his people, who were awaiting him at some distance from Kassala.

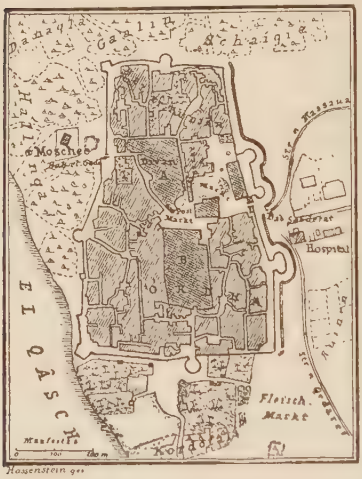
A visit to the establishment under his guidance had afforded me much pleasure enhanced by the charm of novelty. Frankly I was not a little surprised to run against half-grown lions fastened by a simple string to the wooden posts. Beasts that I was accustomed to see well secured behind stout iron bars were here so tame, that we could venture fearlessly to approach and stroke their yellow fur.

The leopards, however, always so treacherous and untamable were confined in large wooden cages with simple wooden railings. We were destined to experience an exciting adventure with one of these dangerous beasts. But the young leopard is harmless and even confiding, as I learnt from the charming scene witnessed by me on the occasion of a visit to the menagerie brought together by Kohn, Hagenbeck's agent in Kassala. Here were giraffes, ostriches all kinds of waterfowl freely moving about, large and small elephants standing quietly together, while Kohn's little three-year-old daughter was playing on a couch with a young lion, a leopard, monkeys and young hyænas, tossing balls from one to another.

The intense heat prevailing at this season in Kassala, where the glass rose at midday to 104° F. and upwards, kept me mostly indoors. But in the cool of the evening I would venture to take a stroll through the angular streets of the town, which bears an evil repute for its neglected condition—sand, dirt, and unsavoury smells penetrating everywhere. The houses, almost exclusively built of sun-dried bricks, are extremely irregular, and of every imaginable size, the prevailing square form giving them the appearance of huge earthen dice. In the rainy season the streets must be transformed to bottomless quagmires, which after the Kharîf make Kassala a hotbed of fever.

Kassala occupies a strategic position of vital importance, and this position is strengthened by somewhat primitive, though still amply sufficient, ramparts. A stout brick wall, running

lengthwise with the direction of the Khor el-Qâsh, protects the place against any sudden attack of the natives; but it could scarcely hold out a single day against modern artillery. During my visit the garrison of Sudanese and Egyptian troops occupied large barracks, one side of which faced the market-place, a slice of the sandy steppe stretching between the town and the Jebel Kassala. Opposite the barracks stand the government buildings, with the residence of the mudîr and his officials separated by a narrow street from the bazaar. Here, and in the adjoining market-place, busy scenes may be witnessed, especially during the morning hours. In one place the Bedouins of the surrounding districts are making their modest purchases of woven fabrics, firearms, shoes, ornaments and perfumery for their wives; in another I notice a café, where a less than half-clothed Dar-For negro has replaced the swallow-tail of the European waiter with his own black hide. With comical awkwardness, and a grimace meant for courtesy, he serves the coffee and *shîshe*, or water-pipe, to the guests squatting on the rough wooden benches. The guests that I saw there were the mudir's attendants, sinister-looking Arnauts, with the much-dreaded *kurbash* of hippopotamus' hide, with which many of Kassala's 8,000 inhabitants are only too closely acquainted.



PLAN OF KASSALA.

From the market-place a street leads through the east gate to an open space, where many camels, asses and mules change hands. Here also are encamped the large caravans, which convey guns, ivory, and corn from the Blue Nile, the Atbâra, or Qedâref, to the coast, and bring back in exchange cotton goods, European wares, spirits, and the like. On the right hand I notice some shapeless remains of brick walls, the ruins of the

KASSALA. (*From a Photograph.*)

old Halenqā capital, Faqi Endoa. Then follows the sandy steppe, where the gigantic Jebel el-Kassala rises sheer above the plain, behind a dûm-palm thicket, "a picture of rare beauty, such as is seldom seen in north-east Africa."

Between the town walls and the right bank of the Qâsh, which in the rainy season is exposed to constant erosion, the Halenqās have formed a settlement. Their houses and tents are smaller and simpler than those of the town; but on the other hand their uniformity is broken by the here doubly welcome sight of gardens, which are watered by the Shadûf and Sâqiyeh,[1] but are otherwise cultivated with little care.

In the Halenqā quarter stands the mosque, with its heavy minaret on a large open space. Near this quarter, which incloses the town on the west and north, are the quarters of the Danâqlas,[2] Ga'alins and Shaiqiehs,[3] while the Takarirs,[4] probably

[1] *Shadûf* and *Sâqiyeh*, irrigating appliances; the first a kind of draw-well worked by the hand, the second driven with a winch by animals. With the Shadûf about 600 gallons of water can be raised ten feet in an hour, with the Sâqiyeh double that quantity twenty to twenty-four feet in the same time. Before the Egyptian conquest the Sudanese were acquainted with the Shadûf alone, which was already used by the old Egyptians for irrigating their fields.—Wilkinson, *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*, London, 1878.

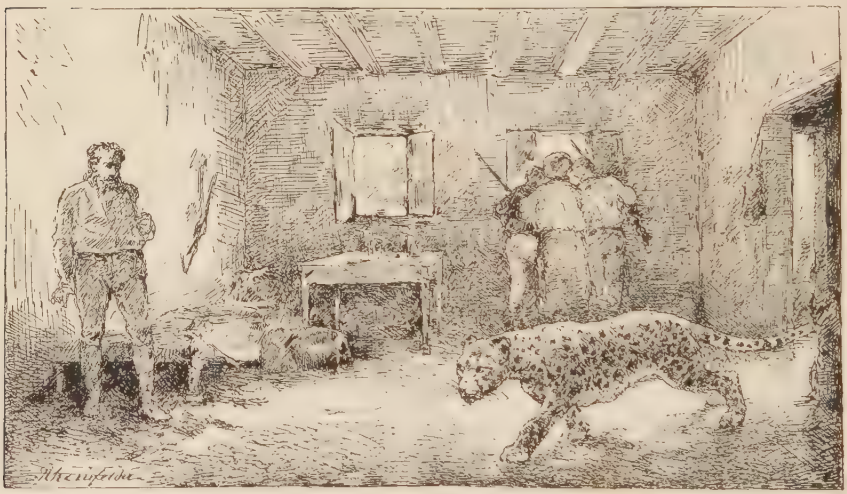
[2] *Danâqla*, pl. of *Dongolawi*, Nubians from the town and province of Donqola (Dongola). The term has been wrongly extended to the Mattokki (Kenus), Saidokki, Mahai, and other Nubians of the Nile valley, as well as to their Semitic and Hamitic (Arab and Bega) neighbours.

[3] *Ga'alīn* (*Jalin*) and *Shaiqieh*, two tribes that have played a prominent part in the history of Sudan. The Ga'alīn, who before the year 1822 still held the Nile banks from Khartum down to Abu Hammed, have been dispersed since the disaster of Shendy, when Prince Ismâīl Pasha lost his life. The majority still remained in their old territory north of Khartum, while the rest migrated with the fugitive, Mek Nimr to the Ambā Kabtā on the Abyssinian frontier, some even retreating to the Abyssinian highlands with their famous Sultan. The notorious Zibēr Pasha, conqueror of Dar-For, is a member of the Gamiab sept of the Ga'alin nation, descending from the oldest family of that haughty race, which claims descent from the noble Qoreish tribe through Abbas, uncle of the Prophet.

[4] *Takarir*, better *Tekayrne*, singular *Takruri*, pilgrims from the Mohammedan Negro States of Dar-For and Wadai, who often after long years of pilgrimage to the holy cities of Arabia, on their return settle down in East Sudan. They are very fanatical, active and intelligent people with pronounced negro features. The word Takruri derives from *Takérrur*, تكرّر, purification, that is, chastening of the religious feeling through the pilgrimage to Mecca, and the study of the sacred writings.—R. B.

forming a third of the whole population, are grouped for the most part before the south gate, where their huts are scattered amid gardens and fields.

Our stay in Kassala was marked by an incident which though perhaps not very surprising, was none the less of a highly exciting character. On the fourth day after our arrival in Schmutzer's house as I still lay dozing on my couch I heard a Greek, Schmutzer's agent, enter the room and inform my companions that a leopard had broken loose from his cage and was lurking in the garden. The windows of our rather spacious



A LEOPARD IN OUR BEDROOM.

apartment looked on the garden, while the door led straight to the courtyard. From the adjacent room occupied by the gazelles and antelopes at night, a door led also to the garden. Both of these doors as well as a third communicating with our box-room, stood open ; but on the report of the leopard's escape Kopp and the two Greeks rushed to the window to get a sight of the beast, turning their backs on me and the apartment. I had risen from the couch, but before I could make a single step I saw the head of the animal at the door of the adjoining room,

and the next moment he was slowly and stealthily creeping through our chamber passing before me towards the box-room. Riveted to the spot and breathless I watched the intruder, and the moment he disappeared quickly closed the door and called out to those at the windows. The rifles were soon at hand and Kopp firing from the garden window brought down the leopard with two shots. Meanwhile the people in the neighbourhood had hurried up, amongst them an Englishman, who gave the beast his *coup-de-grâce*. In memory of the occurrence I kept the skin.

After a stay of nine days in Kassala we started on April 7th, 1876, for Qedāref. At first I intended taking the shortest route to Khartum, that is, northwestwards to Qôz[1] Regeb, and thence through Berber or Shendy. But in the dry season this route presents great difficulties, owing to the lack of drinking water; in order to traverse the wide steppe of the Shukurieh Bedouins, travellers are obliged to provide themselves with a supply sufficient to last ten days.

I would have willingly chosen a longer road had I not feared the effects of the heat, from which I had already felt some inconvenience in Kassala. Of all available routes I should have preferred that to the Bahr Setît in the Homrân territory, thence southwards to the Bahr Salam, and then through Sennaar northwards to Khartum, which would have given me an opportunity of visiting some new districts and interesting river valleys. At last I decided in favour of Qedāref, not however without some misgivings, which fortunately proved groundless. On this route I was in fact far less troubled with excessive and exhausting perspiration than in our shaded residence at Kassala, where I wore nothing but loose white trousers and a long smock-like *qaftan*, both of the thinnest cotton. During this expedition on the contrary I always wore a stout woollen shirt, and often walked for hours in the sun, yet my skin remained generally dry, or at most agreeably moist. The phenomenon might be due to the regular exercise quickening the respiration, improving the appetite and superinducing sound sleep.

[1] Qôz, قوز, a term applied to villages built on sandy plains; thus: Qoz Rêgeb, Qôz es-Sûq, and so on.—R. B.

Some members of the European colony in Kassala insisted on accompanying us as far as the village of Ahmed Sherîf, for which we started in the evening, the camels which I had hired following slowly in the rear. Compared with the prices paid in Alexandria for the excursion to the Libyan desert, the tariff in Kassala must be considered very moderate. The average charge for a camel in East Sudan was a franc a day ; in Egypt five francs, besides two and a half for the driver.

Emerging from the east gate, where a toll of two piasters (about fivepence) was levied on each camel, we crossed a large garden in the direction of the Jebel Kassala, a mountain described by Schweinfurth as "without its like in the whole world. Gigantic granite masses worn by water action to the form of smooth, rounded crests, stand out with vertical walls a thousand feet high. All the sharp and jagged points observed in most other mountains have here long been rounded off by the tooth of time. The Jebel Kassala presents a striking picture of the age and decrepitude of the region to which it belongs. It rises in complete isolation above the plain, all traces of its connection with other mountains having long been effaced." [1]

Our route lay by the west side of the mountain, which was now bathed in the warm golden light of the setting sun. We could perceive nothing of the extraordinary abundance of game in the Kassala district. But I was informed, both by the Europeans and the Bedouins, that the lion and leopard in the extensive dûm-palm groves on the south-east side never fail to put in an appearance. The experienced eye of the sportsman is especially struck by the numerous tracks of hyænas, gazelles, antelopes, intersecting each other on the dark ground in close proximity to the town walls.

On our arrival at Ahmed Sherîf, about eight miles from Kassala, at the south-west foot of the Jebel Kassala, we encamped amongst the Halenqās. Kohn, who was one of our European escort, and who was here well known, induced the people to bring us some roast meat, durra bread, and milk for

[1] G. Schweinfurth, *Reise von Kassala nach Gedārif*, in the *Zeitschrift für Allgemeine Erdkunde*, 1865.

our evening meal. Meanwhile the camels came up, and without further delay we pushed forward. Traversing dense woodlands of the dûm-palm, acacias, tamarisks, balanites, sodada, calotropis, zizyphus, &c., we reached the right bank of the Khor el-Qâsh at the ford or crossing-place, where it presents a broad, shallow bed. Being now quite dry, it was easily crossed, and quickening our pace we soon reached the zeriba, six miles distant, where we passed the night.

Here all was bustle and confusion, owing to the arrival of several caravans from various quarters, all seeking the protection of the thorny inclosure surrounding the little military station. Nevertheless we passed a comfortable night, and after a last parting from our kind friends from Kassala, were again on the move long before dawn. When the sun rose its rays fell on a broad alluvial plain, across which we were marching south-westwards, between mimosas and acacias of two varieties (*A. mellifera*, the *Ditr* or *Teqer* of the Arabs, and *A. pterygocarpa*). This plain, which its Shukurieh inhabitants call Melhuyîa, appears in the rainy season to be a favourite resort of guineafowl, and especially of hares, six of which were shot by Kopp during a brief halt beneath the shady trees and tall grasses.

About noon a whirlwind swept by, fortunately without coming too near us. On the plain between Sabderat and Kassala I had already several times observed this phenomenon, which is of frequent occurrence in these regions. At times I saw as many as five or six simultaneously, raising clouds of dust for miles round about. Sand, loose earth, leaves, bits of wood, whatever comes in their way, is carried up and swept away, whirling round in rapid eddies. But the hurricane itself progresses at moderate speed, not greater than that of a trotting horse.

Although the Kharîf, or rainy season, was not yet due, we had already been drenched by a downpour on our first march to Kassala. But now the boundless savannah lying between the Qâsh and the Atbâra[1] was wrapped in a uniform grey mantle ;

[1] *Atbâra*, the Astaboras of the ancients, and Bahr-el-Aswad, or "Black River," of the Arabs, is only an intermittent stream, despite a course of no less than 550 miles. During the months of February, March, April, and May, it is quite

the ground lay partly bare, its grassy carpet having been burnt up by the sun, and then swept to all quarters of the heavens by the winds. The monotonous scene was varied only by strips of low scrub, the so-called "Mimosa forests," affording little shelter from the scorching sun, and remembered chiefly through the scratched hands and faces, and tattered clothes, caused by their formidable thorns, two or three inches long, and sharp as needles.

On the evening of the third day we encamped near the Atbâra, where the camels were watered, and whence good drinking water was obtained. During the evening several other large and small caravans arrived, all of which pitched their tents round about.

As the long drought draws to a close, and the approaching Kharîf is announced by occasional showers, the caravan trade becomes very brisk on the route between Kassala and Qedāref. Now the traders of Qalabat and Qedāref send their accumulated stock of gums, cottons, coffee, &c., to be stored in Kassala where better shelter is afforded against the rains; their superfluous supply of durra is at the same time sent northwards to the broad steppelands between the Atbâra, the Blue and White Niles, the island of Meroe of the old Ethiopians, now inhabited by the Shukurieh nomads. Hence the numerous convoys which we now met moving northwards to the Qâsh, and relieving the usual monotony of the route.

At Kassala our Hadéndoa guides and drivers had been replaced by members of the Shukurieh tribe, for the road lay through their territory, and could not be traversed by con-

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dry, especially in its lower course, the water remaining only in isolated depressions, some of which are over half a mile long. But as soon as the rains begin to fall on the Abyssinian uplands, its bed is flooded so rapidly to a depth of twenty-five to thirty feet with a breadth of 550 yards in the lower reaches, that the temporary encampments of the nomads in its sandy bed are often overtaken before they have time to escape with their herds. The Atbâra, whose chief head-stream is the Takazze, or Bahr-Setît, reaches the Nile at El-Damer above Berber, and from it Egypt receives its chief supply of fertilizing mud. It is the last tributary of the Nile, which for the rest of its course to the Mediterranean, over 1,300 miles, receives no further contributions on either bank.—R. B.

SHUKURIEH BEDOUIN.

ductors belonging to other groups without the constant risk of sanguinary conflicts. While bearing a general resemblance to the Hadéndoas, Beni 'Amrs, and Halenqās, the Shukuriehs are distinguished chiefly perhaps by the absence or rareness of that physical beauty which renders the Hadéndoas such models of vigorous manhood. They appear to be of a somewhat coarser, more raw-boned type, more plebeian, as we should say.

My camel-drivers also contrasted unfavourably in their moral qualities with the Hadéndoas, betraying, for instance, a disposition for pilfering our rice and other stores, all the more that they had neglected to provide themselves with supplies for the journey. At the Hashm-el-Girbe camping-ground Kopp and I had to keep watch at night by turns, because some of our men had to go for their durra to their settlements, which were reported to be in the vicinity. During my vigils I saw crowds of Shukuriehs, mostly little boys, trooping with shouts and songs down to the Atbâra to water their animals, and fetch supplies for their people.

A plunge in the river I found very refreshing after the sultry weather of the last few weeks. The flooded bed was at that time some fifty paces broad; but during the rainy season the slowly and gently inclined banks must contain a very large volume. Here the Atbâra ramified into two branches, sweeping with a large bend round the Jezîreh ("Island") of Habsat. From the elevated bank I beheld a small stretch of the western or main arm glittering in the sun.

On the return of the drivers we again struck our tents about an hour before sunset. Following the east bank of the river southwards we traversed a rolling country, where solitary hills contrasted with the uniformity of the flat alluvial plain. We encamped amid the thorny scrub of a strip of acacia forest at Beled Shagaráb on a tributary of the Atbâra, which was now dry. On this journey we always rested during the day from nine or ten o'clock till the evening, because marching in the early and later hours was much less fatiguing, while the lost time was fully made up by the night march before sunrise.

By the evening we had crossed the Khor Sheleteb, and I

wished to hasten forward, when we were arrested by a terrific storm. The sky became so overcast by inky clouds that we could no longer see the way. Continual flashes lit up the horizon on all sides; still in the hope of escaping the fury of the elements I delayed to have the camels unloaded. But the darkness increased every moment, and at last the beasts refused to go any farther. So we halted and made preparations for encamping. It was high time, for we could only keep up our communications by continual shouting, and the camels, released from their burdens, had scarcely huddled together for mutual protection when the storm clouds burst upon us in torrents. A streak of forked lightning, composed of little zig-zag lines like pearls strung loosely together, an absolutely unique phenomenon, rent the welkin from zenith to the western horizon. It was followed by a crashing peal of thunder like the discharge of a hundred guns, and then all was buried in deep night.

Crouching for a little shelter amid the bales of goods we waited half an hour before the raging tempest somewhat abated its fury. I lit a lantern, and our people began to look round for fuel. Despite the rain we soon managed to kindle a bright fire and keep it up. My servants, including a Turk, "ex-Bashi-Bazuk Ahmed," who had taken the place of the disgraced Kanûri in Kassala, were now worn out, and were soon sound asleep, while Kopp and I enjoyed a frugal evening meal enlivened with a concert of howling hyænas.

Meanwhile the rain had quite ceased, the sky had gradually cleared up, the moon again shone out, stillness and a quiet sense of peace succeeded the roar of the tumultuous elements. We dried our dripping clothes at the bright fire, and then overcome with fatigue fell fast asleep.

On April 12th we arrived opposite Beled Ommelûd[1] at the ford of the Atbâra whose margin is here densely overgrown with acacias, *Cadaba* and *Salvadora* shrubs. At the ford the water was only two feet deep, and about 100 paces broad; but the

[1] *Beled*, "land," "country," in Sudan also currently taken in the sense of *place, town*. *Ommelûd*, that is, Omm-el-Ûd ... "Mother of the Ûd" (*Acacia pterygocarpa*), so named from the abundance of this acacia in the district.

dry banks showed plainly enough that during the floods the river is three times wider, and much deeper.

Continuing our route along the west side of the Atbâra we continually passed convoys of corn bound for Kassala. At every meeting the drivers went through the usual ceremonies, right hand on shoulder, and palm to palm, followed by the everlasting inquiries about kith and kin, uncle and nephew, friends and acquaintance, not forgetting the price of durra. Owing to the careless lading, a good deal of this corn gets spilt, a perfect windfall for the guineafowl here met in multitudes. Whole flocks kept running before us, and were not easily driven aside.

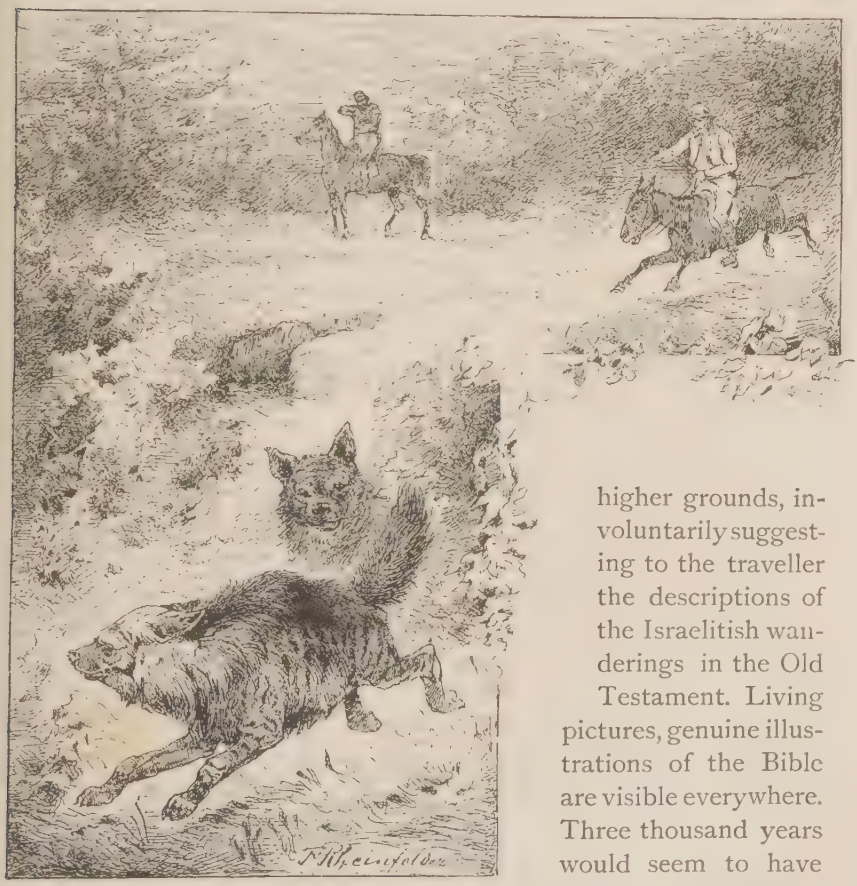
We passed the village of Hásab 'Allah [1] about four miles to our left, while before us stretched a boundless alluvial plain, like that between the Qâsh and the Atbâra. The grassy steppe extending to the Nile gives place here and there to extensive growths of the *Leptadenia pyrotechnica*, or even real acacia forests, where I noticed the valuable gummiferous species Hashāb (*Acacia triacantha*). The marsh plant Leptadenia and the 'ud afforded welcome fodder for our camels.

Beyond the road branching eastwards to Tomat we reached the Khor Ketût flowing to the Atbâra, and further on the debatable borderland of the Shukurieh and Dabaina Bedouins. Here any encroachment on either side mostly gives rise to tedious bickerings, which not seldom end in bloodshed.

On the morning of April 15th, the vicinity of Qedāref was betrayed by numerous Shukurieh villages on both sides of the route, and by the appearance of extensive cultivated tracts. About 3 o'clock in the morning we had already risen and had hurried on in advance of the pack-animals. At dawn we came upon three hyænas returning from their nocturnal raid, and gave chase. It was interesting to notice how my servant Ahmed, who was well mounted, cut off their retreat, and greeted them with a few shots. They then made off at moderate speed across some stony ground, where we easily overtook them on horseback.

[1] *Hásab-'Allah*, a personal name, probably from some sheikh of the Dabaina Bedouins, who occupy the place. The spelling Hassaballa on our maps is wrong.—R. B.

The straw huts were partly unoccupied, as the Shukurieh herdsmen were still lingering in the north, whence they do not return till the steppe is converted by the rains into an impassable swamp. Then a regular exodus takes place southwards to the



HYÆNA HUNT IN QEDĀREF.

higher grounds, involuntarily suggesting to the traveller the descriptions of the Israelitish wanderings in the Old Testament. Living pictures, genuine illustrations of the Bible are visible everywhere. Three thousand years would seem to have passed over these conservative shepherd peoples without seriously modifying the even tenour of their ways, their usages, dress, households. They still migrate with the seasons, between the lowlands and the uplands, retiring to their winter quarters when the plains are converted by the rains

into hot-beds of fever, infected by a fly whose bite is fatal to domestic animals.[1]

At present, however, the ground was so dry that in many places it was rent by wide fissures, so that I had to keep close to the beaten track to guard my saddle-donkey from accidents. At sunrise numerous herds of cattle converged from all directions on the caravan route leading to the wells of Qedāref. I was struck by a number of fine stout oxen mounted like mules or asses, and doubtless able to keep pace with them. They are also used as pack-animals, being trained like the camels to kneel down when they have to be laden. Some of them seemed also to take considerable interest in me, for a whole troop came suddenly tearing up, encircling me on all sides, and staring at me with intense curiosity.

On our left rose a high ridge stretching away to the east, and along the route to Sûq-Abû-Sinn we met several such rising grounds of moderate elevation, which farther on quite surround this place, bounding the horizon in the same direction. At the foot of the hills within three miles of Qedāref[2] occur numerous wells, which we reached in good time. Towards them were moving thousands of men and beasts, and our caravan also made a short stay here to water the animals. An hour later found us in the capital of the province of Qedāref, Sûq-Abû-Sinn, where my introductions to a resident Greek secured me a hospitable reception.

Aristidi Peteracchi, my host, a well-informed Greek conversant with several languages, and also an amateur physician, had been settled in this place for twelve years, and to him I was indebted for much information regarding relations in Qedāref. For the few days that we purposed remaining here we put up at a requba,[3] or separate inclosure, which is usually a square structure opening towards the north, and built of stout stems supporting a

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[1] Not identical with the tzetze (*Glossina morsitans*).

[2] *Qedāref*, properly the name of the province, but often, as here, applied to its capital Sûq-Abû-Sinn, this being its most important town.—R. B.

[3] *Requba*, رقبة, an inclosure, inclosed space, area, from رقب, to guard.—R. B.

flat straw roof, the intervening spaces being filled in with reeds, grass, or matting. Giving free access to light and air, a requba is preferable, at least in dry weather, to the dark and often hot and stuffy *tuqûl* or straw huts, but affords inadequate shelter against the heavy rains in the Kharīf season.

Scarcely were we installed when I was called upon by some ten other Greek traders, who were attracted by the favourable position of Qedāref for the wholesale and retail trade in gums, cotton, durra, and other local produce, here exchanged for such foreign commodities as cotton fabrics, spirits, crockery, and hardware. In all the commercial centres of Sudan before the abandonment of that region by Egypt, the enterprising, industrious Greeks were everywhere met, but also nearly everywhere noted for a somewhat unscrupulous choice of means to the end. Yet despite privations of all sorts and an almost incredible sobriety and parsimony, many of them after all realised but very modest fortunes. They enjoyed a bad reputation for sharp dealings even among the natives of Qedāref, accustomed though they were to commercial jugglery of all kinds. By well secured money advances the Greeks had got the large landowners and stock-breeders, and even the officials themselves into their power, and took every advantage of their position.

It so happened that our arrival occurred on the eve of the orthodox Greek Eastertide, and it was no slight pleasure to pass these few days of unexpected rest in the society of Europeans. The Greeks had gathered in the house of their foremost fellow-countryman to hear the news, already months old, that we had brought from Europe and Egypt. Under the lovely starry heaven the conversation flowed in a perfect Babel of tongues, German, French, Italian, Greek, even English and Russian words being freely introduced.

Sûq-Abû-Sinn had been the residence of the Shukurieh Great Sheikh Abû Sinn, who was at one time renowned throughout Sudan, and who, as an octogenarian Hercules, excited the astonishment of Sir Samuel Baker at their interview in 1861. After the Egyptian conquest he received the land in feudal tenure, and his settlement near the Atbâra gradually became the

chief market (Sûq). Here were seen on market days as many as 15,000 dealers gathered from all quarters, and at the time of my visit the place contained nearly a thousand huts of all sizes neatly inclosed with durra fences, besides some smaller groups dotted over the neighbourhood. It enjoys a healthy climate and occupies a highly favourable position for the transit trade, with a population, varying with the seasons, from about 2,000 to 3,000. The inhabitants are mostly Bedouins, with several hundred Tekayrne (Takruri), the above-mentioned Greek traders, a few Kopts as notaries and Government officials, and a garrison of fifty or sixty men. The Bedouins, who have partly become settled agriculturists, caravan-conductors, and stock-breeders, are partly Rekūbin and Ga'alin, but chiefly Shukuriehs who, according to Ferdinand Werne, about 1835 conquered the original Rekūbin inhabitants of the district.

As Peteracchi's guest, I took part in the Easter festivities of Sunday, April 16th, which began with coffee and rolls, an agreeable surprise after our wanderings in the wilderness. Then follow the preparations for the reception of the visitors, the entertainment being enlivened by the performances of musicians, dancers, singers, and jugglers. On such occasions the pleasant custom prevails of presenting the servants and domestic slaves with new clothes, the attendants of the guests also receiving a few gifts. This practice, growing out of the tendency of Islam to treat all the faithful, high and low, rich and poor, as brothers, has been also adopted by the Christians settled in such trading-places as Kassala, Sûq-Abû-Sinn, and Khartum. Before the revival of religious fanaticism under the Mahdi the Mohammedans themselves, including even the Governor and his officials, took part in the Christian festivities observed on such occasions as Christmas and Easter.

The first arrivals were a strolling company of conjurers, a female dancer, a male dancer, and two drummers, whose performances were certainly far from edifying, though the movements of the ghâziyeh[1] were undoubtedly of a very

[1] *Ghâziyeh*, غازية, pl. *Ghawâzi*, in Egypt the professional female dancers, nearly all of whom formerly belonged to a special caste and guild claiming descent

NUBIAN FEMALE MINSTREL. (*After a drawing by R. Buchta.*)

surprising character, highly suggestive of Juvenal's *Gaditanæ*, or the dance of Herodias.

These itinerant players being dismissed with a few silver coins, the Greeks presented themselves to offer their Easter congratulations, and these were followed by the Wekil to pay his respects on the part of the Government. When these rose, in the course of fifteen minutes or so, to go the regular round of visits customary on such occasions, I was invited to accompany them. The party, comprising nearly twenty men, passed from the house of one Greek trader to another, everywhere entertained with sweetmeats, drinks, Easter eggs of every colour. This went on till the vertical rays of the midday sun obliged me to seek the repose necessary to recover from the effects of these unwonted entertainments.

On Easter Monday I enjoyed a stroll round the market, to which the fair held twice a week had attracted a motley crowd of the most varied East African types. On the broad, open space were strewn long rows of dûm-palm mats, on which the hucksters displayed their wares, sheltered from the sun by a triangular strip of matting supported on a pole. These hundreds of screens, all inclined at an angle, and about the height of a man, forming so many itinerant booths, constitute the characteristic feature of the Qedāref market-place.

In larger booths, somewhat like requbas, are exposed the more costly foreign wares—textiles, ornaments, perfumery, and the like—of the more wealthy dealers. Perambulating kitchens diffuse the savoury odour of their roast meats, while the cooks, with stentorian voices, shout the praises of their omelets and other delicacies. Farther on, the open space stretching towards the steppe, forms the cattle-market; and here hump-backed oxen, with short up-turned horns, mules, and whole herds of camels, have all a noose of bast round their necks to show that they are for sale. Close by are the tethered asses, being clipped in

from the famous family of the Barmecides. In 1834 the Ghawâzi, or, as they like to hear themselves called, the Baramikeh, were banished by Mehemet Ali to Upper Egypt, where they settled in Qeneh and Esneh.

[1] Satire xi. verse 162.

artistic style by the shearers, who by cutting the hair in stripes along the neck and elsewhere, give them a surprisingly smart appearance.

Very animated is the scene where sheep and goats are offered for sale. But the whole place presents a lively spectacle of shouting, higgling, jostling—men, women, and children moving about in all directions, Bedouins and fellâhen, slaves from the Blue and White Nile, from Fazoql and Dâr Bertât, from Abyssinia and the Galla lands; Dinkas and Shilluks rivalling in the blackness of their complexions the Tekayrne pilgrims from Dar-Fôr and Wadai. Amid all this tumult our attention is for a moment attracted by a ragged mendicant faqîr, with dusty, unkempt hair falling in long tresses from his head. On slim, long-legged camels come the lords of the wilderness, the sheikhs of the Arab and Bega tribes, surrounded by a swarm of retainers, who, wrapped in their graceful, bright-bordered tobs, recalling the Abyssinian *shama*, seem scarcely less picturesque and imposing than their turbaned chiefs enveloped in their flowing *'A'biye*.[1]

The Bedouin women go unveiled, the girls often wearing nothing but the *rahat*,[2] and attended or not by their female slaves in carelessly worn cotton smocks. Compared with the general demeanour of the women of the fellah or peasant class, that of the nomad women may be called decidedly free. Amongst certain Bega tribes the wife "rules the roost" in a way which it seems difficult to reconcile with the defiant and haughty nature of these untamed nomads. If the unmarried women have to submit to certain humiliations in accordance with the ideas and rude manners of these half-civilized peoples, the wife indemnifies herself by the commanding position which she takes in her married life, and, jointly with her sisters, in the tribe itself. The fiery Bedouin, whether a full-blood or half-caste Arab, has always an open eye and susceptible heart for maidenly beauty and the dignity of the wife.

[1] *'A'biyeh*, pl. of *'Abâyeh*, the sleeveless Arab robe.

[2] *Rahat*, رحط, pl. *rihât*, a wide leather belt or girdle.

MARKET SCENE IN SÛQ-ABÛ-SIN.

The institution of the harem is an outcome of the degraded social conditions brought about by the luxury of large cities; hence it never took firm footing under the tent, and polygamy is still the exception amongst the Bedouins. That the bride herself is wooed, and not simply purchased, is shown by the already mentioned honourable title of Akhû el-Benât, which is so eagerly contended for by the nomad youths, and of which they are so proud when earned in the successful contest with their antagonist.

In former times the Arabs, when victory could be secured only by straining every nerve, were accustomed to bear the fairest maiden of the tribe in the 'Otsa, on a richly caparisoned camel into the thick of the fight. The 'Otsa is a kind of cage or latticed chest of stout wood, nearly oval in shape and ornamented with ostrich feathers, which is made fast to the back of a strong camel. Before the battle it is occupied by a woman or a maiden distinguished by her beauty, and if possible of the highest rank, who is decked as a bride, unveiled and with dishevelled hair, and who rides to the front in order to receive from the flower of the tribe their *intikhâ* or solemn vow to conquer or die. Thereupon she advances in the direction of the enemy, and the struggle begins, the efforts of the combatants being mainly directed towards the defence and capture of the 'Otsa. On such occasions it not rarely happened that all the young men of the tribe fell in its defence. At the battle of Koiti in November 1820, which decided the fate of Nubia, Soliman Agha, of Dongola, one of the combatants relates that a young and beautiful maiden fighting on the side of the Shaiqiehs was shot down by an Albanian, and her body plundered.

Nevertheless it would be a mistake to suppose that on the whole the Bedouin women enjoy a position analogous to that of their civilized Christian sisters. Vanity, however, and love of finery is more or less common to all alike, whether their complexion be of a rosy hue, yellow, olive or black. This reflection was strongly suggested by some dark women at the Qedāref market, who had disfigured their face and the

upper part of the body with scars a finger thick. In Sudan the female slaves are usually branded by three large gashes on each cheek running in the direction of the zygomatic bone; but it is certainly surprising that even the free women submit to such painful operations. The body above and below the breasts,

A GHÂZIYEH, OR NUBIAN DANCER IN FULL DRESS.

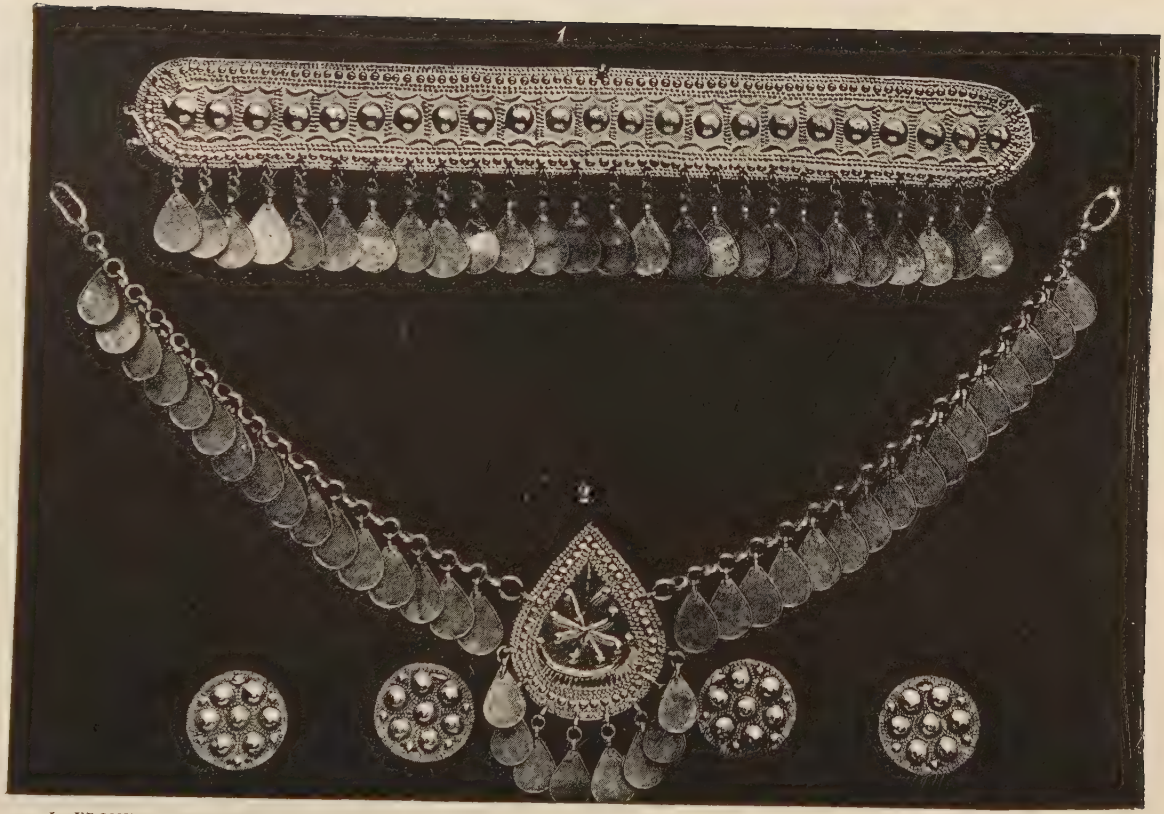
as well as the upper and forearms, are all tattooed with designs varying according to the tribe and the individual taste. The dress of the rich Bedouin women, which differs from that of the poorer classes only in the better quality of the materials,

consists almost exclusively of a long *tôb*[1] with coloured border, under which a light blue piece of cotton is wrapt round the hips, and under this young and old, rich and poor alike, all wear the *rahat*, a broad cotton or leather girdle, from which a long thick fringe of thongs or other strings hangs half down the thigh.

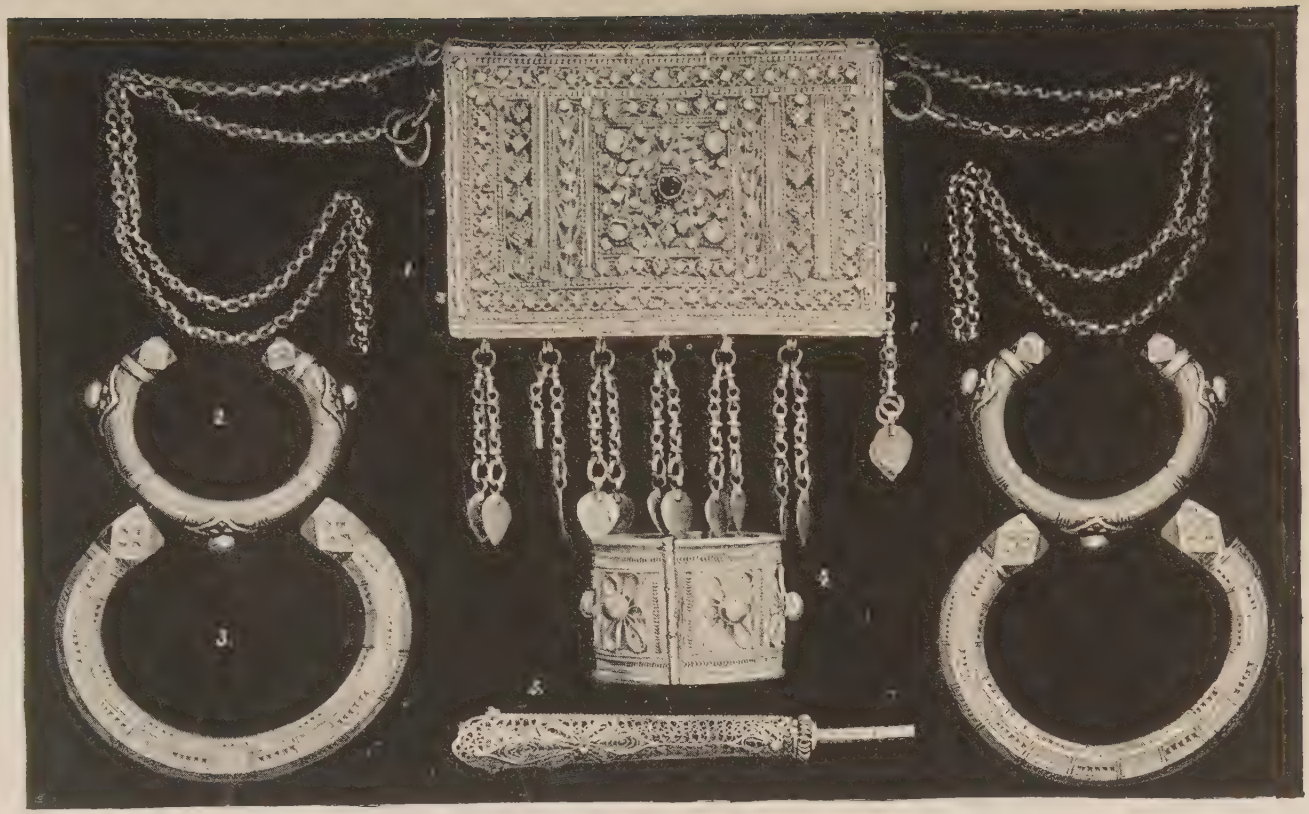
In Nubia and Sudan the rahat is the only article of attire worn by the children and unmarried girls. Nor can it be denied that the rahat looks very becoming on the slim bronze figures of those graceful Nubian and Bedouin maidens. On either side a tassel ornamented with cowrie shells usually hangs down to the ankles. Round the neck the women wear cylindrical and square leather amulets (*hegâb*) attached to long twisted thongs, and containing passages from the Koran, which are supposed to be infallible charms against all evils. The writing of these sentences and conjuring formulas constitutes no inconsiderable source of income for the fakirs and mendicant priests making capital out of the popular superstitions.

The ornamentation of the Sudanese women is of a highly varied character. Having purchased a complete set of ornaments from Aristidi, I was able to study its several constituents. Almost every part of the body has its own special decoration of silver or gold, agate, pearls, or coral. Those intended for the head comprise diversely shaped plaques with flat or embossed work, or else raised disks fastened together with strings and various kinds of beads. The hair, disposed in small plaited tresses, is bound up with gold and agate balls strung together between little leather rolls, and to these are attached gold disks which are placed at a level with the eye before the hair, which is bunched round the back of the head and brought forward on both sides. These plates, two inches large and usually embellished with seven bosses, are applied to the cheeks, and from each

[1] *Tōb* is a twilled cotton fabric, which is widespread in Sudan under the name of *dammûr* دمّور, and before the Egyptian conquest was largely exported from the town of Sennaar. Since then it has been largely replaced by English cottons. A tôb dammûr, توب دمّور is divided into two *ferdeh*, فردة, which are usually worn as a loin-cloth.—R. B.



1. FRONTAL ORNAMENT OF GOLD PLATES. 2. PARURE FOR FOREHEAD AND NECK WITH A "KHUMARA" AS A CENTRAL PIECE.



1. HEGÂB, OR AMULET CASE OF SILVER FILIGREE INLAID WITH TURQUOISES. 2 and 3. HAGIL AND KHALCKÀL, SILVER ANKLETS.
4. SIVÂR, BRACELET OF SILVER FILIGREE. 5. CIGARETTE MOUTH-PIECE OF GOLD OR SILVER FILIGREE.

are suspended two similar plates, which are again attached with strings of pearls to the upper ones. Through its great size and contrast of colours with the jet-black hair, this adornment is very effective, and so characteristic that the wearer may always be known to be a native of South Nubia or North-east Sudan.

Other women deck their heads with square frontal plates, three of which are placed close together and fastened in the hair. These plates are called *daraqeh*,[1] a term also applied generally to the whole parure, while the round plates of the previously described adornment are called *sherîfi*. A string of little round plates of thin embossed gold of various sizes is so attached to the hair as to hang on the forehead in a curve with its convex side towards the face. This is the so-called *ssarîf*.[2] Another pretty frontal ornament is the *wádah*,[3] consisting of two triangular gold plates hanging from gold thread and with the apex directed upwards.

Both the right nostril and the lobe of the ear are pierced for the insertion of a ring of gold or silver wire, to which corals and other ornaments are suspended. This *khizâm*,[4] or nose-ring, produces a peculiar, and, to the European eye, a disagreeable effect, and can only be regarded as a disfigurement; yet it is worn by the Fellah women of Upper Egypt, occasionally even by those of the Delta, and was already in use amongst the nomad women in the time of the Patriarch Abraham.[5]

Earrings of various forms are in vogue, some of coloured glass as sham rubies, emeralds or turquoises, some of filigree work, or stones mounted as drops, or simply engraved gold plates. But nearly all are ornamented with the little round or oval disks, called *burkh*, suspended by fine wire loops. Like the

[1] *Daraqeh*, دَرَقَة, the shield, the plates being so named from their shield-like shape.

[2] *Ssarîf*, صَرِيف, has also the meaning of pure silver.

[3] *Wádah*, وَضِيح, pl. *audáh*, brightness, glitter, necklace, white hair.—R. B.

[4] *Khizâm*, خِزَام, in Egypt called also *Khuzâm*.

[5] Genesis xxiv. 47. "Inaures" of the Vulgate, translated "earrings" in the English version.

ladies of Cairo, the Sudanese also occasionally connect both earrings together with a fine gold or silver chain or clasp.

A great variety of forms is presented by the necklaces, a whole assortment of which is constantly worn, and with them are also associated some half dozen long strings of beads and the like falling down to the waist. A peculiar neck ornament is the *ssârssur*,[1] consisting of triangular metal plates, between which are introduced triangles of polished ribbon-agate. A favourite necklet is formed of square gold plates, between which are inserted little bits of agate resembling grains of wheat; this is called a *dûrân*.[2] The *matārik*, another neck ornament, consists of large, oval or round and small polygonal gold beads strung together on long cords and alternating with agate, coral and glass beads similarly disposed.

The adornment of the well-to-do women is completed by armlets of delicate filigree work or turned ivory, or else of strong but very pliant gold-wire (*sîwâr*); leg and foot rings (*hagîl*); heavy solid gold or silver bangles for the legs made to open, both ends terminating in a many-sided stud, the so-called *khalkhâl*; besides wire finger-rings, and occasionally even toe-rings. Dancers and others of that class usually wear the whole of their earnings as personal decorations to heighten their charms and attractive powers.

It would also seem that perfumery is an indispensable requisite of the toilet in Sudan. The native women in fact are so lavish in its application that a group of freshly oiled and anointed belles is betrayed a hundred yards off by the sense of smell. On fumigation also the utmost care is bestowed, at least several hours a week being devoted to it by the women throughout the whole of East Sudan from Dar-Fôr to the White Nile valley. In the court of every hut, almost in every

[1] *Ssârssur*, صرصر, a term also applied to the grasshopper and the cockroach (*Blatta Ægyptiaca*). The ornament is probably so called from its resemblance in form to such insects. It may here be mentioned that before the time of Solon the Athenians wore a golden *cicala* (τέττιξ) as an ornament for the hair, and were thence called "Tettigophori."

[2] *Dûrân*, دوران, a twist, or turn.—R. B.

SLAVE GIRL FROM ABYSSINIA.

tent, may be seen a small hole or pit a foot deep and nine inches wide, which is either carefully lined with hard earth, or else made the receptacle for a pot. Here a slow charcoal fire is kept up, and fed with spices[1] and chips of the talha acacia.[2] Over this fire the woman takes her seat, clothed as lightly as possible, but enveloped in the wide-spreading tôb, so that none of the costly vapours can escape into the air. A copious transpiration is thus set up, as in a vapour bath, and in fifteen or twenty minutes she is so thoroughly fumigated that, as stated, the fragrant odour is perceptible a long way off.

As we stroll about the market-place we notice the Egyptian official stamping the wares and levying the dues, and farther on give a passing glance at the bakeries and beer-shops, where durra bread and merissa, brewed from the same corn, are dispensed by young and middle-aged women. But neither the bread nor anything else is eaten in public for fear of the evil eye that passing warfarers might cast on the food, as this would surely be followed by sickness, or even death itself. In the merissa booths wild orgies are often witnessed, as the day wears on and the topers become inflamed by the intoxicating drink.

Equally unpleasant is the sight of the traffic in slaves here openly carried on. The neighbourhood of the Abyssinian frontier greatly facilitates the introduction of the wretched creatures, who are here disposed of, like so many camels or mules. They are mostly young girls from seven to fourteen years of age, kidnapped in the southern vassal states and borderlands of Ethiopia, and brought hither to recruit the Sudanese harems. Compared with the negresses, these *Maqâdieh*, as they are called, may be described as of fair complexion, and are often really beautiful even according to the European standard; all are spoken of exclusively as

[1] In Qedāref the usual drugs are cloves, ginger, cinnamon, incense, sandalwood, myrtle, and various marine products brought from the Red Sea. See Sir S. Baker's *Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, 1883.

[2] In Kordofan they use the yellow wood of the red-bark *talha*, طلحة (*Acacia gummifera*, Del.).—R. B.

"Abyssinians," although they belong for the most part to other groups, and often include maidens from the Galla lands Their market price is determined entirely by physical appearance, health and complexion (the fairer the better), whereas in the case of negresses the price is to some extent influenced by considerations of capacity for work, knowledge of any handicraft and the like. In general the Maqâdieh fetches four times as much as the young negress, and the dues levied on these "wares" constitute a considerable portion of the revenues of the local Sheikh. In the Egyptian times the government official who had unlimited control in these remote frontier lands, had always an open hand for the dollars of the slave-dealers, so that they never heard or saw anything of the illicit traffic.[1]

Amongst the other commodities brought to the Qedāref market we noticed ostrich feathers, mostly from Kordofan; gold dust from Sennār, hides, sesame (*Sesamum oleiferum*); tobacco, the cultivation of which has been introduced by the Greeks; coffee from Abyssinia and Bogos; soap, dried dates, water-melons, onions, wekah (*Hibiscus esculentus*, L.), a much esteemed vegetable,[2] salt and durra. The last mentioned is a staple product in Qedāref, largely consumed and exported.

But the time had now come for hiring fresh camels and making preparations for continuing our journey. Through the mediation of my obliging host, Aristidi, I was able to strike a bargain with several Shukuriehs for ten camels to Abû Harâs on the Blue Nile at the rate of two thalers each. When all our arrangements were completed I gave myself up to the quiet contemplation of nature during the delightful evening

[1] How brisk this traffic was in the regions bordering on Abyssinia may be gathered from what Schweinfurth witnessed during his journey from Qedāref to Qalabât. "During the fortnight of my stay in the Gendua valley scarcely a day passed without whole gangs of slaves crossing this river, and I calculated that at least 800 must have been sent forward to Matamma in that short period."—(*Zeitschrift für Allgemeine Erdkunde*, 1865).

[2] The fruit of this annual, *bâmiyeh* of the Arabs, *gombo* of the Indians, is strung on cords while unripe, then dried, and in this way brought to market. The pulpy seed-pods, cooked in various ways, forms a nutritious and savoury article of food.

hours. However hot the day may be, the cool air is now most refreshing, while its enjoyment is much enhanced by the glorious spectacle of these indescribably beautiful sunsets, the reproduction of whose light effects would defy the powers of the greatest artist. After dusk, which in these latitudes immediately follows the disappearance of the sun, the surrounding space is all aglow with the light diffused by myriads of fireflies. Overhead the blue canopy is illumined by the eternal starry orbs, conspicuous amongst which is the constellation of the Southern Cross, between whose brighter members are crowded together hundreds of many-coloured starlets, "like a superb piece of fancy jewellery" (Sir John Herschel).

But my mental flight through boundless space is soon brought back to mundane matters by a prairie fire, a spectacle which at this season of the year is of almost daily occurrence.

SHUKURIEH BEDOUIN.

CHAPTER IV.

TO THE BLUE NILE AND KHARTUM.

A Ride through the Savannah—A Prairie Fire—Jebel Omm-Qerûd—The Wells on the Galla't Aráng—Baboons—Slaves *en route*—Khor Rahat—Arrival at Abû Harâs—Camp on the Blue Nile—The Abû Harâs Market—Crocodiles—Durra Fields—Departure for Rufa'—Awâd el-Kerîm, Great Sheikh of the Shukuriehs—Episode in the History of the Mahdi's Revolt—Reception by the Great Sheikh—The Rufa' Market—Rawa and Qatran—The Village Group of es-Salât—Arrival at Khartum, Capital of Sudan—Conquest of Dar-Fôr and Zibêr Rahâma—Reception by Ismail Pasha Eyûb—The White and Blue Niles—The Saqiyyât—Description of Khartum—The Bazaar, Wares, Provisions—An 'Azûmeh—A Dsikr—The Steam Flotilla and Trips to the South—An Oriental Dinner in the Open—The Catholic Mission and Consul Hansal.

WHEN the time came to set out, I sent forward the camels with their drivers, and followed myself somewhat later with Kopp, accompanied by Aristidi and his wekil. Our course was directed towards the village of Sôfi, a long group of huts situated to our right. Immediately behind it towards the north rises the hilly range of Tiyáwa, while some miles to our left the long line of the Qánara hills stretched away to the south. Westward extended the boundless savannah.

After a ride of two or three miles we reached some wells, where we halted during the hot midday hours, again starting with replenished waterskins due west. The sun was already sinking below the horizon, and when it disappeared in a glow of golden and ruby-red light effects it was followed by a refreshing coolness, which enabled us to cover a long stretch without stopping. For half the night the broad steppe was lit up by the

A PRAIRIE FIRE. (*After a drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

glare of a prairie fire, producing the effect of the murky light which hangs over a vast city looming in the distance. When once set on fire the extensive tracts of withered herbage some two feet high flare away for hours together, till the conflagration burns itself out, or is arrested by a wall of denser brushwood.[1]

Next day we sighted far to the south-west the Jebel Gatambelia breaking the monotony of the plain in this direction, and after some hours' marching we passed close by a huge crag of red granite towering up like the ruins of some gigantic stronghold. During the course of the day we noticed on the southern and western horizon several isolated hills, amongst which was the Jebel Bêla marking the route followed by James Bruce on his journey from Abyssinia to Sennaar in 1772. The Jebel Gelegâni formed the easternmost spur of these moderately elevated rising grounds. But the wearisome uniformity of the plains was varied here and there only by patches of low acacia scrub, which yielded the fuel needed for our itinerant kitchen. Equally poor was the fauna of this region, for although in the morning I descried a couple of antelopes away in the distance, scarcely a bird was visible the whole day.

Towards nine o'clock we reached the Jebel Omm-Qerûd ("Mother of Apes"), which had for some time served as our landmark; unfortunately it was now too dark to notice anything beyond the stony track leading over the mountain. Slowly descending on the opposite side down to the plain, we kept up the march at a good camel's pace till towards midnight, in order to get as near as possible to the wells of the Jebel Aráng. Our camp was then formed near the caravan of some Gallabûn,[2] who had preceded us along the route. It is customary for caravans thus to camp together for their mutual security.

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[1] So runs the text: "Bis dichteres Buschwerk dem Weitergreifen des Feuers ein Ende macht;" though this "denser brushwood" might be expected rather to add fuel to the flames, at least in the dry season.

[2] *Gallabûn*, pl. of *gelláb*, a packman, or itinerant dealer, in contradistinction to the *tâjir*, تاجر the settled chapman or trader. The Gallabûn took such an active part in the slave traffic of the Upper Nile lands that the term *gellâb* came to be synonymous with slave-dealer. —R. B.

During the night the glass fell to 60° F., whereas the previous noon it had risen to 109° F. showing the enormous discrepancy of 49° within a period of less than twenty hours. In order to reach the wells before the great heat of the day and continue our journey before nightfall, we now urged the camels forward to the utmost of their speed. The Jebel 'Atesh [1] was passed on our left at a distance of over four miles, and after rounding the north side of the Jebel Serjên, we were encouraged by the sight of the Galla't Aráng, close to which the wells are situated. But they were still too far off to be reached that day ; so we halted just beyond the treeless savannah, and encamped for the night in a mimosa grove, which became denser in the direction of the wells.

With the vegetation animals also became more abundant, and on reaching the Galla't Arang [2] I was gladdened by the sight of flowering shrubs and leafy trees, evidently showing that rain had already fallen in the district. This mountain mass, like most of those along the route, is of granitic formation, and is divided towards the middle by a gorge nearly a mile long, in which the wells are situated. Of these there are a considerable number, sunk in rows, and forming the necessary camping-ground for all caravans trading between the Blue Nile and Qedāref. For great distances round about not a drop of water is elsewhere to be had especially in the dry season.

We encamped beyond the wells under some scanty brushwood, where thousands of camels were herded, some belonging to the various caravans, others to the Shukurieh inhabitants of the district. From my tent I enjoyed a pleasant prospect of the valley pent up between the rocks, of the wells round which were gathered multitudes of men and beasts, of the plain that had just been traversed by us, and on the distant horizon the fantastic outlines of isolated mountains standing out against the sky.

At sunset we again struck our tents, camping at night near the wells being very dangerous, owing to the lions, leopards, hyænas

[1] *Jebel el-'Atesh*, جبل العطش, "Mountain of Thirst."

[2] James Hamilton's *Kala-'at-Aran* (*Sinai, the Hedjaz and Sudan, &c.*, London, 1857).

and other beasts of prey, who visit them at that time. No caravan leader willingly exposes himself to this danger, and before nightfall everybody clears out, leaving the place in possession of these predatory animals. Before starting however I witnessed a highly interesting spectacle. In the morning I had already noticed a few solitary baboons (*Cynocephalus babuin*, Desm.) on the rocks, and afterwards heard from the camel-drivers that large numbers have their homes on the mountains. In the evening, as we were breaking up camp I saw a whole troop moving across the valley in the direction of a place which had just been abandoned by a caravan. Here they gamboled about

BABOONS IN AN ABANDONED ENCAMPMENT.

picking up "the crumbs from the feast," and only quitted the place when I approached quite near. Being tempted to follow them I reached the rugged walls of a steep hill, and in order to scare the baboons discharged a random shot considerably beyond the range of my rifle. Scarcely was the shot fired when I heard a loud, angry growl close by, proceeding evidently not from the apes, but from some large beast of prey, probably a leopard disturbed in his lair. Being quite unprepared for such an antagonist, I imitated our dog-faced friends, and gave the place a wide berth.

As we left our camping ground the baboons again collected, impatiently waiting to fall upon the remains of our evening

meal, and pick up the durra scattered about. The Bedouins told me that the partiality of these animals for sweetmeats and delicacies of all kinds is unbounded, and extended even to strong drinks. A pot of merissa (durra beer) that happens to be left behind is emptied in no time.

Ten minutes after starting we again emerged on the plain, where we lost our way in the dark. Being uncertain whether this was intentional on the part of the guide, or only through ignorance, I ordered a halt till next morning. Here the vast level expanse was broken only by the low Jebel Beáda visible in the far distance. At noon, during a stiffish breeze, the glass recorded 122° F. in the shade. Next day again crossing a little sparse mimosa scrub, we gradually approached some Rekabîn settlements, whose cattle were being driven to the wells at the Jebel Ra'ad. Here I struck ahead of the caravan, and enjoyed a little rest in the shade of a tree not far from the route, where a veritable exodus seemed to be going forward, women and children mounted on camels, men and youths driving flocks of sheep and goats ahead.

Besides this now somewhat familiar sight, my attention was attracted by a convoy of slaves, which was disposed in separate divisions of five or six camels, with two or three persons mounted on each. There were women and children from six to twelve years old, a woman being usually seated in the middle of the saddle with a child on either side, or else three children in a row one behind the other, the whole gang numbering perhaps fifty souls. Some negroes armed with spears followed on foot, the unmistakable slave-dealer mounted on an ass bringing up the rear. He greeted me with the friendly *salâm 'alêkum*,[1] to which I responded with the proper formula *wa 'alêkum us-salâm*,[2] intended however more for the unhappy creatures torn from their homes and going forward to an unknown fate.

Our supply of water being nearly at an end, I sent forward some of our men with a camel to replenish the water-skins at

[1] "Peace be with you." *Salâm*, سلام, "peace," "safety," answers in this connection somewhat to our "respects," "compliments."

[2] "And with you also."

the wells a good many miles ahead ; but the horses and donkeys had to thirst till the evening. Starting again at six o'clock the guide, to my great surprise, left the caravan route hitherto followed, and struck out a new track across country over deeply furrowed and scrubby ground, and often even through durra fields ; it was so rough that I had to dismount and lead my ass by the bridle. But the main route led straight to Rufa', so that to reach Abû Harâs, which lies more to the south, we had to take this trackless and difficult piece of ground.

After passing the night in a large village, we pressed forward next morning, April 27, in order if possible to reach Abû Harâs

OTIS ARABS.

the same day in time for the fair then being held. Crossing some extensive durra fields, we entered a richly wooded district, where bush and tree were enlivened by the song of numerous birds. On the verge of the woodlands I noticed a flock of large bustards (*Otis Arabs*), which were very shy, swiftly disappearing in the tall herbage, so that it was impossible to get within shooting distance.

We had now reached the Râhat, a tributary of the Blue Nile, which, although dry contained infiltrations, like the Khor Báraka, as shown by the wells and cisterns which I noticed in its bed. The banks were perhaps twenty feet high and very

steep, but the Khor itself almost 100 feet wide. Along the banks were cultivated fields, amongst which goats were browsing on the foliage of some mimosas. Presently I was glad to notice the landmark of Abû Harâs,[1] a solitary dûm-palm visible far and wide over the plain. Weeks had again passed since I had seen the last specimen of this plant.

On reaching the town we made a bend to the left and went straight to the Blue Nile, encamping on its margin beneath the shade of a leafy sycamore, ten minutes from the market place. A natural impulse drew me towards the refreshing waters of the Nile, after our long wanderings through the arid wastes and burnt up savannahs, lately even enduring the pangs of thirst on the waterless plains. The late hour obliged us to hasten to the market in order to renew our slender stock of provisions. I yearned for some fresh meat; but it was too late; the beef had all been bought up, and I had little fancy for camels' flesh. In fact there was very little to be had, and although the market resembled that of Qedāref in a general way, it was less important and less animated. The bread was bad and dear, but the cucumbers, onions, and watermelons (*Batikh*) excellent, and the last named so cheap that for a few piasters my people were able to purchase a donkey-load. Besides these vegetables the district yields cotton, tobacco, fennel, lubia (*Dolichos Lubia*, Forsk), and gourds (*Lagenaria vulgaris*). The merissa seemed inferior to that of Kassala and Qedāref.

My tent was pitched close to the steep right bank of the Blue Nile (Bahr el-Azraq), which is here sixty-five or seventy feet high. At this point the river, some 200 paces broad, is joined from the east by the Khor Râhat,[2] and at Wold Medînch it disappears from the view, making a bend nearly at

[1] *Abû Harâs*, "Father of the Harâs" (*Acacia albida*, Del.). But the etymology is doubtful.

[2] *Khôr Râhat*, a tributary of the Blue Nile, flowing from the Abyssinian border ranges, but in its lower reaches dry for the greater part of the year. Throughout its whole course it is fringed by very high banks, so that at high water it attains a depth of over ten feet. Nevertheless, the Râhat is one of the least important affluents from the east, its mean discharge being about 19,000 cubic feet per second.

a right angle to the west. Immediately below Abû Harâs the Blue Nile flows by some small rocky peninsulas, first northwestwards and then westwards. Abû Harâs thus stands on a broad peninsula projecting eastwards, which stretched right in front of my tent. The opposite bank forms an elevated sandy escarpment, beyond which stretches a dense forest of the harâs acacia, the qaqamût (*Acacia campylacantha*), the talha (*A. gummifera*), and qitr (*A. mellifera*), besides the heglik (*Balanites*), and other species.

In the little riverain bights and bends several *dahabîyehs*[1] lay at their moorings, all busy loading or unloading. In the evening the muffled sound of tam-taming came wafted on the breeze, as the swarthy crews, grouped round their Nubian pilot accompanied his simple lay with their *darabukkehs*[2] and *zummârehs*.[3] Our tents lay open to the moonlit Nile and next morning as I was enjoying a refreshing bath, the Nâzir, or local Egyptian official, who had come to pay me his respects, hailed me from the bank with the warning not to stay in too long, as there were many crocodiles about.

In the rainy season, when river and affluents are flooded, the crocodiles leave the main stream in large numbers and ascend the Râhat, Dinder and other lateral watercourses. To protect their herds the Bedouins construct "zeribas" in the river by inclosing the watering-places with thorny fences sunk in the bed of the stream; but with all their precautions "accidents" are not rare. At this season the Blue Nile rises to an extraordinary height, and in very wet years the banks standing in April twenty feet above the surface are completely flooded in July. But in 1875 the rainfall had been deficient, and the harvests so bad that the staple corn, durra, rose to three times its usual price. Since the Egyptian occupation, the cultivation of corn, formerly restricted to

[1] *Dahabîyeh*, ذهبية, the Nile boat with deck and cabin, usually with two masts and yards, lateen rigged.

[2] *Darabukkeh*, a kind of kettle-drum made of clay or wood, the latter in Egypt often inlaid with mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell; it is held firmly under the left arm, and beaten with both hands, the sound varying from centre to circumference.

[3] *Zummâreh*, زمارة, a reed-pipe.

what was absolutely necessary for the local wants, has been greatly developed. The authorities in Khartum had all the more readily recognized the advantage of tillage, that it increased the taxable power of the natives, and a means thereby discovered for gradually inducing the Bedouins to give up their nomad life.

Under the influence of their Great Sheikh Abû-Sinn, the Shukurieh, heretofore exclusively stock-breeders, began to bring their magnificent alluvial lands under cultivation. From year to year the corn-fields encroached on the grassy steppe, and so light was the labour, so abundant the yield, that the whole tribe would certainly have become settled agriculturists, but for the insatiable greed of their Egyptian tax-masters.

Leaving Abû Harâs on April 30th, we followed the course of the Blue Nile along its right bank all the way to Rufa'. At our departure towards evening the air was so charged with dust that the sun seemed like a ruddy disk emitting a feeble light and little heat. Passing Helle Fatniā and several other villages, we camped for the night at Helle el-Ga'alīn. Next morning we pushed forward to reach Rufa' in time for the fair.

At that time Rufa' was the residence of Awâd el-Kerîm, head sheikh of the Shukuriehs, by whom we were well received and hospitably entertained. The sheikh, a well-grown, powerful man with white beard, light-brown complexion and an expression calculated to inspire confidence, is the worthy successor of the far-famed Abû Sinn. Like his predecessor, who after the Egyptian conquest had accepted the new order of things with a good grace, Awâd el-Kerîm also became a loyal supporter of the Khedive's government. In 1882, when the fanatical emissaries of the Mahdi raised the standard of revolt in Sennaar, he took the field with his brave Shukuriehs against the dervishes, and relieved the governor of Sudan for the time being from a critical situation. In the village of Mohammed Ashra, four miles north of Abû Harâs a certain Sherîf[1] Mohammed Taha had usurped

[1] *Sherîf*, شريف, pl. *Shûrfa* and *Ashrâf*, "noble," a term now monopolised by the numerous claimants to descent from the Prophet's family. They usually wear a green turban, green being the Prophet's colour. The sons of Ali Mohammed's son-in-law, were the first to receive this title from the chroniclers.—R. B.

AWAD EL-KERÎM, GREAT SHEIKH OF THE SHUKURIEH BEDOUINS.

the title of Wezîr el-Mahdi, and had stirred to rebellion the inhabitants of the districts, mostly Ga'alin and 'Alawin Arabs. As they were threatening Mesalamia, the Pasha hastened from Khartum to its defence. But the handful of men at his disposal were overpowered, and after a heroic resistance cut off to a man. Even the women of the village took part in the fight, the young girls especially distinguishing themselves by their savage fury, as shown by the numerous bites inflicted on the bodies of the slain.

The Mahdists fought exclusively with spear and sword, firearms being regarded by the dervishes and faqîrs[1] as "heretical weapons." The Pasha was now compelled to withdraw to Abû Haràs, and take refuge in the steamer anchored in the Blue Nile till reinforcements could be brought up from Qalabat. But before their arrival the Sherif was assailed by several hundred Shaiqiehs, the attack resulting in fresh slaughter and the destruction of all the officers, thirteen in number. The Pasha's position was now extremely critical; but he was relieved of all present anxiety by the timely arrival of the Shukurieh prince with 2,500 of his retainers. Awâd el-Kerim, his six sons, his nephews and all the nobles of the tribe presented themselves in chain armour and steel helmets, and were mounted on Dongolan thoroughbreds.

Next morning the attack was renewed on the village of Mohammed Ashra, and a small zeriba on the opposite side occupied to guard the ford across the Nile. But the Sherif at the head of his praying and howling dervishes seemed invulnerable to the Egyptian bullets, and the troops would have fled panic-stricken but for the threatening spears of the Shukurieh warriors. Round the Sherîf the dead lay in heaps, and at last the charm by which he seemed protected was broken by a rifle

[1] *Derwish*, درويش, a Persian word meaning "poor," is synonymous with the Arabic *faqîr*, فقير, a religious mendicant. These Mohammedan "mendicant friars" form brotherhoods, which are banded together by special ascetic practices. They differ from the Christian religious orders inasmuch as they are not bound to celibacy, though often preaching it, and are expected to provide for their own maintenance. The Sudanese derwishes (Persian pronunciation *darvesh*) distinguished themselves by their fanatical adherence to the cause of the Mahdi.—R. B.

shot through his head. On his fall the fanatics fled in dismay, and were slaughtered wholesale by the infuriated Shaiqiehs and Shukuriehs, who spared neither women nor children.

We now received hospitable entertainment from Awâd el-kerîm in a large airy apartment of his brick house, and he himself presided as host at a bountiful Arab dinner served up soon after our arrival. Everything was carried out in proper

TABAQAS, STRAW AND LEATHER DISH COVERS.

oriental fashion, and the dishes were all "protected from the evil eye" by beautiful round and conic covers, which were plaited with variegated palm-leaves, interwoven with strips of light green and red leather. The preparation of these *tábaqas*,[1] which are often twenty inches or more in diameter, forms an important branch of female industry in Sudan. They may be seen

[1] *Tábaqa*, from *tábqiyeh*, تبقية, safe-keeping, preservation; in Arabia they are called *mekabba*, and are supposed to preserve the food from the evil eye.—R. B.

exposed for sale in every market place from Sennaar to Khartum

THE SÂQIYEH—WATER-WHEEL.

and Berber. Having heard me praise their beauty, my generous host pressed me to accept the gift of a couple.

As became his exalted station, Awâd was surrounded by a numerous following of chiefs, officials and courtiers, while a whole troop of negro slaves were at hand to obey his every behest. Towards evening we took a stroll along the banks of the Nile where we were specially attracted by the magnificent date-palm groves belonging to the great Sheikh. Here also were fields under maize, durra and vegetables, and in the river some twenty trading boats lay at anchor.

In Rufa' also a fair was being held: but after my experiences of Qedāref and Abû Harâs it seemed to present little noteworthy.

On May 2, after a friendly parting with the worthy Shukurieh prince we left Rufa', and crossing a level plain partly covered with sand reached our next station, the village of Helália. Here also an evening walk brought us to the Nile scarcely two miles distant. Along the high banks stretch extensive fields and gardens, which are irrigated by means of the already described sâqiyehs. Of these appliances I counted as many as thirteen in a small space, all worked by oxen. On the opposite side was a village similarly surrounded by much cultivated ground and watered in the same way.

On the sandbanks in the Blue Nile we noticed some beautiful demoiselle or Numidian cranes, (*Anthropoides virgo*, Vieill), besides several thick-knees[1] (*Oedicnemus crepitans*, Temm), running about. Towards the north-west the whitewashed domes surmounting the shrines of some Mohammedan saints, were lit up by the rays of the setting sun.

Early next morning we continued our route through a country presenting much the same aspect as that we had traversed ever since leaving Abû Harâs—cultivated tracts alternating with hard sandy soil, thin acacia groves and miles and miles of monotonous arid plains. We kept near the Blue Nile, whose course could be followed by the masts and rigging of the riverain craft under sail or at anchor. Soon after passing the village of Baránqo and

[1] Doubtless the common thick-knee, which in summer visits England, and is numerous, especially in Norfolk. Hence it is sometimes called the Norfolk plover, and is also known as the great plover, from its large size, and as the stone or sand curlew from its note, which resembles that of the common curlew.

sighting the position of Kamlîn on the opposite side of the river we halted about noon under the shade of an enclosure at the village of Shaiqieh-takhtâni ("Lower Shaiquieh"), within ten minutes of the Nile.

Continuing our march towards evening we crossed a treeless plain, leaving Faqi Belûla, Wâdi Shêb and some other villages to the left, and camping for the night at Ráwa. Next day the route to Khartum, still keeping near the river, brought us through a more and more sandy district to Bisháqra esh-Sherqi ("East Bisháqra") where we met large herds of cattle and goats being driven to the Nile. Numerous flocks, especially of goats, very rarely of camels, had frequently crossed our track all the way from Abû Harâs.

On reaching Qatrân, although it was still early in the day, we could procure no provisions to replenish our much-reduced stock. But here as everywhere in the Blue Nile valley, there was no lack of delicious water-melons, and later the villagers brought us some "kissera," durra bread, in the form of thin, soft cakes or buns, which are baked on an iron pan over an open fire. A little lentil soup completed our frugal repast, and for the rest of the way to Khartum the fare was altogether of a very unpretending character. From this point were visible on the other side of the river the villages of el-Tih, el-Meshîd and el-Fûqarā.

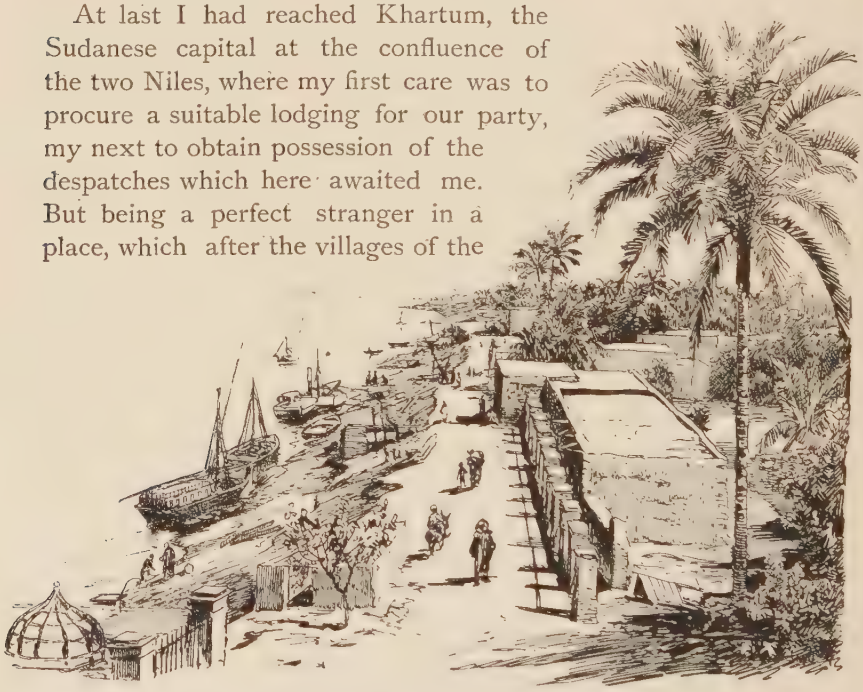
Leaving Qatrân in the evening, and still traversing a rather sandy country, we arrived after nightfall at a line of small hamlets, whose huts were built under the shade of tall acacias. Halting for the night at the northernmost of these places, which are collectively known by the name of es-Salât, we procured some milk and kissera from the friendly inhabitants.

Next day after passing el-Afûn, Omm-Dòm and Kartog we camped for the last time at Gerîf, and the following morning pushed rapidly forward, eager to reach the far-famed capital of Sudan as soon as possible. Kopp and I riding ahead soon reached the Blue Nile at the crossing for Khartum ; but our haste was of little avail, for after all we had to await the arrival of the pack-animals. In an hour's time they came up, and as

soon as they were unloaded and the baggage brought to the beach, I dismissed the Bedouins and their camels.

Leaving my servant Karar in charge of our effects, we went with my other servant, Ahmed, a green monkey obtained in Abû Harâs, and a young gazelle, down to the ferry, but had to wait hours before the ferry-boat was ready to cross. During the transit the gazelle, nearly exhausted by the journey, was revived by the nursing of a motherly ewe.

At last I had reached Khartum, the Sudanese capital at the confluence of the two Niles, where my first care was to procure a suitable lodging for our party, my next to obtain possession of the despatches which here awaited me. But being a perfect stranger in a place, which after the villages of the



THE BLUE NILE AT KHARTUM.

last few weeks seemed quite a large city, I had first of all to look up somebody willing to aid me with his advice. Holding recommendations to the Austrian consul, Herr Martin Hansal, I at once sought out his residence, which was easy enough to find, everybody appearing to know him.

Traversing narrow lanes, and broad, open, irregular, and dusty

squares, we reached a large house in the middle of a date grove on the high bank of the Blue Nile, and presently found ourselves at the door of the Austrian Consulate for Central Africa, surmounted by the familiar imperial arms—the double-headed eagle on a great oval yellow shield. Knocking at the office door I was invited to "Come in" by a ringing tenor voice, and the next moment stood before a middle-sized man of fair complexion, whose kindly blue eyes bespoke a warm heart. Nor was I mistaken in their expression, for Hansal was a man of genuine feeling, and proved himself a true and devoted friend during my many years' association with Khartum. Although residing in Sudan since 1853, and naturally affected by the prevailing usages, he had still remained the genial Austrian, retaining his native accent so unmistakably that his nationality was betrayed by the first words uttered by him.

After a most cordial reception he introduced me to a tall, well-grown man, whom I should have taken for a full-blood Englishman but for his hearty German "Guten Morgen, Herr Nachbar." This was the telegraph director, civil engineer, Giegler, who accompanied us to the German consul, Herr Rosett, of Freiburg.[1] Thus in half an hour I had made the acquaintance of the leading members of the German and Austrian circles in Khartum.

Consul Rosett, who occupied a very large two-storied brick house with a contiguous garden, put an end to my embarrassment about a temporary residence by placing a couple of rooms in the kindest way at my disposal. A residence large enough for my requirements not being just yet available, I left the baggage on the other side of the Blue Nile, and sent Ahmed with some provisions to join Karar, and keep watch during the night. At the hospitable table of Rosett, who had married the young and comely daughter of the Maltese ivory-trader, De Bono, we enjoyed a European meal, a treat we had long been strangers to.

Here I learnt that the English explorer, Mr. Lewis A. Lucas, had been some weeks in Khartum, preparing for an expedition

[1] Not the Swiss, but the German town, commonly called Freiburg im Breisgau, from the district of Breisgau in Baden.

to the great equatorial lakes of the Upper Nile basin. Being naturally interested in a fellow-traveller, I called upon him, and found that it was his intention after visiting the Bahr Ghazâl to strike across the continent to some point on the west coast. An ambitious project, which, however, the over-sanguine though thoroughly energetic young Englishman was not destined to realize. The disastrous result of his ill-starred undertaking I shall have later to speak of. During his two months' stay in Khartum he had engaged a body of Nubians fully armed and equipped, and he was hopeful of getting through with his disciplined corps. The son of wealthy parents, he had no need to spare expenses, and like most novices had of course burdened himself with a quantity of useless things. Although I was myself but a tyro, without experience of negro populations, I already questioned the prudence of such a military parade, because the trustworthiness of such hirelings is always more than doubtful. Mr. Lucas had, moreover, developed certain mental idiosyncrasies which had brought him into collision with the Mudîr of Khartum and his own neighbours, giving rise to the fear that he would be deserted by his followers before he had got beyond the Nile region. As he intended starting in two days, I resolved to rent his house as soon as it was free.

That evening was spent poring over my despatches, received through Signor Lumbroso, the Italian postmaster, and for the first time after three months' rambling I retired to rest in a European bed with real linen sheets, pillows and coverlets. But I had grown unaccustomed to such comforts, and this, combined with the great heat, banished sleep from my eyes until, throwing aside bed and bedding, I again took to my simple camp *angareb*.

It took some time to settle down in the house vacated by Mr. Lucas, as I found it no easy matter to come to terms with its eccentric owner, the twice-bereaved widow Genofeva, the pale, and—well, hysterical daughter of Nicola Ulivi mentioned by Brehm. At first she of course objected to the young gazelle and to the monkeys ; but her heart gradually softened

CONFLUENCE OF THE WHITE AND BLUE NILES AT RASEL-KHARTUM.

on the assurance that dogs, apes, donkeys, all of us in fact, would get on famously together.

My new residence consisted of three simply furnished rooms, sixteen to twenty feet square, with brick floor, a small kitchen, and an open terrace close by. These apartments occupied the upper story of the house, which faced the Blue Nile a few paces off. Under the terrace, where we slept on account of the heat, a passage led to a small court, in the centre of which stood a shady tree, while a part of it had been transformed to a *requba* by a mat awning. The rent of this place was twelve thalers a month, whereas a large house with a spacious garden in the interior of the town, and at a distance from the Blue Nile, might be had for half the price.

The first night in our new quarters was somewhat uncomfortable. Towards the evening black thunder clouds had banked up on the northern horizon, and when the stuffy atmosphere of the rooms drove us to the terrace, we were presently driven back by a heavy downpour; and so we were kept migrating to and fro with our *angarebs* according as it rained or cleared up. Then the tempest was followed by a tremendous sandstorm, so that in the morning I found myself literally covered with sand and dust. At dawn the violence of the gale abated, but the atmosphere remained so charged with yellow-red dusty particles that we could scarcely see the neighbouring banks of the river. It was impenetrable to the rays of the sun, which stood like a murky disk in the sky. The light was like that of a solar eclipse; but it reminded me still more vividly of the descriptions I had read and heard of the *khamsîn* or hot west wind, which in spring sweeps over Cairo and Upper Egypt, and which I was myself later to become acquainted with; only on this occasion the temperature was moderately high in Khartum.

My arrival in this place occurred a few days after the return of the governor, Ismáïl Pasha Eyûb, from Dar-Fôr. Eyûb had been absent two years to complete the conquest of the Sultanate, to establish an Egyptian administration in this Mohammedan negro state, and garrison the more important strategical points.

Although the overthrow of the Dar-Fôr kingdom was really the work of the famous slave-dealer Zibêr Rahāma, Ismáîl Eyûb was officially proclaimed the conqueror, and as such entertained in Khartum for weeks together with all manner of festivities.

A few words may not here be out of place on the causes which led to the fall of the dynasty that was founded by King Dâli in the fifteenth century, and whose sway was extended by Sultan Ahmed Bekr (1682–1722) to the Nile and Atbara.

Zibêr, a member of the Gamiab branch of the Ga'ali nation, rose through his energy, craft, and undoubted intelligence from the position of a simple clerk to the ivory-dealer Ali Abû Amûri to that of the *de facto* ruler of a wide region on the Bahr Ghazâl and in the Niam-Niam country. Over thirty zeribas commanded by his agents held the negroes in subjection and formed so many centres for yearly raiding expeditions. The plunder, ivory and slaves, together with the ostrich feathers and other local produce acquired by the barter trade, was forwarded through Khartum to Egypt.

The profits of this trade enabled Zibêr to keep royal state. With his wealth his power and influence grew so rapidly that in 1869 he was already strong enough to treat the decrees of the Egyptian government with contempt. In Khartum and Cairo it was considered better to accept his shufflings and evasions than attempt to bring him to justice. Thenceforth his influence rose higher and higher, and thanks to the large sums distributed amongst the ever-venal Sudanese officials of all grades, he became a power in the land. Convoys of slaves could be sent under the very eyes of the bribed mudirs down the White Nile through Fashoda to the Sudanese capital, and thence to Egypt, or else across the Red Sea to Arabia. This profitable business was thus carried on in perfect security.

Then followed the appointment of "Chinese Gordon" to the government of the Equatorial Province, which had been added to the Khedive's possessions by Sir Samuel Baker. Gordon took energetic steps to suppress the slave *razzias* which were depopulating the land. On the river Sobat, near its confluence

with the White Nile, a military station was founded, which rendered the Nile route so unsafe for the slaves that it had to be abandoned. Then Zibêr sent the convoys to Shaqqa, a large trading centre in the south of Dar-Fôr, whence the living wares were distributed through the dealers from Wadai, Dar-Fôr and Kordofan. The number of wretched victims sent thither by Zibêr alone rose to many thousands annually.

The route from the Bahr-Ghazâl to Shaqqa leads through the steppes and pasture lands inhabited by the Rizegât, Hômr and Mandala Bedouins. After a long struggle the powerful but marauding Rizegât nomads had been reduced to nominal subjection by Mohammed Hassin, the last sultan but one of Dar-Fôr. On the slave convoys to Shaqqa they levied blackmail, occasionally even sweeping off the whole gang and selling them on their own account. In this way Zibêr lost in a single year several convoys, and as the whole traffic was threatened, he resolved to inflict a crushing blow on the Rizegâts and at the same time indemnify himself for his losses by a sweeping cattle-lifting expedition amongst their countless herds. Summoning several thousand negro troops of the zeribas, men from their youth thoroughly trained to the use of firearms, and amenable to a measure of military discipline, he suddenly fell upon the Bedouins, who in their helplessness applied to the Sultan of Dar-Fôr for aid.

Sultan Brahîm, who had succeeded his father Mohammed Hassin in 1873, marched with his cavalry and badly armed infantry against Zibêr. Now came the opportunity of an armed intervention so eagerly awaited by the Khedive Ismâîl, who despatched Ismâîl Pasha Eyûb, governor of Khartum, with all available troops to Dar-Fôr. The Khedive in fact was more afraid of a victory than a defeat of Zibêr, as his success might have become a serious menace for the Egyptian rule in Sudan. But Ismâîl Eyûb arrived too late. The battle of Monowachi, a village some sixty-five miles from Dara, had already taken place in November, 1874, resulting in the overthrow and death of the brave sultan with two of his sons.

Ismâîl Eyûb had now little more to do than rescue the Sul-

tanate from the grasp of Zibêr, and lay it at the feet of his master, the Khedive. Jointly with the temporizing slave-dealer he completed the reduction of Dar-Fôr by penetrating into the heart of the central highlands (Jebel Marra), and early in 1875 he was able to report to Cairo the pacification of the land, its last defender, Prince Hassab-Allah, uncle of the fallen sultan, having tendered his submission.[1]

As already stated, Ismáïl had just returned from Dar-Fôr to Khartum, where he was received with great rejoicings. I thus arrived at a favourable time for witnessing the local usages on such festive occasions and getting an insight into the state of culture of the Sudanese populations. I was now also hopeful of obtaining from the governor some help in carrying out my original project of exploring Dar-Fôr. Eyûb received me in the government palace, which had been erected by a former administrator near the Blue Nile in a relatively sumptuous style. He was not only extremely courteous and obliging, but also surprised me by his gentlemanly bearing, and still more by a culture which I had hardly expected to meet in a Turkish or Egyptian official in Sudan. He spoke French fluently, and had even the courage to grapple with the difficulties of the German language, in which he had received some assistance from the famous explorer, Ernest Marno.

It was evening when I called. Within the spacious enclosure in front of the palace stands a majestic sycamore, whose dense foliage formed a dark green dome impervious to the solar rays. Here the pasha was wont, when the day-star had set behind Omm-Dêrman, to hold his drawing-room, coffee and pipes being served to his guests seated on European chairs and couches. The company that I was introduced to comprised some higher officials and a few of the wealthiest local merchants and members of the European colony. By way of a pleasant surprise the pasha sent for a cage from which he released two tame genettes, which he had brought from Dar-Fôr, and which had become wonderfully attached to him.

[1] See Richard Buchta, *Der Sudan unter Ägyptischer Herrschaft*, Leipzig, 1888.

As a feast was being given the same evening by a rich ivory trader, the pasha soon dismissed the guests, but invited me to accompany him to the entertainment. A refusal would have been uncourteous, and I was glad of such an opportunity of making some fresh experiences. But before relating what I there witnessed I must say a few words about the city itself, where I wished to remain some time, till the end of the rainy season, and whither I had afterwards occasion so frequently to return.

After the battle of Korti (November, 1820) which made them masters of Upper Nubia, the Egyptians began to push farther south, gradually extending their sway over the principalities of the Ga'alīn, Dar-Shendi and Dar-Halfaya, partly by force, partly by the voluntary submission of the kinglets. At that time a small fishing village stood at the confluence of the two Niles, on a site of paramount importance to the rulers of Sudan. Hence its favourable strategical and commercial position soon attracted the attention of the Turkish authorities, and in 1823 a permanent camp was formed a little higher up, the ordinary tents being replaced by the native *tuqûl*, round huts terminating in conic straw roofs. But these huts being repeatedly destroyed by fire, they were succeeded by the more substantial *murabb'at*[1] or *tánagat*, houses of sun-dried bricks with flat roofs, and some better structures for the officers. Then a mosque sprang up, rapidly followed by a bazaar and other buildings, the rising town receiving the name of Khartum from the tongue of land between the two rivers, which from its form was known as the Râs el-Khartûm, "point of the elephant's trunk."

Fully alive to its advantageous position, Mehemet Ali soon made Khartum the seat of government for the "Province of Sennaar," and in a short time it became the chief emporium for the whole of north-east Africa. It was also the natural starting-point for a succession of epoch-making exploring expeditions, and will thus always hold a prominent place in the history of African geographical research.

But Khartum, founded by the Egyptian rulers, was involved

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[1] *Murrab'a*, literally "square," in contradistinction to the round native hut.

in their sudden overthrow. Its prosperity was brought to an abrupt conclusion on January 26th, 1885, when the treason of one of General Gordon's pashas opened its gates to the fanatical and plundering hordes of the Mahdi, and gave him the key of the Egyptian power in Sudan. But at the time of my first visit to the place it seemed impossible that it was fated to be so soon overwhelmed in such a dire catastrophe. Its star seemed to be still in the ascendant, and with the increasing spread of the Khedive's authority throughout the equatorial regions, it was rapidly acquiring the commanding position which it for a time enjoyed as the capital of a domain greatly exceeding in its superficial area the whole of France, Germany and Austria taken together.

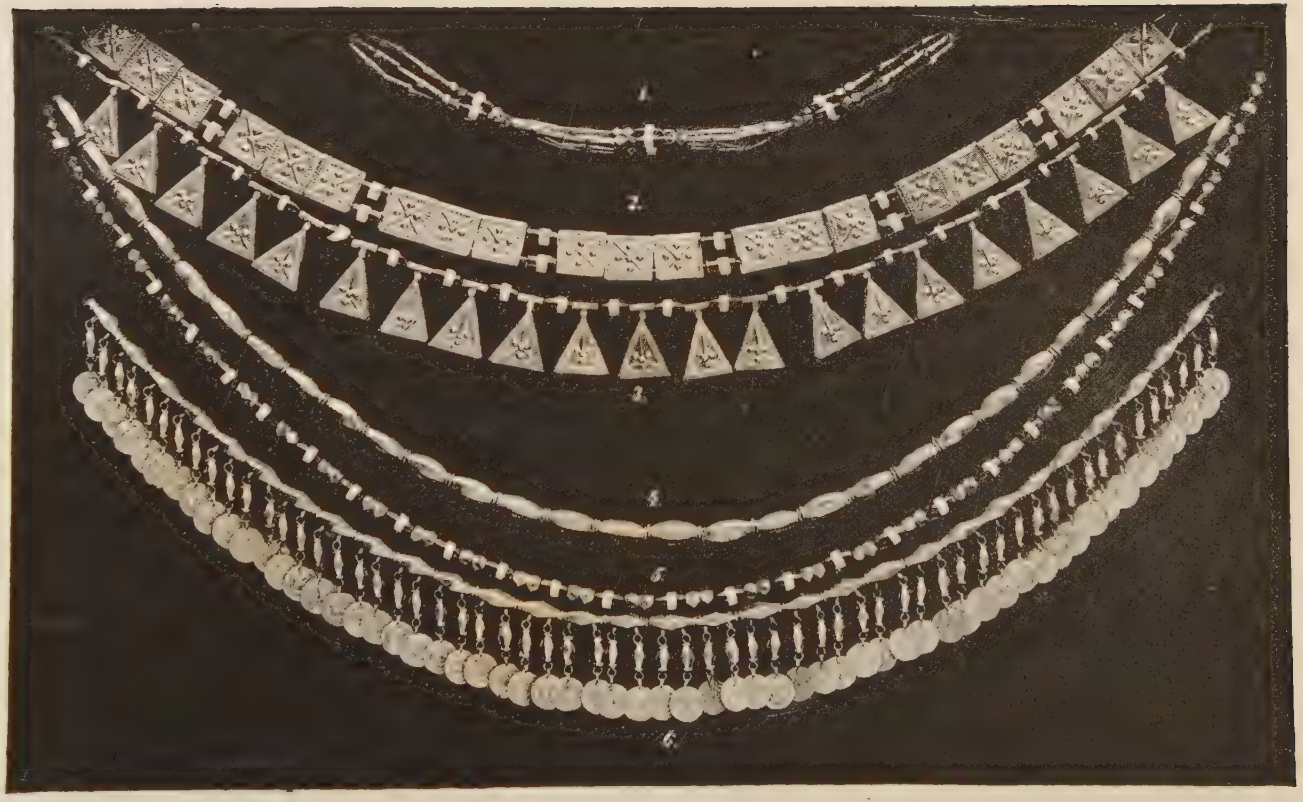
Khartum looks best as seen from the Blue Nile. Before reaching the level of the first row of houses on the river, the observer notices some garden plots, which leave only a narrow path along the whole length of the elevated left bank. The fruit-trees of these gardens, which are mostly enclosed by grey mud or adobe walls, are topped by the waving tufts of tall date-palms, which here and there form veritable groves. At intervals of about a hundred paces the bank is lined with *sâqiyehs* worked by a couple of blindfolded oxen, which with apparently unwearied plodding tread keep the water-wheels revolving. The horizontal wooden wheel, usually eight or nine feet in diameter, is set going by a vertical wheel about six feet in diameter, round whose stout axle runs an endless chain or rope bearing twenty-two earthen vessels, the so-called *gadus*. The lower part of the chain with these vessels passes down a shaft, which is sunk below the level of the water flowing directly from the river. Thus the water is raised in the revolving vessels, and discharged into the main channel at the rate of about 110 gallons an hour and to a height of twenty to twenty-four feet. But if the river bank is too high for one, then two such machines are disposed one above the other; or else the water brought up by one *sâqiyeh* is raised to the required height by one or more *shadufs*. It is then distributed over the gardens and fields by a regular system of open canals, which at Khartum cross the path along the Blue Nile, obliging the pedestrian to exercise his leaping skill.

Beyond the gardens is visible the government palace, Khartum's most imposing edifice. This two-storied solid brick structure with its light-coloured walls and green sun-blinds, presents quite a stately appearance, especially by contrast with the surrounding houses. It fronts the river with its somewhat projecting wings, being enclosed on the three other sides by clumps of trees and the large garden, which is limited on one side by the street leading into the town. All the way from the palace down stream the Blue Nile is embanked by a massive stone wall, while the opposite side of the street is occupied by the *mudirîeh* or divan, which also faces the river, and which contains the public offices and the official residence of the mudîr of the province of Khartum. Then follows another street leading to the town, beyond which stands a group of about a dozen mean-looking brick houses, including that of the Austrian consul, the telegraph bureau with the director's residence, and the post-office, contiguous to the dwelling occupied by my party. The neighbouring residences of the Greek traders are provided with verandahs, under which the European community usually assembles of an evening to gossip, smoke, and sip their mastika,[1] or arak.

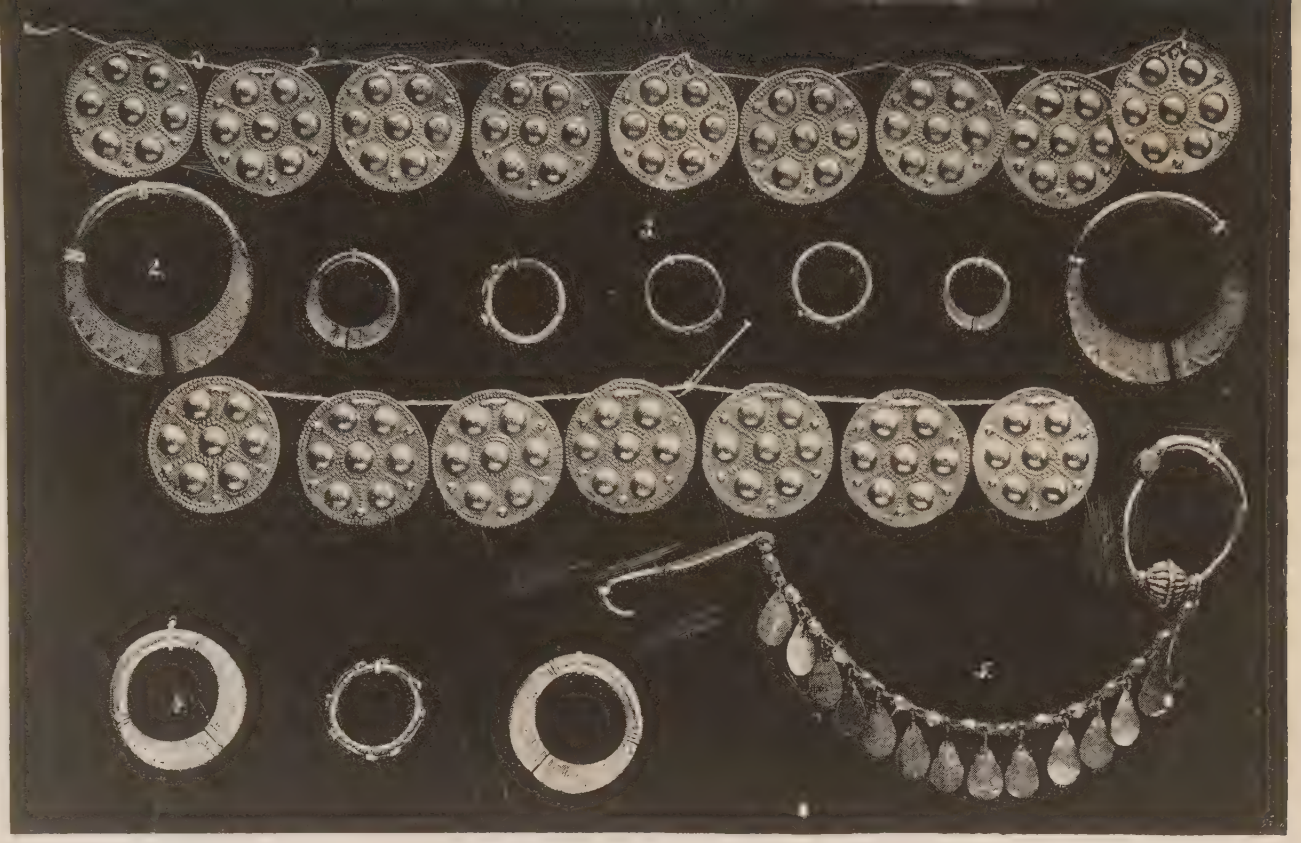
The street fronting this row of houses along the high river bank is scarcely ten paces wide, and it has to be continually protected against the under-wash and overflow during the rainy season by the stems of trees and fresh earth-work. At low water the beach falls gently for a space of over a hundred paces from the street to the stream ; but during the *kharîf* this space is all flooded, and in exceptionally wet seasons the water even overflows, inundating parts of the town.

Beyond the group of Greek houses, gardens again stretch westwards towards the confluence, and here are the extensive grounds of the Catholic Mission, whose buildings are turned away from the river towards a narrow street in the town.

[1] *Mastika*, a spirit distilled from the resin of the mastic-tree, a species of *pistacia* (*P. lentiscus*). This resin, which, when heated, emits a pleasant odour, is chewed by the women for the purpose of sweetening the breath and strengthening the gums. The best quality comes from the island of Chios, where it is the chief resource of the twenty-four so-called mastichochora villages.—R. B.



NECKLETS AND NECKLACES.—1. GOLD AND ONYX BEADS; 2. DÛRÂN OF GOLD PLATES (DARAQEH) AND ONYX BEADS; 3. SSÂRSSUR; 4 and 5. SULUKS OF GOLD BEADS (4) AND GOLD, ONYX AND AGATE BEADS (5).



FEMALE ORNAMENTS.—1. EMBOSSED GOLD DISKS (SHERÎFI); 2, 3 and 4. FINGER AND TOE RINGS; 5. NOSE AND EARRING CONNECTED. FROM DR. W. JUNKER'S PRIVATE COLLECTION.

Close by Ismáïl Pasha Eyûb had recently opened a broad thoroughfare to facilitate the communications between the river and the interior of the city. Farther on towards the point of the peninsula stood the dock yard, which was afterwards removed higher up the river beyond the governor's palace.

But, as was natural in a place mainly devoted to trade, the life of Khartum was centred in its bazaar, the neighbouring streets, and contiguous market-place. The way thither wound through narrow lanes flanked by one-storied mud houses with flat roofs, opening at intervals on a dusty square. On one of these open spaces near the river bank stood Herr Rosett's dwelling, with the usual dead walls enclosing a garden plot, where the ubiquitous date was associated with a few dûm palms.

Considering its commanding position and large population,[1] Khartum can boast of few public buildings likely for a moment to arrest the attention of a European. Besides those already mentioned, some little interest attaches to the brick mosque with its tasteless minaret standing on an open space planted with parkinsonians and the lebbek acacia (*Albizzia Lebbek*). I shall have occasion later to refer more fully to the Catholic Mission and its buildings, near which is the modest little church of the Kopts surmounted by a triple dome.

In the long rows of stalls in the great central bazaar were chiefly exposed for sale woven fabrics, European clothes, boots and shoes, porcelain and crockery, fancy goods, drugs, in a word, manufactured wares imported from Europe and Egypt, while provisions of all kinds, alcoholic liquors and the like were mainly confined to the smaller bazaar. Greek traders kept large warehouses, where the Europeans and the natives who had acquired European tastes, could procure everything, "from a needle to an anchor," ready-made clothes, hats, linen, cutlery, plated goods, smoothing-irons, and all manner of household utensils.

These wares however were seldom of good quality, despite the occasionally fabulous prices charged for them. But a long residence in Sudan moderates the pretensions even of the most

[1] About 70,000 before its capture by the Mahdi.

critical judge, who at last learns to put up with anything, however dear, that will at all help to render existence more endurable. Musty jams and preserves, dusty and mouldy maccaroni, gritty "demerara," sour French and Greek wines, flat pale ale, have all to be paid for at the very highest rates. And when the stock of indispensable articles, such as coffee, sugar, clothes, happens by any chance to run short, some well-informed speculator buys up what remains and enriches himself by re-selling at exorbitant prices. But if the explorer is willing to put up with the local produce he need not trouble himself about these fluctuations of the market, for he can always procure in abundance beef, mutton, butter, cheese, milk, durra and wheat bread fresh daily, dukhn (*Penicillaria*), like our millet, dates and durra in great variety.

Nor is there any lack of vegetables, and in favourable seasons you may vary your diet with the black egg-plant (*Solanum melongena*, L.), the tomato, beans (*Phaseolus mungo*, L.), lubîyeh (*Dolichos lubia*, F.), ground nuts (*Arachis hypogaea*, L.), *melokhiyeh* (*Corchorus olitorius*, L.), radishes, batatas and the like. Fruits also can be had in abundance, including fresh dates, queen of all fruits, the custard-apple, pomegranates, oranges and bananas. Water-melons, which in the months of May and June are a drug in the market, thrive especially in the island of Tuti, over against Khartum. But the natives, for whom most of these fruits are an unattainable luxury, are fain to content themselves with the berries of *Sodada decidua*, of *Balanites* or *Salvadora persica*.

From the very first days after my arrival, the frequent invitations of the governor enabled me to share in the banquets and festivities got up in his honour. Although the wealthy entertainers vied with each other in the display of their opulence, all these feastings were conducted on one general plan, now and then modified only by the conditions of the available space. Whoever has taken part in one *'azûmeh*[1] knows the programme of all. The plutocracy of Sudan was at that time mostly represented by those freebooters who had in previous years

[1] *'Azûmeh*, عزومة, a feast, picnic or banquet.

been enriched by the slave-trade, and at the cost of unspeakable miseries, bloodshed and crime.

In harmony with the tropical climate, which attracts to the open air wherever any shade can be found from the burning sun, and always in the cool of the evening, the entertainments are held beneath the canopy of the starry firmament. Nearly all the houses of the wealthy traders have spacious courts, which on these occasions are suitably decorated. But in the absence of such a court, a part of the street facing the house is enclosed, and for the time converted into a banqueting hall.

In the suite of Ismáïl Pasha, we now proceed to the residence of the rich slave-dealer Ahmed el-'Akkád, passing through the portal lit up with lanterns and little coloured "fairy lamps," to the inner court, which like the façade is also brightly illuminated. In the centre of the court stand two or three tables, with some very large hexagonal and octagonal lanterns, each burning four or five candles. These lanterns, nearly four feet high, form a favourite ornamental piece in the Sudanese household ; on them the craftsman lavishes all his art, introducing many-coloured red, blue or green glass, alternating with plain glass framed in perforated tin-plate, and surmounted by a well-balanced polygonal cupola, on which stands the chimney, also in fret-work.

On the tables also stood some large *qûllehs*, or earthenware water jugs, such as are seen in every house in Khartum, always of the old traditional shape—a long narrow neck on a round bulging body. Round the tables a large space is enclosed by dozens of *angarebs* placed close together, and covered with beautiful cloths. These are occupied, according to rank and means, by the guests, the central and more ornamental, with florid gold brocade, being reserved for the pasha. This particular couch, as well as several other costly articles, I noticed at all these entertainments, one borrowing from another, or else the governor himself sending some of his own things for the occasion.

On the arrival of the pasha, mounted on his richly caparisoned horse from the stables of the late Sultan of Dar-Fôr, and surrounded by a retinue of police, fore-runners, attendants, pipe-bearers, and others, he was greeted with a loud fanfare of military

SUDANESE DANCERS AT AN 'AZÛMEH. (*From a photograph.*)

music, in which trumpets and drums played the chief part, winding up with the Egyptian hymn, *Salâm Efendîna*. He was received at the threshold by the host, clad in rich silken garments, with a deep bow, and the usual three movements of hand from breast to mouth and forehead, accompanied by the words: "*Hállet el-bárake b'qudûmak, hádhretak!*" "Excellence! your visit brings blessing."[1]

Following immediately in the wake of the pasha, I also received a courteous welcome, and accepted the governor's invitation to take my seat beside him. With a wave of his hand he also requested the numerous company that had stood awaiting his arrival, to be seated. When all had taken their places according to their official or social rank, a crowd of servants, mostly negro slaves, swarmed in with the sherbet.[2] One of them, holding breast-high a silver salver with the crystal glasses of sherbet covered with a gold-embroidered velvet cloth, stands at a becoming distance from the pasha, while another raises the cloth; then the glasses are handed round, each by a separate slave, standing by while the guest sips, and then handing him the *fûtha*, a gold and silk embroidered coloured napkin, which had been hanging on his arm.

Meanwhile the *shubuqchi* presents the pasha his long pipe filled with fine *jebeli* (Syrian mountain tobacco), the company helping themselves to the cigarettes ready to hand. Here I already notice several things showing the fundamentally different views of East and West in matters of etiquette. For instance the pasha takes a smoked cigarette from one of his courtiers, and invites us to take a pull at his own *shubuq*. The attendants themselves are requested to hand partly smoked cigarettes to the guests, unless a glowing coal held by a pair of tongs can be had.

Now follows the first round of excellent *mokka*, which is served

[1] Literally "Blessing appears with thy advent."

[2] *Sherbet*, شربة (root *sharb*, drinking, beverage), drink in general, but mostly in the sense of liqueurs, lemonade, or sugar and water variously flavoured and coloured with extracts of violets, mulberries, raisins, sorrel, and the like.—R. B.

the same way as the sherbet, some half dozen times during the course of the evening. A coffee set consists usually of the *békreg*, or pot, about ten little porcelain cups without handles, and shaped like our egg-cups, with gold filigree saucers. As the assembly was too large to be all served at once, those lower down had to wait their turn, when the cups were replenished without first being cleaned. The coffee, which is prepared with extreme care, is kept warm by means of a silver *ásqi*, a kind of brazier suspended with three chains, and in form not unlike the censer or thurible in use in Roman Catholic churches. The merest politeness requires every caller, whether friend or stranger, to be served with coffee, always kept ready in all respectable households ; but the cups are fortunately very small, else the nerves might be seriously affected by this custom, which in Khartum especially is scrupulously observed.

As we sipped our coffee and smoked our cigarettes, the negro military band struck in with some Italian and French opera airs, followed by a popular Cairo piece and a waltz by Strauss, all executed moderately well, allowing for some rasping notes here and there. Meantime all the guests are assembled, together with their attendants, who crowd round the *angarebs* and overflow into the galleries, and who, according to Arab usage, are also entertained as guests. On the mats in the open space some male and female dancers have squatted down with a few native minstrels, all indispensable to any feast in Sudan. First a Turkish youth dressed in the worst taste steps forward, and goes through his antics to the accompaniment of the wooden castanets held in both hands. Presently a clown or jester bids for the favour of a grateful audience ; at a wink from the pasha he sings, in a shrill falsetto, the praises of some of the distinguished persons present, and by thrusting his right hand under his left arm produces some indefinable notes which are always received with renewed laughter.

In the course of half an hour these give way to a group of two Abyssinian female dancers and a boy, followed by flute and fife players, a drummer, and a minstrel who performs on a *thâr*, or tambourine with little brass bells. One of the dancers, a

beautiful young woman, attracts attention by the unusual wealth of her personal adornments. She wears wide gaudy silk trousers, with a thin white robe clinging to the hips, and thence floating away in rich folds. The countless coal-black tresses falling low on the neck are entwined with hundreds of tiny gold disks, after the fashion of the *sûfa*, so much in favour with the Egyptian women. Neck and forehead ornaments of the most varied kinds are supplemented by the large *khizâm*, a massive gold nose-ring, which is connected with the region of the temples by a little gold chain, itself glittering with several pendants, the so-called *burk*. Armlets and anklets, with all manner of *hegâbs* (amulet boxes) strung round the neck and waist, besides other trinkets, produce altogether a most striking, one might even say a pleasing, effect.

The dance is of the usual indescribable character already referred to in my account of the Easter festivities at Qedāref. While it proceeds a buffoon (*garâgūsh*) dressed in rags goes through all kinds of coarse pantomimic by-play, and the coarser the better it seems to please the spectators. Then we are treated to more orchestral music while glasses of pale ale are handed round. Thus pass several hours before the time comes for the banquet, which is served within the house successively to separate groups of about twenty persons each. The host, who has hitherto kept in the background, now advances, and invites the pasha to take the place of honour in the saloon, where a select party sits down to a sumptuous dinner *à la Turque*. The Europeans are at the same time entertained in a neighbouring apartment in western fashion with knife, fork and spoon. The costly dinner service belonged originally to the ill-starred Miss Tinné by whom it had been presented to the French Vice-Consul Thibout, passing from him to the Catholic missionaries, from whom it was borrowed for the present occasion by Ahmed 'Akk'ād. Despite his religious scruples our obliging host treated us to various wines, including a doubtful Bordeaux and a tolerable sparkling Asti.

After dinner we resume our seats in the court, where coffee, pipes and cigarettes are again passed round. Meanwhile other

groups take their turn at the banquet, and as several hundred guests have to be served, a perpetual movement to and fro is kept up till the small hours. A piece from Verdi's *Aïda*, commanded by the pasha, a great lover of music, was followed by more dancing, the performers this time consisting of seven native girls whose costume was reduced to the simple *rahat* (see p. 132). They moved to the monotonous song of a group of women squatted on mats in the centre of the open space, while the various phases of the dance were mimicked by the nimble buffoon.

Then came a kind of theatrical representation by grotesquely dressed men, whose jargon, utterly unintelligible to me, was highly appreciated by their audience. But I was informed that the dialogue was strongly seasoned with unseemly allusions. I was now thoroughly weary of all these noisy exhibitions, and felt much relieved when the pasha gave the signal to retire. I was afterwards present at several of these entertainments, but found them all very much alike.

Much simpler, and more in accordance with European taste was the *'azûmeh* given by Consul Hansal to a party of twenty-five in honour of Ismáïl Pasha. The banquet had not only been suggested by the governor himself, ambitious to be honoured also by the "Franks," but he had named the company, and even sent his own cook with all necessary viands, so that the consul had only to provide the wines. Owing to the want of space dancing and such performances had to be dispensed with. The military band, however, took part in the proceedings, the most interesting piece executed by it being a song of the Bari negroes on the White Nile, set to music by Hansal.

A few days later a steamer arrived from the equatorial regions. The vessel, which on its long journey of nearly 1,000 miles from Gondokoro had also touched at Fashoda, the chief place in the Shilluk territory, brought from that station over 100 prisoners of war, all Shilluks who had forfeited their freedom and their homes in defending their country from the Egyptian invaders. They were mostly powerful young men chained

together in couples and wearing nothing but a strip of cotton. Only a few had the peculiar headdress of their tribe, a thin layer of plaited hair in the shape of a shovel at the back of the head. For the government this was a welcome contingent of conscripts, who were partly drafted into the Sudanese regiments, but mostly sent to Egypt. While their material condition may have been bettered, few were probably destined ever to see their native land again.

A change in the monotonous round of festivities was presented by the feast given by the governor to the derwishes, which culminated in a *dsikr*, or litany of the Mohammedan articles of faith and of the divine attributes, sung in chorus by the derwishes and fakirs. The order of derwishes was founded in Persia on Indian models by Moslim visionaries, whose pessimistic views of life as worthless in itself and only a period of probation, were intensified by a gloomy conception of the Deity. But nowadays the sect has degenerated from its original aspirations down to a mere system of empty formulas from which the soul has fled. The mystic (*sufi*) strove by ecstasy to attain a knowledge of the Deity; he sought self annihilation by complete absorption in the contemplation of the author of his being.

The Moslim ascetic spirit rapidly developed into an organized monastic system, a mendicant brotherhood with regularly constituted ordinances, their chief aim being to acquire the art of throwing themselves into the ecstatic state. Some sought it in uninterrupted meditation in a dark chamber, some in the monotonous chanting of the litanies till insensibility was followed by incipient visions, some by the dance and other violent bodily motions. The ascetic exercises, consisting in the repetition of the name of Allah, or of the formula *la ilâha illâ-llâh*[1] continued for hours together, were borrowed from analogous practices long established in India.[2] The monotonous recitation of the "canonical" list

[1] "There is no god but *the* God." *Allah* with double *l* is a contracted form from *al-ilāh* = "the God" in a pre-eminent sense. Here *Allah* takes the form of *lla*, the initial *short a* being suppressed by the long *â* final of *illâ*, which word means *but, except*.

[2] Thus, the regulation and suppression of the breath (*prānāyama* or *hatha-vidyā*) is one of the eight chief requisites of the

of Allah's ninety-nine names or attributes, collected from the Koran and other revered writings, was even in the early times of Islâm regarded as specially meritorious, all the more so that the "greatest," known only to Solomon, was supposed to be included in the list.[1]

Our Khartum derwishes were many of them engaged in the most diverse pursuits, earning in fact their own living. Not so the *faqîrs*, or "poor," who depended for their maintenance on the devotion and charity of the public. These are the professional singers of the litanies and the Koran readers. Most of the various orders of derwishes are adherents of the Malikite sect founded by the Imâm Mālik Ibn-Anes.

The large space before the governor's palace was lit up with lanterns and strewn with mats, and a few couches and sofas were also arranged for the worldly guests. As I entered the divan they were reading a chapter from the Koran; so I quietly took my place and listened to the drawling recitation with its monotonously recurring cadences. Then a flourish of music and loud chanting announced the approach of the procession of derwishes, who entered the court with their banners inscribed with passages from the Koran. Being provided with lamps and lanterns, they forthwith began their litanies, keeping them up so long that it was past one o'clock before I got home.

The derwishes formed a chain, squatting with their faces turned eastwards to Mekka, and opening the proceedings with a protracted: *La ilâha illâ-llâh*. Then followed invocations of the name of Allah, accompanied by measured bendings of the body. Rising from their crouching position round a free oval space, the whole company now continued the invocation of Allah with con-

yogas (the Hindu prototypes of the derwishes) for attaining complete abstraction or isolation of the soul in its own essence. Minute instructions are given for its exercise as an immediate aid to deep contemplation and ecstasy. See Monier Williams's *Buddhism* (London, 1889).

[1] Some of the most frequently repeated of these epithets, which are used also as proper names in combination with the word *abd*, servant, after the model of the name Abd'Allah, are: er-Rahmân, "the compassionate"; er-Rahîm, "the merciful"; el-Kerîm, "the gracious"; el Qâder, "the mighty"; el-Ghâfir, "the forgiving"; er-Rashîd, "the righteous," "true guide," or "director."—R. B.

stantly increasing fervour and more rapid motion of the body, keeping it up with incredible endurance. The religious excitement grew more intense every moment, the word *Alláh*, *lláh*, *lláh*, uttered from the depth of the throat, passing over to the syllable *hú*, *hú*, *hú* (*he*, that is, God), until the noise resembled that of a whole menagerie in a restless state of discontent. The body now moved forwards and backwards so that the long flowing hair of more than one performer swept the ground. Presently the agitation rising to a pitch of frenzy, one of the derwishes broke from the group, and went spinning round like a top until he collapsed through sheer exhaustion. Still the bodily movements and choral singing, such as it was, were kept up with unflagging energy till about midnight, when the fanatical troop at last gave up, and fell greedily on the eatables spread before them by the pasha. I myself felt almost as weary and exhausted as if I had taken an active part in the performance.

Ismáïl Pasha occasionally spent the evening hours on board a paddle steamer moored in the Blue Nile before the palace, and here he received visitors. After a sultry day passed in a stuffy chamber from which every ray of sunshine was carefully excluded, the gentle breeze ruffling the surface of the stream was very enjoyable on the deck of the steamer, which was spread with rugs and a few chairs. These however are little used, as not only the natives, but even the Europeans, usually prefer the cross-legged, squatting attitude of the easterns.

The pasha, who greeted his visitors with the courtesy of a perfect gentleman, on these occasions kept up an animated conversation, and was fond of discussing the relations of the European states, with incidental references to Egypt and Sudan. His own undoubted services since his appointment as Governor-General in 1873[1] were touched upon only in a casual way, and so far

[1] At that time Egyptian Sudan was administered by two governors depending directly on the ministry in Cairo. The governor of the old province, reduced by Mehemet Ali, bore the title of hokmdar, and had his official residence in Khartum. Under him were the mudîrs of the provinces (*mudirîyeh*) of Dongola, Berber, Taka, Khartum, Kordofan, Sennaar, and Fazoql. The lands south of Fashoda were administered by the governor of the equatorial province (Khatt el-Istiwa), who resided first in Gondokoro, and later in Lado. In 1874 Gordon succeeded Sir

as was necessary to understand the course of events. Such was his allusion to his successful efforts to break through the *sudd*, or dense floating vegetation, by which the navigation of the Upper Nile had long been obstructed. During his second expedition in 1870 to put down the slave-trade and annex the equatorial lands, Sir Samuel Baker had been detained for months by this impediment and thus lost a whole year, the rainy season having meantime set in. But we shall have later again to speak of this remarkable phenomenon of the *sudd*, which is formidable enough completely to block such a potent stream as the Nile.

At one of these evening gatherings I was invited with some others to join the pasha next day in a little trip to the dockyard, where a steamer just repaired was to be launched from the stocks. Steaming down the Blue Nile we soon reached the docks, where a large crowd awaited the pasha's arrival. The flotilla at anchor was gay with bunting, the band struck up the Egyptian National Anthem ; we hastened to the residence of the engineer, whence we surveyed the bright scene, as the vessel glided without a hitch into the river. The works, fitted up by English shipwrights, were adapted only for repairs, so that no steamers could be built, and the thirteen vessels of the Khartum flotilla had all been brought from abroad, mostly from England. They are all paddle steamers, and by their means tolerably regular communications were at that time kept up with Berber, Sennaar and the equatorial regions. Their speed varied greatly, one taking nineteen, others over forty days to reach Lado from Khartum. The vessels plying on the Upper Nile were all under the control of Gordon Pasha, without whose permission no one could journey southwards.

After the launch a pleasant surprise awaited us in the neighbouring residence of a wealthy Arab, where a dinner had been prepared for the pasha's party under the shade of a wide-branching sycamore within the enclosure. The foliage was

Samuel Baker in this office, which was later held by Emin Pasha till he was relieved by the Stanley Expedition in 1889. The Red Sea provinces of Sawâkin, Senhît, Zeila, and Massawa, were subsequently placed under a governor with residence in the town of Massawa.—R. B.

WOMEN OF THE HAREM, KHARTUM. (*After a drawing by* RICHARD BUCHTA.)

alive with dozens of gorgeous little honey-suckers (*Nectarinia metallica*), one of the loveliest of African birds, flitting from blossom to blossom, or deftly hanging from the tips of the pendulous branches, and flashing back every beam of light from their iridescent metallic plumage.

The dinner was served in oriental fashion, that is to say, fingers doing duty for knife and fork. Yet, however objectionable such a custom may seem to strangers, it is in reality far less repulsive than might seem to be the case from mere descriptions. First came the indispensable ablutions, each of the fifteen guests receiving a *fûtha* or napkin, from one attendant, while another passes round with a *thisht*, that is, a brass or tinned double basin of very peculiar structure. Within a cylindrical outer vessel five or six inches high with very wide brim stands a second perforated bowl with a raised top shaped like an hour-glass, on which lies a cake of soap. This contrivance is held by the attendant in his left hand, while from the long-necked curved *ibrîq*, or jug, he pours over the hands of the guest the water, which immediately disappears out of sight through the perforated bowl. Such arrangements are found in the humblest Mohammedan house, and are even taken on journeys, the ablutions being regarded as a religious prescription.

Now followed a stout youth with the large *ssîniyeh*, a kind of tray over three feet in diameter, which, when placed on two firm cushions, formed the *sûfra* or dining-table. Usually the *ssîniyeh* is brought in with an array of little dishes, our European soup-plates being much used for the purpose, and these contain the various viands all covered with little straw covers, the whole being crowned with one of those artistic *tábaqas* already described (see p. 160). Round the *ssîniyeh* the guests take their places, squatting in oriental fashion. Before each are placed a cake of durra, which in Sudan takes the place of bread, and the spoon, formerly of horn, now of silver, in wealthy households.

Between the larger dishes were distributed little saucers containing various piquant accompaniments intended to stimulate the appetite. But in other respects the *menu* seemed

devoid of any general plan, sweet and bitter being thrown together promiscuously, highly spiced ragouts alternating with sugared or aromatic *gelées*. The signal being given by the pasha with the customary pious formula: *Bism'illâh er-Rahmân er-Rahîm*,[1] everybody falls to, helping himself to whatever he fancies, without system or order. This would of course be impossible with our European joints, a sirloin of roast beef, for instance. But here the use of the fingers is facilitated by the way the dishes are served, cut into small morsels, which can be deftly appropriated by the tips of fingers and thumb. They mostly consist of diverse vegetables with little cubes of mutton, or tomatoes stuffed with rice and mince meat and the like. Nor is the culinary art of the easterns to be by any means despised. I have seen pieces of mutton, their favourite meat, roasted at the spit and served with rice, raisins and all sorts of seasoning, and roast fowl similarly prepared, both of which were certainly most appetizing. The fingers are also so skilfully used that my first feeling of disgust was soon got over, and the practice ceased to act as a disturbing element in my enjoyment of a genuine oriental repast. For soups, semi-liquid dishes of all kinds, and rice, spoons were of course brought into requisition; and the conclusion, signified by the pasha's ejaculation: *El hámd li'lláh rább el'-'alamîn*,[2] was followed by the same hand washing as before, after which were introduced the never-failing coffee and tobacco.

As we sat sipping our *mokka*, all our attendants were rapidly treated to the remains of the feast, after which we were soon again on board and steaming up the Blue Nile to Khartum. But how much soever I may have enjoyed the banquet I felt that in the East the pleasures of the table are shorn of their chief charm by the absence of the fair sex. This involves a lack of light, sparkling conversation, which, combined with the exclusion of wine, at least by strict Mohammedans, causes

[1] "In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate!"

[2] "Praised be Allah, Lord of the Universe!"

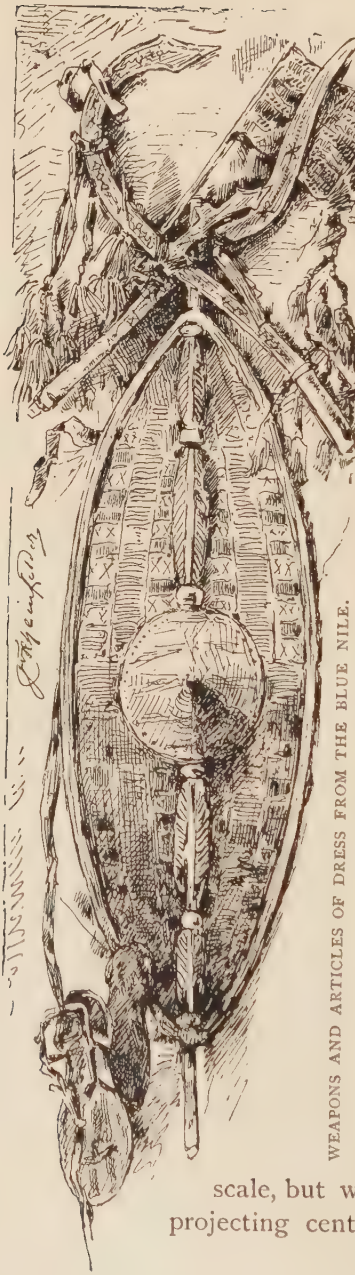
the time to hang somewhat heavily. Hence the easterns seek their chief relaxation from the cares of life in a vacant, listless stupor, in the *kaif*[1] superinduced by the use of drugs.

Hitherto all my efforts had failed to obtain from the hospitable and otherwise obliging governor an official approval or sanction of my proposed expedition to Dar-Fôr. I was still put off with evasive answers, or met by the objection that he was himself powerless in the matter, and must await instructions from Cairo. At last I came to the conclusion that the government was loth to allow an unprejudiced independent traveller an opportunity of studying the relations of the new province, the state of affairs being doubtless less rosy than appeared in the confidential reports of the governor. But for the moment, whatever scheme I might adopt, I was fain to bide my time, utilizing it for the study of Arabic and of the general social and commercial relations in Khartum and Sudan.

In any case, the arrangements for the beginnings and subsequent completion of a comprehensive ethnological and zoological collection needed time and labour. My hunter, Kopp, who also prepared the specimens, had plenty to occupy him for weeks together in the Khartum district, and while our spoils were being safely stowed away he next proceeded at my request to the southern station of Tur'a el-hadrâ on the White Nile, the head of the caravan route to Kordofan. This place he made his head-quarters for several weeks, while I lost no opportunity of securing samples of native arms, dress, ornaments, and other industrial products. For this purpose I engaged agents amongst the Greek and other European residents, and gave much time to the cleaning, labelling, description and storing of these objects.

On the terrace of my dwelling I had also fitted up a little meteorological station, recording thrice daily, at 6, 2 and 9 o'clock the readings for temperature, moisture, atmospheric pressure, force of wind, cloudiness, and proportion of ozone in the air. I

[1] *Kaif*, properly *kaifa*, كيف, the inebriation or lethargy caused by the use of intoxicating drugs, especially *bhang*.



WEAPONS AND ARTICLES OF DRESS FROM THE BLUE NILE.

took care also to procure a pluviometer, in order to determine the amount of rainfall during the approaching *kharîf*. Up to the first days in June there had occurred three heavy downpours, accompanied with high winds, by which town and environs were wrapt in clouds of sand or dust. These storms came always from the east and then veered southwards. In the last week of May the Blue Nile had reached its lowest ebb, and by June 4th a rise was already perceptible.

On that day, being Sunday, I accompanied Rosett to the service in the Catholic Mission, already announced at 8 o'clock by the ringing of bells. This indication of a Christian community in the heart of a Mohammedan land fell with a soothing effect on my ears, as we strolled round the shady well-stocked garden before the beginning of the service. On the south side of this garden, facing the town, stood the spacious mission buildings, which were planned on a large scale, but were not yet quite finished. The projecting central structure, with its side wings

opening on the garden, was approached by an arched colonnade. But of the eastern section the red brick foundations alone had been brought to the level of the basement, and the projected church was still unbuilt, so that mass was celebrated in a temporary chapel disposed in two arched divisions.

The history of this Khartum mission dates from the year 1846, when shortly before his death Pope Gregory XVI. issued a brief constituting Central Africa a vicariate apostolic. In this document the objects of the mission about to be founded were stated to be the conversion of the negroes, the suppression of the slave-trade, and the spiritual welfare of the few Roman Catholics residing in the Upper Nile regions. In February, 1848, Khartum witnessed the arrival of the Jesuits, Ryllo, a Pole, Angelo Vinci and E. Pedemonte, Italians, with Dr. Ignatius Knoblecher and Monsignor di Mauricaster, joined later by three laymen.

Father Ryllo, head of the mission, had distinguished himself by his "tremendous energy" in the Lebanon during the sanguinary feuds of the Druses and Maronites. He soon succumbed however to the climate of Africa, and a half-weathered tombstone now marks the site of his grave in the mission grounds. But under the able administration of his successor, Dr. Knoblecher, of Laibach, the establishment rose to great prosperity. In 1849 he undertook a journey to the Upper Nile to found stations to promote the work of civilization and conversion, while contending in Khartum against the decrees of the Egyptian government strictly forbidding any attempts to proselytize the Mussulman populations. He succeeded however in securing a piece of ground, where the present mission buildings were begun in 1853, most of the pecuniary aid being received from the Austrian Association for Promoting the Catholic Missions in Central Africa, under the patronage of the Archduchess Sophia.

During his expedition to the White Nile Dr. Knoblecher had reached Mount Logwek in 4°45 north latitude, which he was the first European to ascend. Next year (1851) the Gondokoro station was founded, followed in 1855 by that of the "Holy Cross" at the village of Angwen in the Kitch territory. In 1854

Don Giovanni Beltrame, another member of the mission, undertook a journey from Khartum up the Blue Nile to Benishangol and visited Rosêres, which however he found unsuitable for a station. Later he went to Europe and returned in 1857 with five priests, amongst whom was Father Daniele Comboni.

But all the Nile stations had ultimately to be abandoned, chiefly through the great mortality of priests and laymen caused by the malarious climate of the riverain tracts along the White Nile. Thus of ten missionaries in Gondokoro no less than eight perished in a single year, and Dr. Knoblecher himself was obliged to return to Europe, dying at Naples in 1857. He was succeeded by the Bavarian, Father Mathias Kirchner, who, however, was compelled to remove in 1860 to the village of Birbeh on the right bank of the Nile at the first cataract. He then went to Rome, and by arrangement with the Propaganda surrendered the vicariate and the whole of the administration of the Central African Mission to the Franciscan friars.

In 1861 some sixty priests and lay brothers of this order reached Khartum; of these about thirty settled near Kaka on the White Nile whence, fourteen having died within two years, the rest hastened back to Khartum. All these heavy sacrifices of lives and money, which were out of all proportion to the results, induced the order in 1872 to give up the vicariate, which was then transferred by the Propaganda to the clergy of the college founded in 1867 at Verona for African missionary work. Father Daniele Comboni, who was appointed pro-vicar Apostolic for Central Africa, administered the mission till his death.

Owing to the predominant part taken by Austria in the Khartum mission, a consular agency was established in this place, the first consul being the distinguished explorer Dr. Konstantin Reitz. During his wanderings in Sudan, Bayard Taylor made the acquaintance of Dr. Reitz, to whose noble character he pays a high tribute[1] Appointed in 1851 he fell a victim to the insidious climate in 1863, his two next successors being the zoologist Theodore von Heuglin and Dr. Natterer, of

[1] *Life and Landscape from Egypt to the Negro Kingdoms of the White Nile:* London, 1854.

whom the latter also yielded to the climate. Still more tragic was the fate of the last Austrian consul, my regretted friend Martin Hansal, who perished at the capture of Khartum by the Mahdi, murdered by a Nubian who had been many years in his service and had been treated with infinite kindness by him. He had spent nearly half a century in tropical Africa, where he had been at different times associated with Dr. Knoblecher, Ernst Marno, Theodore von Heuglin, Munziger and other celebrities.[1]

About the beginning of June another steamer arrived from the Upper Nile with more Shilluk captives, who were all landed stark naked and chained together in couples. After a bath in the Nile they received some clothing, and many of the younger victims, separately shackled, were then employed on the various public works in Khartum. The heavy iron rings on their feet caused painful sores, and it was a pitiful sight to witness the efforts of the unhappy victims to ease the friction by inserting bits of soft rags and the like between the cruel iron and the leg. One would hardly believe to what a wretched plight these poor devils were reduced—mere bundles of bones with scarcely the semblance of human beings.

Since the middle of May I had taken into my service the German Bohemian[2] Gustav Eberle, who had attended Dr. Pfund on his journey to Kordofan and Dar-Fôr. He was an unassuming, handy young fellow, who proved very useful in arranging and looking after the ethnological collection. Soon after my arrival in Khartum I had discharged Ahmed, the Turk, who was too feeble and old for further service. His fate was shared by the Nubian, Karar, who ever since the sanguinary affair at

[1] Hansel's earlier experiences, embodied in the form of correspondence with his Europeau friends, were published in 1856 in Vienna, under the title: *Erste Fortsetzung der neuesten Briefe aus Chartûm, geschrieben von Martin Hansal an seinen Freund, F. H. Imhof;* and in Th. Kotschy's *Umrisse aus den Uferländern des Weissen Nil, meist nach Herrn Hansals Briefen.* Later correspondence and reports appeared in the *Mittheilungen* of the Vienna Geographical Society, in the *Mittheilungen* of the African Society in Vienna, and in the *Oesterreichische Monatschrift für den Orient.*

[2] Bohemia is inhabited by two distinct peoples, the Germans of Teutonic, and the Czechs of Slav, stock and speech.

Kassala had shown himself a sullen, stubborn and lazy lout. His cantankerous disposition had even already brought him into collision with Eberle, so warned by experience I cut matters short by summarily dismissing him. A corporal chastisement which his insolence had richly deserved, had so enraged him that he ran off to the divan to lodge a complaint against me. This settled the business, and on his return I put him to the door.

The longer I lived in Sudan, and the more I became acquainted with the existing relations between master and servant, the more evident it became that I should have to educate my people, that is to say, engage negro youths and gradually "lick them into shape." About this time I was offered a lad about eighteen years old, who was to be put on his trial in my

household. But I resolved not to engage him, both because the figure (eighty thalers) was too high, and because I knew that he was reluctant to leave his present employer. Karar was later succeeded as cook by Mohammed, who had been *chef* to Ernst Marno.

On June 19th Ismâîl Pasha Eyûb went to Cairo for the purpose of personally reporting to the Khedive the conquest of Dar-Fôr, and the actual state of affairs in that region. With all the military honours becoming his high rank he took his departure by steamer, leaving as his representative Abd er-Rázaq Bei, head-mudîr of Sennaar.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO SENNAAR AND THE SOBAT.

Romolo Gessi—Invitation to a Trip up the Blue Nile—Animal Life on the River—Crocodile Hunt—Return from Sennaar—Departure from Khartum—The Sobat and its Sources—White and Blue Nile—Qawa—Fresh River Scenery—The First Negro Village—The Jebelên—Arrival in Fashoda—The Citadel—The Mudîr—The Sobat Station—Meeting with the Traveller, Mr. Lucas—Deleb Palms—Shilluk Fishers—Banks of the Sobat—Negro Villages—Sheikh Amol of the Falanj Tribe—The Nasser Zeriba—The Four Branches of the Sobat—Slave-Trade in Fashoda—Return to Khartum.

A FEW weeks after the governor's departure our quiet life in Khartum was relieved by the arrival of Romolo Gessi, who had accompanied Gordon's expedition to Gondokoro as head of the commissariat department, but who is better known to the geographical world by his circumnavigation of Lake Albert Nyanza. This experienced and energetic Italian was indebted to his own capacity and talents far more than to any training for his successful career. Unsparing, hard and unrelenting when circumstances needed unflinching firmness, he was at heart of a kindly disposition, and even tender towards his loyal followers. With him I soon became friendly, and had to thank him for his ever-ready aid and encouragement in my exploring expeditions. On this occasion he came to Khartum in the capacity of Gordon Pasha's "plenipotentiary," for the purpose of urging the requirements of the administration of the equatorial

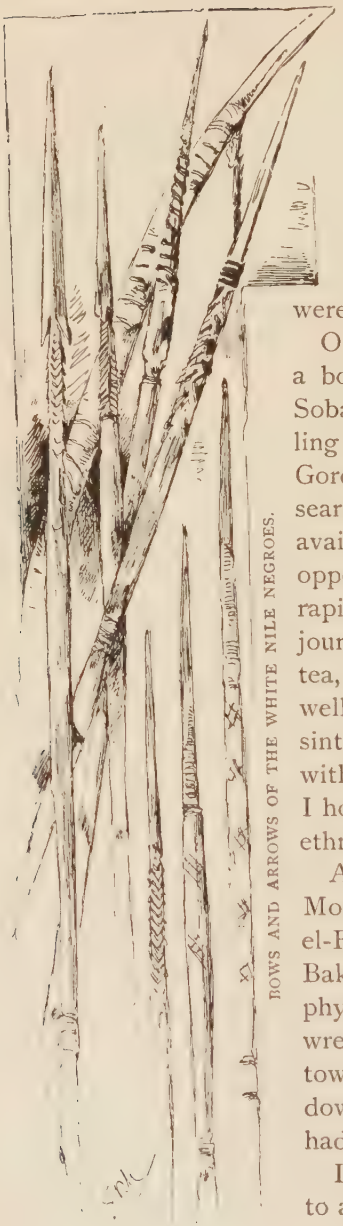
provinces with the government, which had shown itself remiss or at times even hostile, through petty feelings of jealousy.

Towards the end of July Gessi invited me to join him in a trip on board the *Ismâïlia* up the Blue Nile to Rosêres, the object being to procure timber for Gordon's dockyards. On the 24th we started, accompanied by Rosett and his brother, on what proved a pleasant outing on board a steamer built by Sir Samuel Baker in England, and fitted up with every European luxury. The woods, at first limited to the river banks, became more extensive and denser as we went southwards. Even below Wold Medineh the harâs and other acacias formed primeval

ON THE BANKS OF THE BLUE NILE.

forests, of which a characteristic feature were the lianas twining round stem and branch. At first a prevailing species was *Cissus quadrangularis*, followed farther south by the tarfa (*Tamarix nilotica*) and the terter (*Ficus populifolia*).

The scene was enlivened by flocks of kingfishers, pelicans, herons, and other waterfowl, while on the sand-banks huge crocodiles, here much dreaded, lay basking in the sun. One of these, shot by Gessi, and supposed to be dead, when hauled on board caused no little alarm by furiously lashing about with his tail, until despatched by a few blows of an axe. But the deck was for some days pervaded by the musky odour of the sub-



BOWS AND ARROWS OF THE WHITE NILE NEGROES.

stance which these saurians secrete from certain glands, and which is regarded by the Sudanese as a highly prized perfume.

Having procured sufficient timber in the lower reaches of the river, our party ascended no farther than Sennaar, and we were back in Khartum by August 9th.

On the 19th Gessi informed me that a boat was starting next day for the Sobat, partly for the purpose of victualling the military stations founded by Gordon on that river, and partly to search for fresh sources of ivory. I gladly availed myself of such a favourable opportunity of visiting this river, and rapidly made all preparations for the journey, laying in a necessary stock of tea, coffee, sugar, cheese, maccaroni, as well as some glass and china ware, absinth, *tarābîshes* (fez) for the barter trade with the negro populations, from whom I hoped to procure many things for my ethnological collection.

Attended by my two new servants, Mohammed, Marno's late cook, and Abd el-Fadl, who had travelled both with Baker Pasha and Dr. Orli, an Italian physician, I was early on board the wretchedly fitted up *Ssafia*. Taking in tow three boats full of troops, we steamed down the Blue Nile, which by this time had about reached its highest mean level.

I looked forward with great interest to an excursion of several hundred miles

up the White Nile, and along a considerable stretch of the Sobat, which still remains "the least known of all the large tributaries of the White Nile," as G. Lejean wrote in 1860. Its source is still shrouded in mystery, and Russegger who travelled in Sudan in 1837, regards it as the proper upper course of the main stream, a view also entertained by the Franciscan Léon des Avanchers, who traversed Abyssinia and the Galla lands in 1859. From Kaffa, which he reached in 1860, he wrote to Von Heuglin: "The Sobat is the true White Nile; its source is in a lake or swamp visible from the mountains of Gobo, a fact of which I was already aware when in Zanzibar." Of course I could not myself hope to solve the problem, as a limit was beforehand assigned to our expedition. But I hoped, by carefully surveying its lower course and collecting information from the riverain populations to bring back some valuable geographical materials.

As we passed the Ras el-Khartum at the confluence of both Niles, I enjoyed a fine panoramic view of the surrounding land- and water-scapes. Even before reaching the sharp point of the peninsula, I could discern the parting line of the two streams, which after the junction still flow side by side for several hundred yards before intermingling their waters. On turning the point and entering the Bahr el-Abiad we surveyed a broad sheet of water presenting the aspect rather of a great lake than of a river, for the White Nile is three or four times wider at this season than the Bahr el-Azraq at its mouth. Its flat banks, nowhere presenting the cliff-like aspect of those of its great affluent, were flooded to a great distance on both sides, the vast expanse being broken here and there only by clumps of flowering acacias, which looked like little wooded islets amid the surrounding waters.

These islets are the favourite resorts and breeding places of myriads of birds, which in the evening and still more in the early morning fill the air with their cries and screams, sounding at a distance like a monster concert of frogs.

On August 21st, after passing the Jebels Burêma and Musa, visible on the left bank, we were driven by a tremendous downpour to take refuge in the gloomy and leaky cabin. The storm

rose to such a height that the boat itself was obliged to cast anchor till it cleared up. Next evening we moored for the night off Dwêm, a great market-place, much frequented by the Baqâra Beduiins, whose domain stretches from the Nile towards Kordofan. About noon next day we reached Qawa (El-Koweh) on the right bank, a large place which is also known by the name of Hellet ed-Danâqla ("village of the Dongolans"), but which is reached by the Nile only during the rainy season. Here also the river presented the same appearance of a vast watery expanse, varied by half-submerged thickets, frequented by numerous colonies of the feathered tribe. On a decayed, leafless acacia I counted no less than fifty carrion vultures, the scavengers of Qawa.

Stopping a little higher up to take in firewood, I enjoyed the gambols and amusing antics of the green monkeys (*Cercopithecus griseoviridis*) in friendly association with the dainty little Sudanese parokeet (*Palæornis semitorquatus*). A curious spectacle was presented by the cormorants (*Phalacrocorax africanus*), perched with outstretched wings on the lower branches of the trees, and resembling nothing so much as the one-headed Prussian eagle. With the firewood, which was piled up on deck leaving us scarcely standing room, we were invaded by hosts of all kinds of insects, especially ants, which certainly did not add to our comfort. Scorpions also were numerous and much dreaded by everybody, though their bite, however painful, is not fatal. Once a woman in my service having been bitten, I made a few slight incisions on the spot and poured in a little ammonia; next day the wound was quite healed.

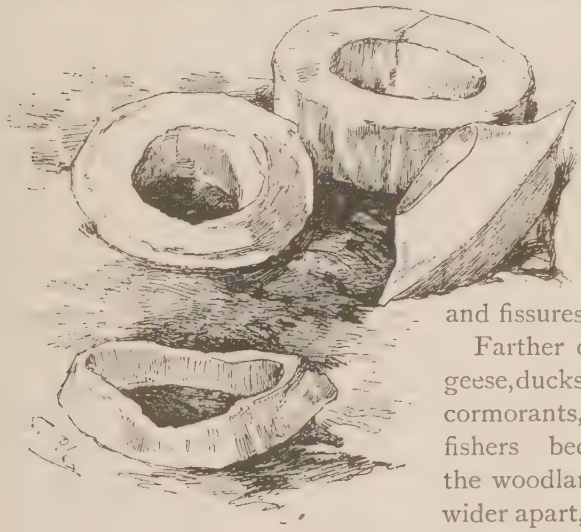
Farther on the aspect of the scenery changed; as we advanced southwards the broad stream became more and more hemmed in by floating masses of sedge matted together by the roots and presenting the appearance of solid green banks. But the deception is detected by the rows of trees on the real banks rising above the walls of reeds and herbage seven or eight feet high. Soon little green islets, detached from the sedgy masses, came floating by. This so-called *tof*, drifting with the current hundreds of miles northwards, forms the material of the already mentioned

A SHILLUK HUT AND INCLOSURE. (*From a Photograph.*)

sudd, which blocks the Bahr el-Abiad not only for months, but at times even for years together.

On August 25th I saw on the right bank the first negro village, which was recognized by the construction of its huts. Unlike the hitherto observed *tugûl*, the roof was not of a pointed conic shape, nor did it rise abruptly above the walls, but the whole structure had rather the appearance of a lofty dome. It was a Shilluk village, and I could easily detect the negroes gathered under a large tree, against which they had rested their spears while apparently attentively watching our vessel.

On the same day we sighted the Jebelên[1] (the "Twin Mountains"), two rocky eminences connected by a saddle-back, with a scanty vegetation rooted in their clefts and fissures.



IVORY ARMLETS OF THE SHILLUK AND DINKA NEGROES.

Farther on, the flocks of geese, ducks, herons, cranes, cormorants, divers, kingfishers became scarcer, the woodlands thinner and wider apart, the whole view, as seen from the steamer, more waste and monotonous. The complete absence of human habitations, and the apparently boundless expanse of open water or of a sea of sedge and grass, unbroken by a single hill or knoll, imparts to this section of the White Nile a character of oppressive vastness. There was nothing to vary the uniform prospect,

[1] *Jebelên*, the dual form of *jebel*, "mountain." The erroneous form *Jebel Ain*, betraying utter ignorance of the Arabic language, still figures on our maps.—R. B.

except perhaps here and there a solitary "snake-neck"[1] (*Plotus Levaillantii*), or a cormorant perched on some tall ambach (*Aedemone mirabilis*, Kotschy). This characteristic growth, which in some places forms whole forests, rises to a height of seven or

HALIAETUS VOCIFER.

eight feet above the surface of the water. The spongy stalk, which at its lower end is as much as five inches thick, and bears a beautiful dark yellow flower, is remarkable for its extreme

[1] Said to be so called by the Hottentots from their long, slender neck. They are the *darters* of English ornithologists.

lightness, exceeding that of cork itself, combined with such strength and tenacity that the natives use it for the construction of a peculiar kind of raft, to which I shall have again to refer.

The steamer having again anchored for fuel, I shouldered my rifle and landed for a stroll in the woods. Nowhere else have I seen to greater advantage the gnarly santa acacia with its picturesquely tangled branches covered with thousands of golden flowers, filling the air with fragrance. Euphorbias, climbing caper plants, the *spina Christi*, and many other vegetable forms were all clothed in their richest and freshest verdure. The lovely weaver-bird, arrayed in its gorgeous wedding plumage, was chirping and flitting about amid the sedge along the margin of the stream, busily building up its marvellous nest, half concealed by the brilliant bloom of the twining convolvulus.

At every step the woodland scenery became richer and more diversified, the talka and other acacias which prevailed by the water side giving place to larger and more leafy vegetable forms. Isolated giants of the forest, with their dome-shaped crowns of foliage, were the favourite haunts of countless birds, while beneath their shade flourished a tangled growth of shrubs and brushwood, almost arresting further progress. The effect of these tropical wonders was heightened by the bright butterflies and the song of the golden sun-birds, one lovely specimen of which (*Nectarinia pulchella*) I managed to secure for my collection. Lizards, as many-coloured as a painter's apron, were sunning themselves on the stems of the trees, while birds of prey, such as the white-breasted vociferous-eagle (*Haliætus vocifer*), wheeled overhead, uttering piercing cries, echoed far over stream and woodland.

Leaving some distance to the left the striking landmark of the Jebel Ahmed Agha (Tefafang), we passed during the night the village of Qaqa, which acquired an evil reputation in the time of the notorious Fāqi Mohammed Kheir, a Dongolan, who made it the head-quarters of his slave-hunting raids amongst the unhappy Shilluks of the surrounding region. This "village" was originally a colony of eighty free Shilluk settlements, which enjoyed a measure of prosperity under the independent government of Sheikh Denab, until the fanatical Nubian marauders—

the "leeches of the Nilotic negroes"—got a footing in the land.

We had now passed beyond the range of the Arabic language in the Nile basin. Here the left bank was inhabitated by the Shilluk, the right by the Dinka negroes. In the Dinka territory an uninterrupted treeless, grassy steppe, I noticed the long necks and small heads of a herd of five-and-twenty giraffes—the first I had seen in the free state. They seemed in no way disturbed by the noise of our steamer, and one of them attracted my attention by his exceptional size and dark colour. As I surveyed the novel spectacle through a field-glass, a flock of ostriches came within range, although at too great a distance to be distinctly seen.

At last we reached Fashoda, formerly the residence of the Shilluk kings, but since 1867 the seat of an Egyptian government, with a fort guarding the approaches from the south. Residence of the chief mudîr, a garrison town, and the key of the Upper Nile region, Fashoda was also a considerable trading place, the last outpost of civilization, where travellers plunging into, or returning from, the wilds of equatorial Africa, could procure a few indispensable European wares from the local Greek traders. Hither the Egyptian government also sent contumacious offenders and troublesome political agitators, who within a few months generally succumbed to the malarious climate of the White Nile. None of the convicts ever grew old at this penal settlement, and even the position of mudîr was regarded in Khartum as a sentence of banishment. It was a far cry from Khartum to Fashoda, and Allah is gracious![1]

On landing we went straight to the *mudîrîeh*, where the governor, Kurdi Bey, gave us a hearty welcome. But we received a very bad account of him from the Greek residents, and I gave him as wide a berth as possible, though obliged to accept his sherbet and coffee. The citadel, which included the government buildings, the divan, the mudîr's official residence, the barracks,

[1] *Karîm*, كَرِيم (root كرم), gracious, forgiving, generous, one of Allah's ninety-nine attributes.

hospital &c., lay close to the Nile, where I noticed several fruit-bearing date-palms, this being about the southernmost limit of their range in Egyptian territory.

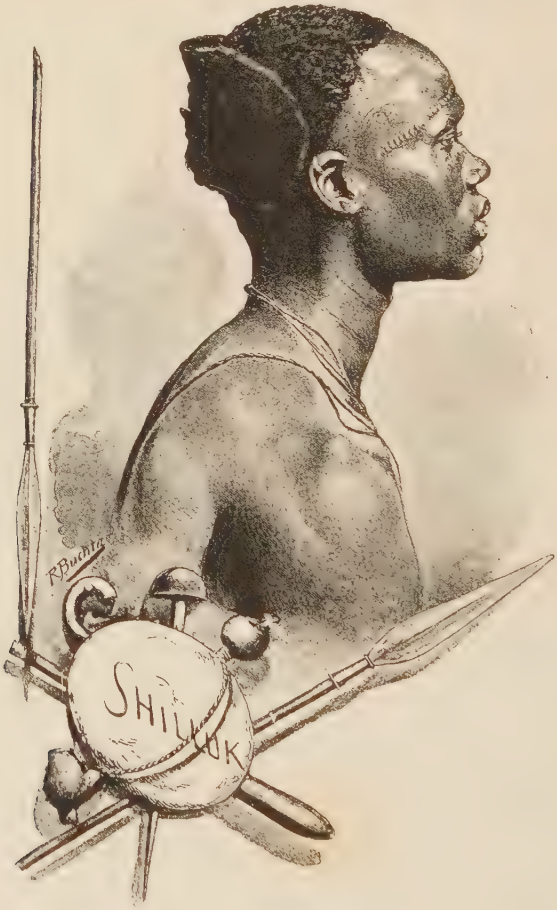
The Shilluk village of Fashoda covered a considerable space some 1,200 yards to the north, and inland from the river.

Heaving anchor the same evening, we arrived about dawn next morning at the station of Sobat, which lies on the left bank of the Sobat, a few hundred paces above its confluence with the Nile. From the steamer it presented a pleasant prospect, and the first favourable impression was increased by a stroll round

GIRAFFES AND OSTRICHES ON THE BANKS OF THE WHITE NILE.

the zeriba, its regular plan, cleanliness and order showing to great advantage, compared with similar places elsewhere in the Sudan. Sobat had been founded two years previously by Gordon Pasha on a rising ground, where the rain-water rapidly drained off to the river. Surûr Efendi, the negro officer in command, who had accompanied Marshal Bazaine through the Mexican campaign, assured me that it was really a healthy place, as was in fact attested by the condition of the seventy men forming its garrison. In the district excellent crops of durra, dukhn and maize were raised.

Starting the same morning on the journey up the Sobat, we stopped at a place about three miles farther on, to take in fuel; here to my great surprise, I found on board a steamer returning from the equatorial provinces to Khartum, my worthy friend Mr.



Lucas, who had some months previously gone southwards on his projected expedition across the continent. He had suffered greatly from the effects of the climate, and was in such a deplorable state that the strength failed him to step on board our

vessel. He had accompanied Gordon Pasha as far as Magungo on the Albert Nyanza, where they parted company, Gordon advancing southwards to Unyoro, Lucas returning through Dufileh to Ladó, and thence by steamer to Sobat. Despite his shattered health, he still held fast to his ambitious projects, hoping for better luck by making a fresh start from Zanzibar.

At this place I had an opportunity of watching the fishing Shilluks darting about on their ambach rafts, whose up-turned prows gave them from a distance the appearance of Venetian gondolas. These rafts, made of the round stems of *Herminiera* lashed firmly together, are so light that a man can easily carry on his head one large enough to bear the weight of three persons afloat. But the ambach, which resembles the pith of the elder-tree, absorbs moisture, so that to prevent its becoming water-logged, it has to be every now and then taken out and dried in the sun. Each skiff is usually occupied by one man in a kneeling posture, with a spear formed of a barbed iron head a foot long attached to a wooden shaft, which may be further lengthened by a reed about the thickness of a thumb, and as much as fifteen or sixteen feet long. Slowly drifting with the current, he endeavours with his weapon to spear the fish, which abound both in the Sobat and the White Nile, as shown by the myriads of water-fowl frequenting these rivers.

For obvious reasons the natives fought shy of us, and kept to the opposite side. But after much persuasion one of them was induced to paddle close up to our vessel. I gave him some bread and durra, with instructions to bring to the Sobat station some spears, lances and other Shilluk implements, for which he would be well paid. Some of the crew took the few fish he had speared in exchange for durra, and he went off apparently satisfied with his visit. I could not help thinking how easy it might be to render these children of nature serviceable, and with their aid open up the interior by kind treatment and avoiding the prevalent system of plunder and bloodshed, which has hitherto followed in the wake of the Egyptian flag throughout the Upper Nile regions. My subsequent experiences during many years of exploration have fully confirmed this impression.

By strict adherence to such a policy I have myself succeeded almost single-handed, or accompanied only by a couple of youthful attendants, in penetrating into unknown lands, which would have certainly resisted all forcible attempts to break down the barriers of seclusion. Time and patience, great patience, were the chief means to which I owed my success.

By sunset the *Ssafia* was again steaming up the Sobat between high banks where I missed the magnificent deleb palms growing in such luxuriance lower down. In fact next morning

A SHILLUK FISHER.

all the woodlands had been replaced on both sides by vast grassy steppes stretching away to the horizon.

Some relief from this dead uniformity was afforded by the numerous negro villages, groups of twenty to thirty huts here lining the banks or dotted over the plains, at intervals of one or two miles, in some places even of only a few hundred yards.

As I was informed, these hamlets were inhabited by the Nuer negroes, some permanently settled in the district, others periodical

immigrants, who withdrew to the interior after harvesting their durra crops. Many of the sugar-loaf or bell-shaped roofs were surmounted by an ostrich egg, or else a green wine bottle. As we steamed by most of the natives stood gazing at us in front of their huts, while others, more timid, glanced furtively from behind their enclosures. The women wore aprons, the men nothing at all, and they certainly presented a singular appearance with their woolly pates either plastered over with a peculiar grey coating, or else dyed a foxy red, while their long black bodies were powdered all over with ashes of a light grey hue, forcibly reviving my childhood's fancies of his satanic majesty's domain.

Above the tall durra stubble rose wooden platforms on which the children acted as scarecrows in a natural "get up" admirably suited for the *rôle;* they shouted and capered about with amazing animation to scare away the numerous flocks of corn-consuming finches. But I saw none of the crocodiles and hippopotamuses, also said to abound in this river, but who were doubtless kept at a distance by the snorting and puffing of our steamer, and its water-churning paddles. On the other hand the river banks were enlivened by all manner of fish-eating fowl, while the artistic little weavers were busy amid the sedge, and predatory birds watched for their prey from the vantage ground of some taller brushwood.

As in the White Nile, here also we met matted vegetable masses drifting with the stream, and after taking in tow two boats laden with durra for the outlying station of Nasser, we arrived before dawn at the settlement of Sheikh Amol, head of the Falanj negro tribe. He was already looking out for us on the beach, enveloped in a flowing red blanket, a gift from Gordon Pasha, and in the dim light of the ship's lanterns standing out with picturesque effect against a background still shrouded in darkness.

Through an interpreter I communicated my desire for a few native implements and weapons, and on being assured of receiving real arak in exchange, he expressed his willingness to trade. By dawn he was already on board with some articles bartered for a flask of absinth and a little durra. With the increasing light I

noticed that we had anchored at a straggling village of some two hundred huts amid durra fields on the left bank. The Falanj natives stood in groups on the beach close to the paddle-box, unconsciously imitating in intense amazement the action of the slowly revolving wheel, as we began to move forward.

ON THE BANKS OF THE SOBAT.

Although their dwellings were altogether of a simple type, nevertheless even here the gradations between wealth and abject poverty were conspicuous enough. Those of the "upper ten" were easily recognized by their larger size, more careful structure, better preserved roofs, more skilfully constructed enclosures. Thus the struggle for existence was as apparent amongst these obscure Falanj negroes as in the most highly organized social systems. The assumed equality of the natural man, the sentimental ideal of unpractical visionaries, was as little to be seen on the banks of the Sobat as on those of the Seine or Thames.

In the village a number of dogs were slouching about belonging apparently to a peculiar breed. With their long legs, thin body, large

ears, pointed nose and red-brown coat, they to some extent resembled the variety of low-bred greyhounds met in East Sudan, but looked on the whole somewhat heavier. Hitherto I had seen none of the native cattle; but in Sheikh Amol's village there were a few cows, which must have sprung from the Dinka breed. Like them they had a hump, and long slender horns, and were nearly all of a light silvery grey colour.

Although our captain had already been once to Nasser with Colonel Long-Bey, he was rather hazy about the distance; he expected to reach the station in the forenoon, but it was two hours after sunset before we landed. Its distinctive landmark was a clump of dûm-palms, which even in the dark were visible some little distance off. Standing at one of the numerous sharp bendings of the Sobat the little post is much less favourably situated than Sobat. Some sixty huts with enclosures were grouped somewhat irregularly in a space several hundred square yards in extent, the whole being surrounded by a thorny fence intertwined with creeping plants. Round the inner side of the zeriba some vegetables were grown, and a low crooked tree-stem served as flag-staff.

Nasser takes its name from nâzir,[1] the Arabic title of its governor, the Dongolan, Mohammed, the Europeans in their ignorance of Arabic confusing the man's official designation with his personal name. On an island east of the zeriba stood a village inhabited by a community of the Niuak negroes, who occupy the surrounding district. On my expressing a wish to visit them in their homes, the nâzir, the captain and others offered to accompany me. But I felt that their presence would defeat my object, and merely sending forward two soldiers who spoke the language, to announce my visit, I rowed over attended only by Ajak, chief of a neighbouring Niuak village. Nearly the whole male population awaited my arrival, and on stepping ashore I took my place beside the sheikh, who was seated on some ox-hides strewn on the ground. We all now gazed at each

[1] *Nâzir*, ناظِر, "superintendent," "inspector," "commissary," from root نظر, to see.

other in mutual astonishment, and I felt all the more interested in the scene, that I now for the first time found myself in the presence of a people differing so much from those I had hitherto come in contact with that to my inexperienced eyes they seemed almost like beings of another order.

Both sexes wore ornaments, and of the two the men seemed the more vain of their glass beads strung on giraffe hair, white, green, red, and blue, worn both as necklaces and bracelets. A favourite ornament of the women were armlets of bits of porcelain or crockery, probably introduced by the ivory dealers from Khartum. A few iron or copper rings were also worn on arms and legs, while the upper arm was in almost all cases

THE PRESENT FROM THE NIUAK CHIEF.

adorned with two, three, or even four massive ivory rings. The headdress varied considerably, some having long hair, others short and curly, or else completely hidden by a coating of ashes dyed a foxy red. The young buck had a tuft of hair projecting to a point, which with his ashy-coloured face gave him the appearance of a most comical circus clown.

After a somewhat protracted stay we parted the best of friends, the village chief, Deng, promising soon to make us a return visit. In the evening he came over with a flotilla of five boats, the party saluting me with a tremendous serenade of vocal and instrumental music. Being invited on board, they

SHILLUK NEGROES. (*From a drawing by Richard Buchta.*)

each laid their presents at my feet—giraffe, buffalo, and antelope skins and spears ; one of the better class brought a goat, and the chief sent forward a fine white cow, which was towed down stream by a native who had taken charge of the gift.

I treated them to some absinth, which was apparently relished ; but, to my regret, I had none of the glass beads at hand, which are fashionable in Niuak Land. In Khartum I had failed to get any information on the subject, and an excellent opportunity was thus missed of acquiring a valuable ethnological collection.

By the nâzir I was informed that some fourteen or fifteen miles higher up the Sobat ramifies into four arms or head-streams. But the captain of the *Ssafia*, having fulfilled his mission, could not be induced to ascend to this interesting "meeting of the waters." My informant also assured me that in the rainy season the river is still navigable by steamers for three days beyond the Nasser station. All native reports however were unanimous in representing the Sobat as formed by the junction of four streams, which, in their order from north to south, were named the Addúra, Nikuár, Jélo, and Abuál. These were said to be inhabited for a long way by the Niuak people, and the Addúra was stated to be navigable for forty or fifty days (?) by the native dug-outs.

The nâzir added that south-eastward the Niuaks were conterminous with the Bonjak tribe on the river of like name, who spoke the Niuak language. Farther south dwelt the Jibbe, also on the river of that name, who had a peculiar language, and who appeared to be one of the larger nations of the Upper Sobat region. I heard great accounts of their powerful chief and of the abundance of ivory in their land. Beyond them followed the Kúngkung tribe, also with a distinct language, while the Nikuárs, on the river Nikuár (the *Nikana* of Andrea Debono ?) were famed for their large herds of cattle. Their neighbours, the Chai people, were said to use poisoned arrows. The banks of the Upper Sobat were also described as overgrown with magnificent forests, so dense that the river flowed beneath their shade, impervious to the solar rays.

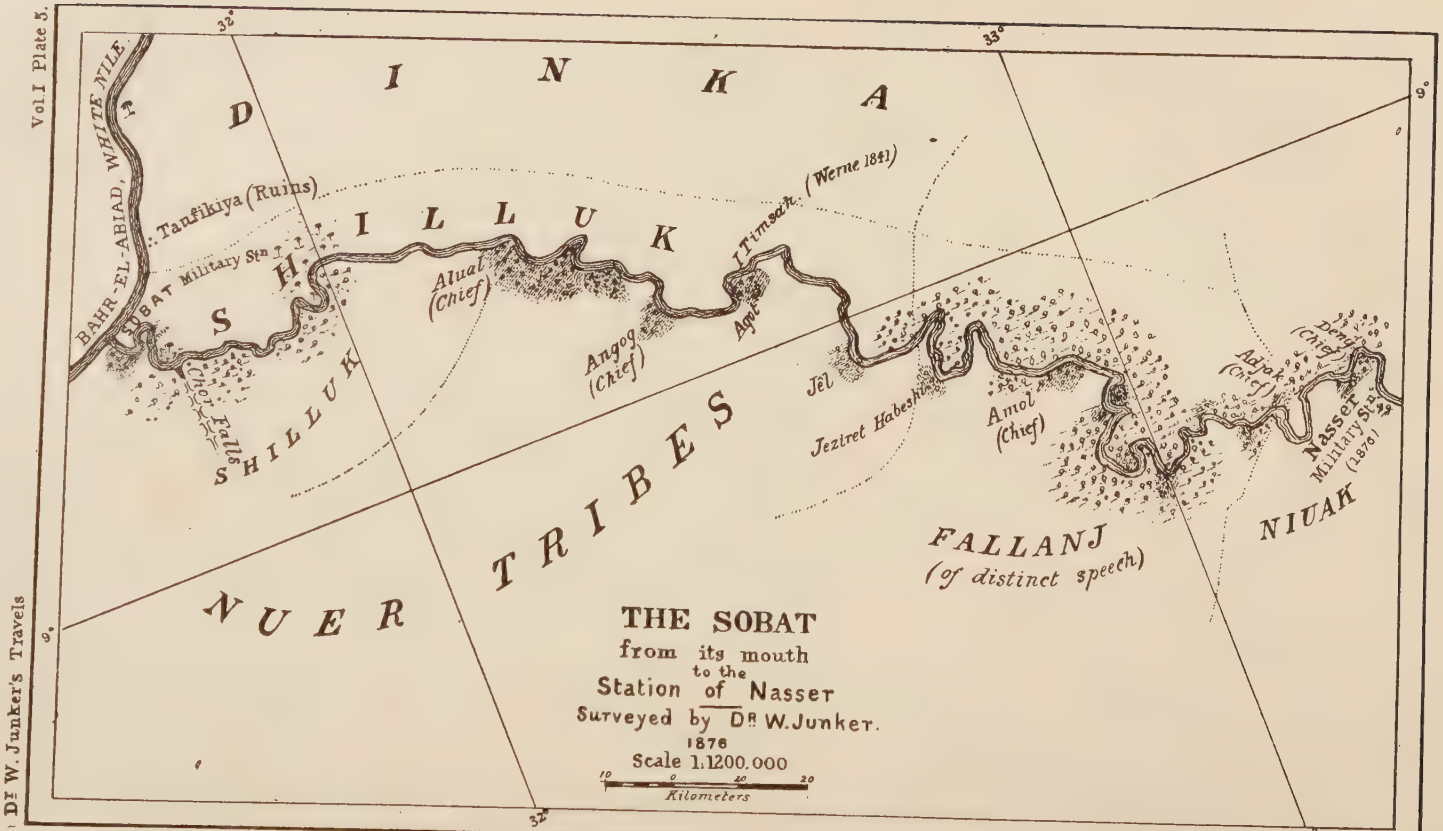
Before starting on our return voyage I was honoured by a second visit from Deng and his insular subjects, who again showed great appreciation of my absinth. I may here mention a strange scene which I witnessed in Nasser, and which impressed me as being in the nature of an incantation, satisfying me that the Niuaks believe in protecting spirits or demons who can be propitiated by ceremonial rites. I had engaged three of Deng's people to accompany me as interpreters on the journey up stream, which was unfortunately brought to an end by our captain a short distance above Nasser. Before starting they began to shout at the top of their voices across the river, and to make all manner of signs and gestures to make themselves understood. Thereupon two women came over from the island in a boat, and awaited the men while they landed from the steamer. Then they stood with folded hands before the women, who stroked them down the head and back with a short, thin wand, as they uttered the incantation in a whispering tone. On the conclusion of the ceremony, during which they were visibly excited, the men returned quietly on board and resigned themselves to the journey. In my ignorance of the Niuak language I was unable to get any clear explanation of the curious incident.

On September 4th the *Ssafia* started on the return journey with my white cow on board and taking in tow some boats full of cattle. I began at once my survey of the Sobat river with compass and chronometer in hand, thus collecting the materials for a more accurate chart of its winding course. In the part surveyed by me the channel remains at a somewhat uniform width, flowing between banks high enough to prevent any inundations even during the wet season, except at a few points where the grassy plains approach the water's edge.

Landing on September the 7th at Fashoda I avoided the mudir, but called on the Italian trader of whom I had made a few purchases when passing up stream. With his assistance I completed my collection of Shilluk weapons, utensils, clothes, &c., I also learnt from him that the slave-trade was carried on as briskly as ever under the very eyes of the Egyptian officials.

The very day before my arrival a gang of slaves had left in a boat for Qawa, the mudîr of Fashoda levying a tax of two thalers per head by way of transit dues. Yet it was being vehemently denied in Khartum and Cairo that the traffic was in any way encouraged by the provincial administrators.

On September 13th we were back again in Khartum, the remainder of the journey having been accomplished without further interruption.



MAP OF THE SOBAT FROM ITS MOUTH TO THE STATION OF NASSER. (*Based on Dr. W. Junker's Survey, 1876.*)

Scale 1 : 1,200,000 | ——— | 16 miles.

NEGRO VILLAGE ON THE WHITE NILE.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY FROM KHARTUM TO LADÓ AND RESIDENCE THERE.

Project to Explore the Upper Nile Negro Lands—Gordon Pasha's Proclamation respecting Travellers in those Regions—Prevalence of Fever in Khartum—Illness of Mr. Lucas—Meeting with Gordon in Qawa—Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi—The Sobat Station—Papyrus Region—The Ghâbe Shambîl Zeriba—Zeribas of the Khartum Ivory Traders—The Bôr Zeriba—The Mudirîeh—A Gházweh—Rapid Journey to Ladó—Emin Efendi—The Bari Negroes—Ladó and Gondokoro—The Makaraka Negroes—Revolt of the Negroes in the Southern Districts—Christmas in Ladó—Emin's Return from Khartum.

RETURNING on September 13th, 1876, from my trip to the Sobat, I still found it impossible to carry out the intended journey to Dar-Fôr. The expected permission of the Egyptian government had not yet arrived, and Ismâil Pasha still lingered in Cairo. Even when he did get back I had grave doubts about obtaining his sanction for the scheme, the more so that a famine had broken out in Dar-Fôr, where a measure of durra worth one Maria Theresa piece in Khartum could not be had under thirty thalers.

On the other hand since I had begun to make ethnological collections in Khartum and had made the acquaintance of some negro tribes in the Sobat region, the desire grew daily stronger to make a more extensive exploration in the lands of the pagan negro populations. In fact I should now have scarcely availed myself of the permission to visit Dar-Fôr, that territory having

been sufficiently explored, since my original project had been formed, by the Americans who had accompanied the Egyptian staff in 1875. From some of these explorers I even received maps and a large number of astronomical determinations, so that the chief work which I had in view seemed already accomplished, and nothing remained except to fill up the details. Nor could I have travelled under the same favourable conditions as had enabled these Americans to extend their explorations to the Hofrat en-Nahās copper mines in the south and westwards to the Wadai frontier.

For these and other reasons I finally abandoned the Dar-Fôr project, and resolved to proceed to Ladó on the Upper Bahr el-Jebel, at that time capital of the equatorial province, although the prospects did not seem very favourable for making extensive researches in the tropical lands under Gordon's administration. According to his recently-published official tariffs, travelling in his territory would be so expensive that my resources would soon be exhausted.

In the month of May of this year the well-equipped expedition of Messrs. Lucas and Freeman had arrived in Ladó. As already stated, Lucas had enlisted a company of forty armed Sudanese, and his whole party numbered over fifty persons, requiring 200 carriers for his baggage alone, to say nothing of the commissariat department. With such a *cortége* Lucas caused much trouble and anxiety to Gordon Pasha, who had soon recognized in his fellow countryman one of those whimsical Englishmen whose eccentricities are paraded up and down the universe. The immediate result was an official notice communicated by Gordon to the consulates in Khartum, according to which all travellers coming from Khartum would be charged, besides the steamboat fare, for one cow twenty shillings, for a sheep ten, for an ardeb of durra four reals, for each carrier five shillings a day. It was further forbidden to bring armed men into the province without the special permission of the Khedive, and during their stay they would in any case remain under the jurisdiction of the government officers.

Gessi, however, who had been long acquainted with Gordon,

relieved my apprehensions regarding this proclamation, and advised me to take a few pack asses in order to be more independent of carriers. From Lucas I bought ten small, strong iron boxes, each adapted in size and contents for one load. I had also a number of sacks made of stout canvas, and made waterproof with oil-paint: supplies of all kinds were procured, as well as bales of cloth and half a hundredweight of unassorted glass beads for the barter trade.

Shortly before my return from the Sobat the Blue Nile had reached high-water mark. Its partial overflow, together with heavy rains, had flooded the streets of Khartum, and as the stagnant waters slowly evaporated in the broiling sun, the periodical fever season began to make its appearance.

Consul Rosett took refuge in the village of Buri, higher up the Blue Nile, whither they had also removed Lucas, who had suffered a relapse. He was now in a deplorable condition, and later, while being conveyed to Cairo in charge of the consul's younger brother, was released by death from his intolerable sufferings.

The steamer was to start after the approaching *'id es-soghêr*, or "little feast," at the end of the present *ramadhân*, the Mohammedan "Lent," and there was still much to be done. When all was ready, I passed my last evening in Khartum in the company of some friends over a few bottles of pale ale.

At last the *Ismâïlia*, crowded with passengers, luggage, and pack animals, started for the Upper Nile on October 22nd, and next day we were surprised to meet the *Talahawîn* coming from the south with Gordon Pasha himself on board. I had hoped to meet him in Ladó, as in one of his letters he had expressed his intention of not leaving that station for another three weeks. But in any case an interview with the governor of the equatorial province was indispensable, for as yet I possessed no official papers beyond some recommendations from Gessi to the mudirs of Sobat, Ghâbeh Shambîl, and Bôr.

After coming on board and inspecting the *Ismâïlia*, the finest and swiftest of the whole flotilla plying on the Upper Nile, Gordon greeted me in the most friendly and cordial manner. Our con-

versation naturally turned mainly on my expedition to his provinces. He regretted that I had not remained a little longer in Khartum, and even suggested my returning with him to that place. Although I was myself ready to do so, the difficulty of allowing my people with all my effects to continue the journey alone was taken into consideration. He accordingly furnished me with letters of recommendation to his officials and district superintendents, assuring me at the same time that the above-announced tariff would be moderated in my favour.

After this important matter had been so far disposed of, I accepted his friendly invitation to accompany him on board the *Talahawîn*. Here the famous pasha, in the course of a long and confidential interview, revealed himself to me as an upright, unselfish, and sympathetic person, who certainly exacted much from his underlings, but who himself set them an example of indefatigable energy. Of extremely simple habits, despite his high rank and in contrast to universal Eastern usage, he limited his personal attendance to two young negroes, who also looked after the cuisine.

At this interview I also touched on the financial side of my enterprise, and inquired how I was to make my disbursements, as on Gessi's advice I had only brought with me 250 Maria Theresa pieces, leaving in Khartum a deposit of about £500. On learning that I had brought three pack asses and could manage with ten carriers, he exclaimed—"Money! You require no money, nor should you send for any to Khartum." Then taking back and tearing up the papers previously given, he turned to his notary and requested him to draw up the following order, addressed to the Mudîrs of the Equatorial Provinces and Stations :—

"All Mudîrs, Superintendents, and Heads of Stations have to supply the bearer on his demand with durra, beef, and carriers, without dues or charges, and for this reason this document has been written, that no one shall contravene the order, but on the contrary compliance with same is exacted of them.

"The Governor of the Equatorial Provinces and Dependencies, "(*Signed*) GORDON."

"P.S. It is herewith made known that this order concerns two gentlemen and three servants from Khartum, who are authorized to take all they need from the several administrative districts and stations without dues or charges, and therefore has this note been written. "GORDON."

This was naturally an unlooked-for favourable change in my position, and I could not sufficiently thank Gordon for his generosity. He wished me all success in my undertaking, all the more that of late years several private expeditions had ended in failure. My routes were also discussed, and Gordon advised me in the first instance to visit Makaraka Land, in company with the caravan about to proceed thither, because Uganda and the other southern countries were just then in a very disturbed state; this suggestion fell in completely with my own views. He also gave me some bottles of the Warburg "fever tincture," a supply of which had just reached him, securely packed in a strong box, which it took both of us twenty minutes to open, working alternately might and main. His undisguised delight in

THE PAPYRUS REED. (*Cyperus papyrus*, L.)

handing me this valuable present recalled what Gessi had told me about the pleasure he found in giving away, and the extreme reluctance with which he received anything in return.

We whiled away the evening on deck, and it was late before I got back to our boat. The night was very damp, and next day I had my first experience of African fever, accompanied by much languor, headache, loss of appetite, and pulse ranging from 100 to 120 per minute. This continued with little abatement till our arrival at Ladó, whereas Kopp, who also fell ill, had an attack only every other day about noon, when he was taken with chills and heats alternately. However, he came round after a sound sleep, but I on the contrary suffered greatly from insomnia both then and many times afterwards.

On October 29th we reached Fashoda, where we met the *Ssafia*, on board of which was Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi, mudîr of Bôr. This was my first meeting with the young official, who had been summoned to Khartum by Gordon, and with whom I had afterwards frequent relations. Next day we were delayed some time at the Sobat station for want of fuel. With the mudîr, Surûr Efendi, I exchanged a few presents to the advantage of my ethnological collection.

Beyond this point the river flowing between boundless plains was hemmed in by dense masses of omm-ssuf (*Vossia procera*). Farther on extensive thickets, apparently of *Acacia verugera*, appeared on the left bank, while the grassy steppe on the opposite side was dotted with numerous Shilluk villages marked by clumps of the tall dûm-palm. Here we entered the papyrus region, and had to force a passage in some places where the river was completely obstructed by small grass barriers.

Ghâbeh Shambíl, Gordon's second station, was reached on November 4th. At that time the place was in charge of Yussuf-esh-Shellāli, who also possessed zeribas on the river Rol, which were afterwards taken over by the Egyptian government. With the exception of the military posts founded by Gordon along the main stream up to the equatorial lakes, all the zeribas in the hands of the government had originally been trading stations belonging to the Khartum ivory and slave dealers. In order to put an end

to the ruinous slave traffic, the government had gradually got rid of the owners of these settlements, for the most part allowing them a certain compensation for their "vested interests." Thus were acquired, for instance, the zeribas in the Makaraka Land, those of the brothers Poncet and of Yussuf, on the Rol and in Mangbáttu (Monbuttu) Land, and others in the Bahr-Ghazal region, and in this way the whole of these Nilotic negro lands became provinces of Egyptian Sudan.

Yussuf, who claimed during his trading expeditions to have penetrated as far as the Mangbáttu, and even the Akka (Tikitiki) territories, offered of his own accord, on hearing of my arrival at Makaraka Land, to introduce me to his zeribas there; he also promised meantime to help in procuring objects for my collections.

Beyond Ghâbeh Shambíl the Bahr el-Jebel has a very winding course, and here the few wretched hamlets of the scanty negro populations presented a sad picture, fully harmonizing, however, with the surrounding swampy wastes. Here also I saw the characteristic bird of the White Nile marsh lands, the whale-headed abû-merkûb of the Arabs, Gould's *Balæniceps rex*. This remarkable wader, with his huge head and curious keel-shaped bill, sat motionless within a few hundred yards of the steamer.

On November 5th we reached the station of Bôr, formerly owned by Sheikh Ahmed el-'Akk'ād, where I landed and visited the zeriba. This is of the usual type—several rows of straw huts disposed in separate groups by a reed hedge, between which run the streets, usually at right angles. The whole is enclosed by a stout high fence or palisade of stakes,[1] intertwined with thorny scrub, as a protection against hostile negroes and nightly marauders.

Despite my fever I took a turn round the enclosure, returning to the divan of the then absent mudîr, a small but neat whitewashed mud structure with square window openings—a rare feature in this region, and probably a reminiscence of

[1] Whence their name of *zeriba* (see p. 54).

Khartum. They are enframed in red painted ornamental work and hung with little curtains, which added to the sense of coziness. The building was shaded by bananas, and stood in a garden plot growing maize, capsicums, oranges, lemons, the custard-apple (*Anona squamosa*), beans and the like.

Suddenly a trumpet sounded the alarm, and although nothing could be seen of the enemy, a gun charged with blank cartridges was fired off to scare away possible marauders. I learnt on board that the alarm was due to the neighbouring Bôr negroes who, owing to an exceptionally wanton outrage on the part of the Egyptian soldiery, had lately shown themselves hostile and were reported that very day to have carried off some cattle belonging to the zeriba. To prevent an attack during the night we stationed four sentinels on board, and, as everywhere throughout the equatorial provinces, these had to keep themselves awake by continually shouting out their number. Within two steps of my cabin-door stood No. 4, whose regularly recurring *árb'a*[1] kept me also awake.

The mudîr's *wekil* (*locum tenens*) wanted to utilize the arrival of the steamer to get up a *gházweh*, or raid, against the natives, to punish them for their lawlessness. In the early morning fifty soldiers came on board, and were landed on the right bank half an hour farther down. Here they disappeared in the tall grass, whence presently came the crack of repeated rifle shots. The people on board also blazed away, pretending to have seen some negroes darting about in the jungle. In less than twenty minutes all were on board again with booty from a neighbouring village. The men had all run off except a few the soldiers claimed to have shot; but the women and children were captured and brought on board carrying their own supply of corn, some forty large baskets full. I took advantage of the occasion to secure sundry ornaments and other trifles for my collection.

The Bôr villages consist of a number of huts more or less regularly grouped according to the locality. They are low

[1] *Arb'a*, أربع, "four."

round structures of mud or earth, surmounted by a conic straw roof, often with a little enclosure in front, and this, like the two-foot high hut doorway, is closed with matting.

On our return the soldiers, captives, and corn were landed at Bôr, and the steamer continued its journey to Ladó, passing many villages along the banks. In the evening we met whole herds of hippopotamuses, grunting, puffing, and snorting as they floundered about in the shallows. Next day (November 7th), after running on several sandbanks, we reached Ladó, after a voyage of seventeen days, or an average of about sixty miles a day.

The same evening I handed the government physician, Dr. Emin Efendi,[1] the letters of introduction I had received from Gordon Pasha. In Emin I recognized a highly-cultured person, and learnt from him that he had studied in Berlin. Besides French, he spoke nearly all the languages current in the East. He had recently returned from a journey to Mtesa, King of Uganda, whom he had visited on a diplomatic mission, and according to Gordon's instructions he was now to proceed with the *Ismâîlia* to Khartum. Hence we had only a few days to ourselves.

Ladó was just then so crowded that I could find no room for our party ashore. So we had to remain on board until I could take possession of Emin's dwelling, which he kindly placed at my service as soon as it was vacated by himself. Meantime the storm-clouds had been gathering, and during the night a tempest broke over our heads such as I had never before experienced. The rain came down in bucketfuls, penetrating everywhere into the saloon cabins, so that I could nowhere find a dry corner to lie down, and so passed a sleepless night.

Early in the morning Emin sent his things on board, and as the boat started the same day on its return journey to Khartum, I had my effects at once removed to the vacated premises with the aid of some Bari negroes sent us by the mudîr, Kutah Agha. Scarcely had I landed when the ague left me at once, but Kopp

[1] Later Emin Pasha, last of the European governors of the equatorial province, from which he was rescued by the Stanley Expedition in 1889.

continued to suffer from the intermittent fever. My German servant, Eberle, was attacked by guinea-worm, which confined him to his bed for several weeks. My Arab servant, Abd el-Fadhel, also fell ill, so that the place was transformed to a hospital for a great part of the time we were kept waiting in Ladó before the caravan started for Makaraka Land.

I utilized the time as best I could to enlarge my natural history collections and make researches amongst the Bari negroes of the surrounding district. Since the foundation of Ladó two years previously, this tribe had laid aside little of its shyness and mistrust of the Egyptian officials; none of them had learnt to speak Arabic, and they were still in every respect untamed children of nature. The case was different in Gondokoro, where an Egyptian station had long been established, and where the efforts of the Roman Catholic missionaries had not remained without influence on the Baris of that district. Since the occupation of the former trading zeribas by the Egyptian government, and the foundation of additional military posts by Gordon, the Arab-speaking Baris had found employment about the stations as interpreters, translators, and inspectors.

But the Bari people of Ladó I found so unfriendly and reserved that with all my efforts I could get none of them to trade or help me in my collections. In this respect they presented a marked contrast to the Makarakas, whose acquaintance I afterwards made, and with whom I never had any difficulty in entering into brisk trading relations of a very friendly character.

The Baris would come every day to my residence, but only to beg. The request to do any little service, or to trade their ornaments, necklaces of dogs' or lions' teeth, iron rings adorned with the fangs of the wild boar (*Phacochœrus africanus*), was always "politely declined." These adornments, especially the forged work, were executed with some skill, and constituted the only clothing of the men. They are mostly tall, with slim figures, whereas the women are frequently stout and under the middle size. The Bari belong to the group of Nilotic negroes distinguished by their long shanks and dark-brown complexions

BARI WOMAN. (*After a drawing by Richard Buchta.*)

—a group elsewhere represented by the Niuaks of the Sobat basin, the Nuars and Dinkas of the White Nile and its western head-streams, and probably also the Shilluks, with the western Jûrs, and the Shuli farther south.

From their peculiar habit of resting on one leg, with the sole of the other foot planted against the thigh, these swamp negroes have been compared to those long-legged water-fowl who also rest on one shank.[1] Their muscular system is slightly developed; the complexion, like that of most other Nilotic tribes, is a deep, dead brown, the iris invariably brown, the skull dolichocephalous, that is, much longer from occiput to the frontal bone than between the parietal bones, the forehead low, the cheek bones somewhat prominent, the mouth large with thick lips. The dull black woolly hair is entirely shaved off by the women and partly by the men. Like their northern neighbours, the Bari also extract the lower front teeth, though not universally. The practice of smearing the body with a red ferruginous clay prevails chiefly amongst the women. In the zeribas the Bari are often seen going about with a long stick, and almost invariably with the little stool of two forms, the smaller carried on the arm, the larger on the shoulder or in the hand.

The adornment of the men, who all go naked, comprises necklaces of domestic animals' teeth, and more rarely of lions'; iron rings on wrists and ankles; wide ivory rings, worn mostly on the right upper arm; a girdle, on which are strung very thin little bits of freshwater shells: tufts or tassels of animals' tails. A head ornament of black feathers is very fashionable, giving the wearer a bellicose appearance.

More care is bestowed by the women on their dress and ornamentation, the elderly dames wearing a dressed goatskin dyed red, the younger adding to this skin an apron corresponding to the Sudanese *rahat*.[2] Young married women wear round

[1] This mode of resting, uncomfortable as it may seem to us, is widespread. F. L. James observed it amongst the Basé (Kunama) of Upper Nubia (*Wild Tribes of the Sudan*, London, 1883), and Carl Lumholtz amongst the Australians of the Herbert River, North-east Queensland (*Among Cannibals*, London, 1889).

[2] See p. 132.

the waist a plaited cotton girdle two or three inches wide, from which are suspended long twisted strings disposed in layers close together. Unmarried girls suspend from the girdle a large wide tassel hanging down to the bend of the knee, replaced in the children by narrow iron plates or little iron chains twisted together, and varying from eight to sixteen inches in length.

Like the Dinkas, the Bari are essentially a pastoral people.

Ladó was founded by Gordon in 1874, after the silting of the

GIRLS' APRONS ; WOODEN STOOL AND KNIVES OF THE BARI NEGROES.

Nile had rendered Gondokoro inaccessible to steamers. Of late years the river has taken a more westerly course, so that the main branch on which Gondokoro stood became less and less navigable, and the station itself a hot-bed of fever. Hence the necessity of removing the seat of government to Ladó, which in its general plan differs little from the other Nilotic stations.

Noteworthy amongst the local water-fowl is the gigantic

saddle-back stork (*Mycteria senegalensis*), who is often seen with his mate searching for snakes and toads along the grassy river banks. These banks are much frequented by the sacred ibis (*Ibis religiosa*), the tantalus ibis, and the Egyptian slygoose, which is also met in pairs, and may be seen quite tame in the poultry yard.

On the opposite side of the river stretch extensive tracts of tall herbage and reeds, probably seldom visited by man, but offering nightly retreats to the hippopotamus, which is here very numerous. The heads of these ungainly creatures may often be seen in the evening rising above the surface, or else swimming in the direction of the uninhabited side of the stream, where they climb up the banks to their favourite grazing-grounds. Every

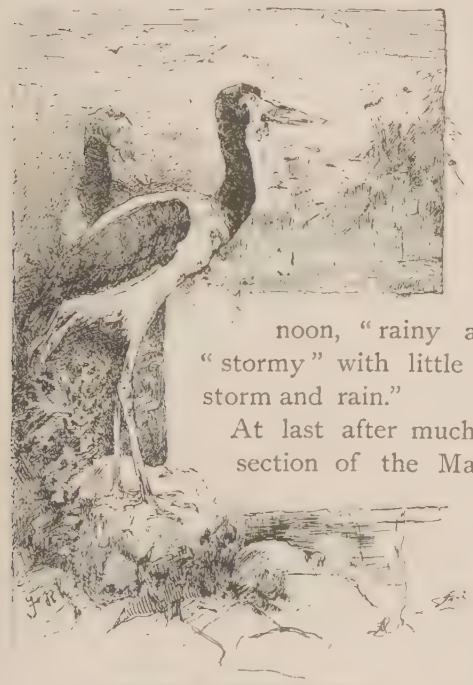
LADÓ. (*From a Photograph.*)

night is heard their grunting voice, by which I was often roused from my sleep.

With good reason the crocodile is dreaded by the inhabitants of the Ladó district. Many instances were related to me of people being carried off while washing or bathing by these voracious saurians. But I should never have credited the stories of whole limbs being snapped off, had I not myself to treat such a case at this very time. Just outside the zeriba, where the bank is lower and forms a little shallow inlet, some women and girls were filling their large round pitchers, which like the Egyptians they carry balanced on their head. In the same

place a number of boys were disporting themselves with much boisterous merriment within three or four yards of the beach. Presently a crocodile rushing forward bit off a youngster's arm close to the elbow so sharply that on hastening up I could not detect the least shred of a sinew projecting from the stump. Only a few drops of blood flowed from the clean cut, and nothing was needed except careful bandaging.

About this time I heard it commonly remarked that the rainy season was over, and that summer with cloudless skies had now set in. But such statements were not at all in accordance with the records of my meteorological instruments. Thus the readings were on November 21st at noon, "rainy and stormy," next day "stormy" with little rain, at night "violent storm and rain."



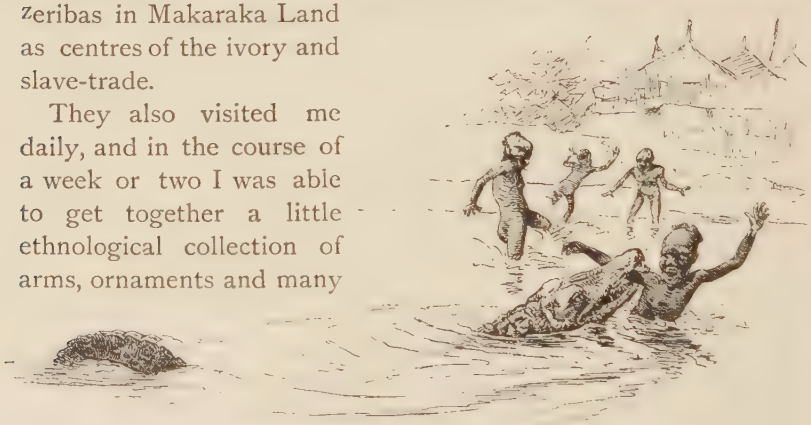
MYCTERIA SENEGALENSIS.

At last after much tedious delay the first section of the Makaraka caravan reached Ladó on November 26th. It comprised several hundred persons, and was followed some days later by the second division, the scarcity of water along the route obliging these large convoys to proceed in separate sections at intervals of several days. The zeriba being much too small to accommodate such numbers, the Makaraka people had to encamp outside the enclosure, some ten minutes to the west of Ladó.

The caravan was accompanied by an escort of irregular Nubian troops, besides officials of the Makaraka province, all of

whom had friends in Ladó. Great rejoicings followed the meeting of "old acquaintance," involving the consumption of much brandy and merissa. To these boisterous scenes of merry-making were added the daily visits of the Makaraka negroes, eager to barter the various products of their country for cloth and spirits. They went about from hut to hut balancing on their heads large and small baskets of corn, sesame, lubiâ, capsicums and the like, in exchange for which they mostly preferred *bongo* or cloth. Many had some knowledge of Sudanese Arabic, the Khartum merchants having for many years maintained zeribas in Makaraka Land as centres of the ivory and slave-trade.

They also visited me daily, and in the course of a week or two I was able to get together a little ethnological collection of arms, ornaments and many



BOY ATTACKED BY A CROCODILE.

other objects. They were procured chiefly in exchange for the light blue cotton fabric which under the name of *thirqa*[1] is imported through Khartum, and finds a ready sale throughout the whole of Sudan. It is usually put up in bales of two pieces, each scarcely more than fourteen inches wide, and from fourteen to sixteen ells (*dirâ*) long. Such a *jôz*, as these bales are called, costs a Maria Theresa piece, say four shillings in Khartum, and about eight shillings in Ladó. It was my custom to tear each piece into sixteen equal parts, each of which

[1] *Thirqa, thurqubiyeh,* ثرقبى, Egyptian linen; according to Munziger the blue cloths known in Massawa by the name of *futta* are called *dirqeh* in Kordofan.—R. B.

was long enough to be wrapped round the waist, so that it served very well for an apron or loin-cloth. They formed, so to say, my standard currency and unit of exchange with the natives.

But the soldiers and Dongolans (Nubians) being already clothed and not needing such "specie," preferred spirits, and as a rule had more regard for quantity than quality. With them the main point is in fact intoxication, and the sooner the effect is produced the higher the article is valued. Having brought a pretty good supply with me, I had it bottled off in quart and pint bottles, of course diluted with water, and in exchange obtained articles of the most diverse description. On the other hand there was no demand for my glass beads which I had purchased in Khartum, though they were certainly of inferior quality.

The Makarakas, who usually came in groups, took much interest in the novelties they saw lying about. The women especially betrayed great curiosity for such things, but with praiseworthy forbearance satisfied themselves with a simple inspection. This interest was not displayed by the Bari people, who are altogether of a more indolent and lethargic disposition. Amongst my Makaraka guests was a chief who showed a decided taste for the bottle, and expected me to "stand treat" every time he came. I used to fill a tumbler, which then made the round of the circle squatting outside the door. The fiery stuff was evidently greatly relished, each sip being accompanied by a wry face and an unreserved expression of approval such as *taib*, good! good!

On one occasion I showed them Schweinfurth's *Artes Africanæ*, in which they generally recognized the figured objects of native industry, expressing their surprise with exclamations of wonder, and lively commentaries to each other. Next time the chief brought two of his wives, and on the book being again produced, he played the part of expositor with much conscious importance, pointing out the various objects—hats, spears, shields and the like, all of which he took for granted must be his particular property. The women, who on their part also

recognized many things, looked on in undisguised amazement mingled with a certain awe, for surely it must be all *fetish;* no such work could ever be produced without witchcraft!

My later experiences, confirmed by those of other travellers, re-

MAKARAKA NEGRO.

vealed the remarkable fact that certain negro peoples, such as the Niam-Niams, of whom the Makarakas are a branch, the Mangbáttus and the Bantus of Uganda and Unyoro, display quite a surprising intelligence for figured illustrations or pictures of

plastic objects—an intelligence which is not as a rule exhibited by the Arabs and Arabised Hamites of north-east Africa. Thus the Unyoro chief, Rionga, placed photographs in their proper position, and was able to identify the negro portraits as belonging to the Shuli, Lango or other tribes, of which he had a personal knowledge. This I have called a remarkable fact, because it bespoke in the lower races a natural faculty for observation, a power to recognize what for many Arabs or Egyptians of high rank was a hopeless puzzle. An Egyptian pasha in Khartum could never make out how a human face in profile showed only one eye and one ear, and he took the portrait of a fashionable Parisian lady in extremely low dress for that of the bearded, sun-burnt American naval officer who had shown him the photograph.

The Makarakas differ as much in their physical appearance as they do in their mental qualities from the Bari people. They are on an average of smaller size, but well proportioned, with a lighter complexion inclining to a ruddy brown tone, and instead of the long, lean extremities of the Bari they display a well-developed muscular system. Thick-set Herculean frames are not rare, while their elastic step contrasts favourably with the slouching gait of the Baris, and this remark applies to both sexes. They are also of more cleanly habits, keeping even their finger-nails tidy. The expression is often more pleasant than that of the Bari, although it cannot be denied that highly prominent cheekbones and broad nose impart a certain savagery to the countenance. The moderately large mouth shows less tumid lips; the dark and very large eye has a piercing glance; but the forehead is low, while the jet-black woolly hair hangs in little tufts or else carefully plaited tresses down the sides and back of the head. Although the beard as a rule is little developed, it sometimes acquires a certain fulness, and I remember one Makaraka who by means of a little iron ring had brought his beard to a point below the chin.

For the most part the women are comely and well proportioned; of all those whom I had yet seen they produced the most pleasing impression. I was struck by their

large eyes, small mouth, hands and feet, frank, child-like expression.

One evening I strolled out to visit them in their encampment, and was guided to the spot by the sound of their musical instruments. A "fantasia" was being executed in an open well-swept space under a fine sycamore tree. The Mudîr Bahit Agha, who had arrived with the caravan from Makaraka Land, invited me to take a seat on his divan in order more comfortably to contemplate the scene. And what a scene! In the centre of the ground, open on one side, were the musicians surrounded by the dancers, the upper part of the body bent a little forward, the arms stretched out as if making an offering to somebody, the feet keeping time to the music with alternating tripping and cross step, the whole company, whose fugleman was my visitor, the above-mentioned chief, moving very slowly in a circuit from left to right. Both hands were kept moving to and fro as if imitating the action of pouring out something from a vessel, while all heads were simultaneously thrown from side to side also in concert with the loud sounding music.

The action, at first slow, became gradually quicker, the leader always giving the signal to change the time. After several rounds all the dancers suddenly changed position by a short turn to the right, so that they no longer stood side by side, but in Indian file one behind the other. Changing the step, they now danced away more vigorously than ever, keeping it up for hours together with unflagging energy. The band comprised, besides the never-failing drum, the so-called *neqâro*, made of a number of bottle-gourds with which they are able to produce a more or less modulated horn orchestra far less ear-splitting than any similar performance I had yet heard in Sudan. Some of the gourds are artificially lengthened, and I saw some of these horns nearly seven feet long; the longer of course the deeper the tone.

With the Makarakas some of the Bombeh tribe had also come to Ladó; but these took no part in the dance. To do me a favour Bahit Agha got the little band of fifteen men,

MAKARAKA DANCE. (*After a drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

armed with the shield and spear, to execute a kind of war dance. The conductor, half singing, half speaking, began with a few words, which were repeated in chorus by all the rest. The song became more animated, and at last the warriors went through a little mimic battle, covering themselves with their shields and thrusting and parrying with the spears.

December 1st, 1876.—Eberle was still suffering from the guinea worm (*Filaria medinensis*); but I had meantime engaged a young negro, indemnifying his owner with a sum of about twenty shillings. He had come with the Makaraka soldiers, and although only ten or eleven years old, he had to carry a rifle and a basket of corn under the taskmaster's lash, as was only too evident from the welts on his body. He also fell ill, but recovered, and showed himself very quick, so that I was in hopes of making something of him.

December 3rd, Sunday.—Letters and newspapers from far off friends by the *Borden* which steamed into Ladó this evening. A letter from the Consulate in Alexandria announced the Khedive's consent to my Dar-Fôr expedition, only I was to await the return of Ishmáïl Pasha Eyub to Khartum. I considered it lucky that I had got away before his arrival.

Two days later another boat brought up the three donkeys with their attendant, whom I had been obliged to leave behind in Sobat for want of room on board the *Ishmáïlia*.

Meantime troubles had broken out with the negroes above Gondokoro, which had led to sanguinary conflicts. I was informed that seventeen soldiers had been killed, and that the Mudîr of Ladó, Kutuh Agha, had gone off to bring the rebels to reason. The blacks also revolted in Muggi, where the year before Ernest Linant de Bellefonds had been murdered. Bahit Afgha now left Ladó with a great part of his Makarakas in order to restore order in the disturbed districts. From this circumstance I could see how trustworthy the Makarakas were. Certainly no Egyptian officer would have ventured to march against rebels with any other of the White Nile tribes, although nearly all were supposed to be enrolled under the Khedival flag.

Now I began my preparations for the Makaraka expedition. Bearing Gordon's words in mind and warned by the fate of Lucas, I made my arrangements so as to be encumbered with as few carriers as possible. But provision had to be made for three persons, myself, Kopp, and Eberle, so that a body of about forty men could not be regarded as excessive.

Fuller details being reserved for a future occasion, a summary statement will here suffice of the more essential requisites for the journey, all packed in loads of from forty to fifty pounds, some in small tin boxes supplied by Messrs. Silver & Co., of London, some in waterproof sail-cloth bags :—

1. Linen and clothes for daily use, with a reserve stock.

2. A few books, meteorological and surgical instruments, tools, hammer, nippers, boxes, planes, nails, and the like.

3. Powder, shot, cartridges.

4. Matches, knives, scissors, mirrors, fezes, and other small articles intended for presents.

5. Oakum, alum, camphor, arsenical soap for preparing the zoological specimens, medicine chest, &c.

6. Wares for the barter trade ; the already mentioned cotton stuffs, the blue serge which I purchased in Ladó, to the value of eighty Maria Theresa pieces ; Madapollam,[1] a kind of fine white cotton fabric, and trumba, a stouter unbleached material.

7. Provisions : tea, coffee, sugar, salt, jams, &c. ; besides candles, soap, cooking utensils, bedding, and sundry other indispensable household articles.

To prevent breakage and pilfering I adopted the Sudanese plan of securing the packages in ox-hides, tied up with thongs of same material.

As Christmas approached Kopp at last recovered from his long attack of ague, and was now able to resume his hunting excursions. Few live specimens however were secured for our collection. Amongst them was a monkey of nocturnal habits, probably *Otolicnus galago*, Illig, who refused to take food, and so soon joined the company of the dead. His skin, unfortunately,

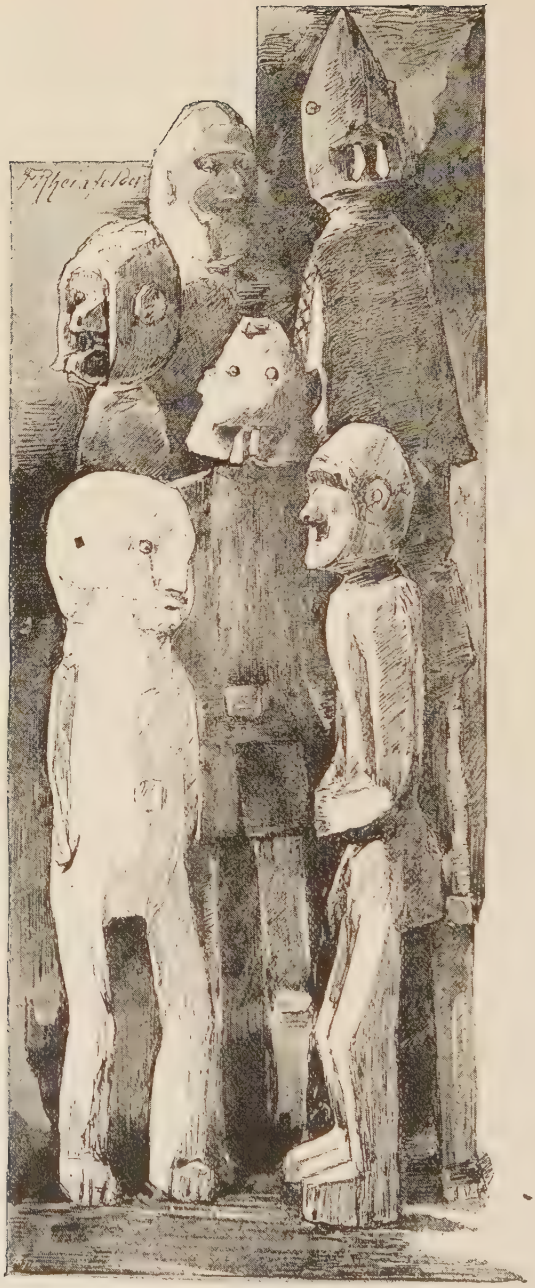
[1] A twilled cotton so-called from the town of Madapollam in the Madras Presidency.

was destroyed in Berber, on the home journey, with so many others that had been most skilfully prepared by Kopp.

Eberle now also rallied sufficiently to attend to the lighter duties of the household. But soon my domestic animals began to suffer, and I had much trouble especially with my black saddle-ass from Sawâkin, who however eventually recovered.

CHRISTMAS IN LADÓ.

Christmas was now at hand, and my thoughts would often involuntarily take flight to distant lands, seeming to hold commune with my nearest and dearest. While pondering over the problem of a little Christmas tree to revive the pleasant memories of my youth in the wilds of Africa, I was agreeably surprised with a package of letters and papers from St. Petersburg, brought by the steamer *Manssura*, from Khartum.



WOOD CARVINGS OF THE BARI NEGROES.

Christmas-day, which Kopp and I spent quietly together, was followed on December 26th, by the Mohammedan 'Íd-el-Kebir,[1] or "Great Feast," falling on the tenth day of the last moon of their year. Now every one donned his best, a new suit if possible, and, as at the Lesser Feast after Ramadhân, Moslim usage required mutual visits, congratulations, and especially presents, all round.

Kukuh Agha, Mudîr of Ladó, was not yet back; but Bahit Agha had returned with his Makarakas from his expedition against the southern negro tribes, and all were now taking part in the general festivities. I also donned my "Sunday suit," and called on Hassan Efendi, the local chemist, to whom I had been warmly recommended, and from whom I had already received several visits. Bahit Agha arrived soon after, and some time was spent interchanging the usual compliments, sipping coffee and sherbet, smoking a pipe or cigarette, and discussing the topics of the day.

On December 28th Kukuh Agha returned from his southern campaign, and he was unexpectedly followed on January 2nd of the new year, 1877, by Dr. Emin Efendi from Khartum. His arrival was very welcome, as I naturally hoped through his mediation to expedite matters with the Egyptian officials, intercourse with whom is never free from difficulties.

Both expeditions up the Nile had returned with great quantities of booty, especially durra, and where durra abounds merissa flows freely. Its preparation is extremely simple. The durra, first malted, is ground down, water is poured on the flour, the vessels are covered and left to ferment. The brew thus prepared by the cold process is then strained off, when it is ready for consumption.

The expeditions also yielded a good harvest for my collections. The arms, ornaments, and other industrial objects which all my efforts had failed to procure from the Bari themselves, were now

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[1] *'Íd*, عيد, from عود, to return, is any periodical feast or holiday, the several feasts of the year being specified by the qualifying word. Thus: *'Íd es-Saghîr*, the lesser *'Íd* after the feast of Ramadhân; *'Íd el-Kebîr*, the Great Feast, as here, and so on.

easily acquired from the soldiers who had taken part in the campaigns.

On January 12th a notary came to discuss the question of the carriers, so I began to hope that we should soon be starting for Makaraka Land. My demand for forty-five men was not only readily agreed to, but they even promised to send me fifty. I now completed my purchases with a few articles for the barter trade and some demi-johns of spirits for any preparations and presents, and made arrangements for sending back to Khartum two of my servants—Eberle and Abd-el-Fadel—both of whom had become incapacitated for work by illness. Morjan, the little Morú negro whom I had purchased for five thalers, proved very efficient, and I made up my mind to engage two other hands in Makaraka Land. I hoped in this way to make myself independent of the Khartum servants, with whom I had hitherto little reason to be satisfied.

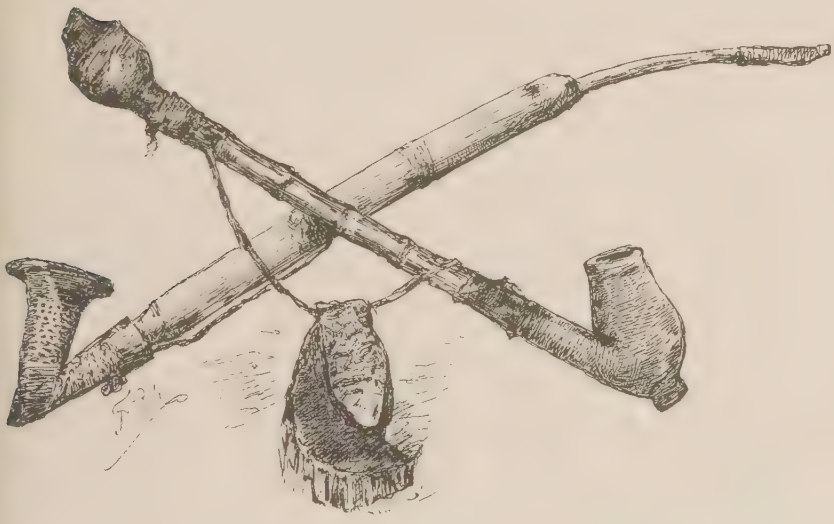
Despite the orders issued by Gordon, I had some trouble with the commissariat department. No doubt a certain quantity of beef was daily supplied, but it was very difficult to get any mutton or kid, and when I found it necessary to apply for corn, I was told there was none to be had. I bought a few basketfuls from the Bari women and the Makarakas, but still insisted on my right to be supplied from the public stores. Eventually I obtained, instead of a two months' ration, only 54¼ okas for one month—that is, about 180 lbs. of durra for five persons, or 36 lbs. a month for each.

On January 19th I received a notice from Emin that the caravan would set out the next day; but still more delays, and we did not really start till Monday, 22nd. I was just then very anxious about Kopp, who began to suffer from dysentery, and was so weak that it seemed doubtful whether he could accompany us. But my repeated offers to send him back to the Jesireh-Sennaar to recruit his health and continue to collect specimens, were resolutely declined; he had set his heart on going to Makaraka Land, where he was destined to find a premature grave, though certainly not without his own fault.

Fadl 'Allâh, a Nubian negro and head of a Makaraka station,

now arrived with the soldiers and carriers, to all of whom were assigned their proper loads, which they marked by bits of string, sticks, straw, or the like. For, the caravan once started, the custom is that each carrier keeps his own load for the whole journey.

My last evening in Ladó I spent with Emin, from whom I parted late in the night.



DARTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY FROM LADÓ TO MAKARAKA LAND.

Departure from Ladó—The Khor Lúrit—Bari villages—Gúgus—An Expedition against the hostile Bari—Destruction of Durra crops—Encampment at Mount Kunúfi—The Khor Kóda—Jebel Lagúhm and Jebel Jirmóg—The first Niambara village—Jebel Beriffa—The Niambara station—The Niambara negroes—Fadl Alláh's raid—Return from the foray—Again *en route*—The Rillek hot-springs—Over the Régo hills—The Liggi Territory—On the River Yei—Arrival at the Wándi Zeriba.

AFTER a stay of two and a half months in Ladó, we at last started for the west on January 22nd, 1877. Our forty-five carriers who had assembled at sunrise, found us still asleep, for I had not turned in till about three o'clock, and could never depend on my servants calling me. Like the Egyptians, the Sudanese have a respect bordering on awe for sleep, which they regard as a holy state, hence can rarely be induced to disturb sleepers.

Everything was now hastily got together, and after a final farewell to Emin and our other friends, who accompanied us to the gate of the zeriba, we got away shortly before seven o'clock. For a few minutes the Bahr el-Jebel remained in sight, and we then entered the mimosa and acacia scrub, through which the narrow track wound away in a westerly direction, passing some clearings of tall but scanty and withered herbage. The low scrub was also here and there varied by an isolated forest tree with leafy, wide-spreading branches, a tamarind or *sterculia*, the

shejer el-fil, or "elephant tree" (*Kigelia pinnata*, D.C.), magnificent butter trees, the *kuruleng* of the Bari, intermingled with *balanites* and *dalbergia*[1] shrubs. Thousands of birds enlivened the thickets, filling the air with their song, piping, and calling notes.

About an hour after leaving Ladó we passed the first Bari village, followed farther on by a long line of hamlets inclosed by euphorbia fences, giving them a very neat appearance. Similar fences inclose the round huts with conic straw roofs, and even the tobacco and durra fields. The tobacco plantations are cultivated with special care, and protected by brushwood from the sun.

Our first camp was formed within ten minutes of the Khor Lúrit, the Khor er-Ramleh, or "Sandy Khor" of the Nubians. Its bed, which was followed for some distance next day, was now dry, but the deeper depressions were still flooded by little pools, and water could everywhere be had by digging a few feet below the surface. In the rainy season this Khor flows to the Bahr el-Jebel, and in July it forms a rapid stream five or six feet deep, accessible to small boats from the Nile.

Our caravan numbered altogether 1,200 souls—a motley gathering of Bari, Niambara, Morú, Liggi, Fejilu, Mundú, Abukáya, Kakuák, Makaraka, and Bombeh (Niam-Niam) tribes, besides officials, Nubians, an escort of 100 irregular troops, a large number of women and children, all under the guidance of Bahit Agha, head mudîr stationed at Wandi, and Fadl Allâh, mudîr of Kabayéndi. The marshalling of such a large convoy, which also comprised herds of cattle, sheep and goats, about a dozen asses, and many oxen trained to serve as mounts, was effected in accordance with certain rules based on the experience of many generations. Each section, flying the standard of the crescent, marched in single file, and wherever possible, in several parallel columns, the escort keeping always together.

At break of day the march was resumed, Bahit Agha, with his little Nubian staff, riding forward as a sort of vanguard, followed by a long line of government carriers with all manner of supplies

[1] *Dalbergia melanoxylon*, Guill. et Perr., the *Ébène du Senegal* of French writers.

for the zeribas, provisions, rifles, powder, bullets, hardware, cloth, wares to be bartered for ivory. Fadl Allâh brought up the rear, where we were also placed, and under him was a special corps whose duty it was to see that nobody lagged behind. The live stock, divided into small, manageable groups, was driven alongside the main column by negroes under military control; but the cattle often got on to the track, causing much trouble and confusion, especially in narrow passes.

The whole convoy, which was about four miles long, stopped every two hours or so, the front groups resting, while those in the rear passed forward and rested in the same way a little later. As a rule we marched at a good pace, nearly four miles an hour, whereas the rate at this season is usually not much more than three miles. Very interesting were the groups of women, some arranged according to their several tribes, some following their masters, all mostly carrying a basket with cooking utensils balanced on their heads. A special group was formed by the female slaves and wives of the officials, recognised by their locks dripping with grease and oil, their dirty white smocks or blue *tirqa*, bedizened with strings of coloured beads, iron or copper rings, the younger girls even with nothing but the *rahat*, or Sudanese loin-cloth.

The Bari women again presented a striking contrast to the others, with their smooth-shaved heads, their plump bodies dyed a bright red, and their double leather aprons. Then followed Niambara women, some of whom wore a full rahat of a flax-like gray standing out from the hips, a style also in vogue amongst the Bongos and other western negro tribes. These Niambara women were all without exception disfigured by small cubes of quartz inserted in the upper and lower lip, a fashion also prevalent amongst the Mundú and Morú people.

From this encampment I was able to take measurements of the Jebels Ladó (Nyerkáni), Bélenian, Regáf, Kerek, and Kanufi. On the banks of the sandy Khor Lúrit, which we crossed several times, I often saw the *Calotropis procera*,[1] which contains a milk-

[1] The *madār*, مدار, of India, one of the Asclepiadeæ.

GROUP OF CARAVAN WOMEN.

like juice, and which I had already observed in the north. Next day we passed more Bari villages, the inhabitants of which always disappeared as we approached. Although these settle-

A GUGU, OR BARI GRANARY.

ments are generally of a uniform appearance, the ground plan is somewhat modified according as the people are mainly pastors or tillers of the soil. In this district the frequently

recurring circular or semi-circular *gúgu*, barn, or storehouse, showed that the natives were chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits.

A path five feet wide winds between thick euphorbia hedges through plantations of red durra to an oval space carefully levelled and plastered over with mud and cow-dung to serve as thrashing-floor. Opposite the entrance stands the dwelling, a mud hut, sixteen feet wide, with conic straw roof projecting over the walls and thus affording a little shade all round. By its side is a second and smaller hut, occupied by the grown-up son of the owner until he forms an establishment for himself. Round these dwellings are disposed in semi-circular form five *gúgus*, massive basket-shaped structures, four or five feet in diameter, and a little higher, and coated on the inside with a layer of mud. To protect them from the ants these granaries are raised about three feet six inches from the ground on a platform supported by stakes and stones set on end. The whole is surmounted by a straw roof exactly like that of ordinary dwellings, only it is movable, as the *gúgu* is always filled and emptied from above. The farmsteads, which are completed by an enclosure for cattle over sixty feet wide, and a cowherds' hut, stand often quite apart, half a mile or so from the nearest house ; but they are also found grouped together in large villages.

The *gúgus* were regularly raided by our people and I was myself witness of such a little plundering scene. The durra, which had not yet been thrashed out, was hurriedly stowed away in all kinds of vessels, pots, bladders, sacks, skins, and in a few minutes the march was resumed.

At our next halt I learnt from Bahit Agha that from this point westwards the Bari had not yet submitted to the Egyptian government, and frequently broke into open hostilities. Two years previously a convoy of eighty persons carrying ivory from Makaraka Land to Ladó, were said to have been cut off and massacred near our camping ground.

Several of the vassal Bari chiefs came into camp arrayed in long red shirts, which the government had presented to them as marks of distinction. They paid their respects to Bahit Agha

and the other officials, and in return for their contributions to the caravan received a few head of cattle.

We had now to lay in a supply of durra for 1,000 persons, as nothing was to be had along the route till we reached the Niambara territory. The only means of doing this was by an organized *ghàzweh*, or raid on the hostile Bari, amongst some of whose scattered hamlets we encamped next day. It was a promising district for a successful foray, dotted over with Bari settlements which the natives had abandoned before our arrival. The raiders were accordingly sent forward with a flag flying and supported by a small body of troops. A few negroes were still visible beyond range of the rifles, but a volley of blank cartridges soon dispersed them.

Within half an hour the party was back, all laden with corn, either in the skins and other utensils they had taken with them, or else in the large pots which they carried off from the unfortunate natives, and which came handy for cooking the plundered durra. Besides durra they had also secured some sesame and tamarinds. The hungry freebooters now began to cook the food; but "lightly come lightly go," and what could not be stowed away in their capacious maws or brought away was left behind, scattered about from the wantonly broken or overturned cooking pots—a vivid picture of plunder and waste.

Khor Lurit formed the parting line between the friendly and hostile Bari tribes. Scarcely had we left the place when the former gathered like hyænas on a battle-field, sweeping away as much of the corn as they were able to scrape together.

As we continued our westward march one of our people well nigh fell a victim to the vengeance of the plundered Bari. A Morú carrier, already weakened by illness, had fallen asleep in a hut and so got left behind. But late in the evening he crawled into camp with a gaping wound in his side, from which the entrails were protruding. One of his countrymen by the application of leaves and hand pressure managed to replace the parts and to my great surprise the wound was nearly completely healed in a few days. Such is the almost incredible tenacity and recuperative power of these African natives.

Our next camping ground lay on a sparsely wooded plateau, within sight of Jebel Kunúfi, which rose about two miles to the east. The whole of the surrounding district presented a charming prospect, resembling that of an English park. A gently rolling rising ground was covered with a red soil agreeably contrasting with the rich green foliage of wide-branching forest trees large enough to afford shelter to a whole village. The distant view of the Niambara hills whose soft outlines bound the western horizon, was uninterrupted by the arborescent vegetation, which nowhere developed dense thickets or woodlands. Amid this enchanting scenery the eye swept over the pleasant-looking

PARK-LIKE LANDSCAPE ON THE ROUTE TO MAKARAKA LAND.

Bari habitations, which with their fresh green euphorbia enclosures harmonized admirably with the surrounding landscape. I yielded to the soothing influence of the situation all the more readily that I had grown somewhat weary of the monotonously uniform Sudanese vegetation.

Shortly before reaching camp we had left on the right a little lake rather over a mile long and half a mile broad which I was informed was perennial, and which was evidently much larger in the rainy season. Wild geese, herons and other waterfowl enlivened the waters of the little basin, whose name sounded to me

like *Bey* or *Bay*, although Marno writes *Maiyeh Beer*. It certainly cannot be a Maiych, or backwater, being merely a tarn, or depression filled with rainwater.

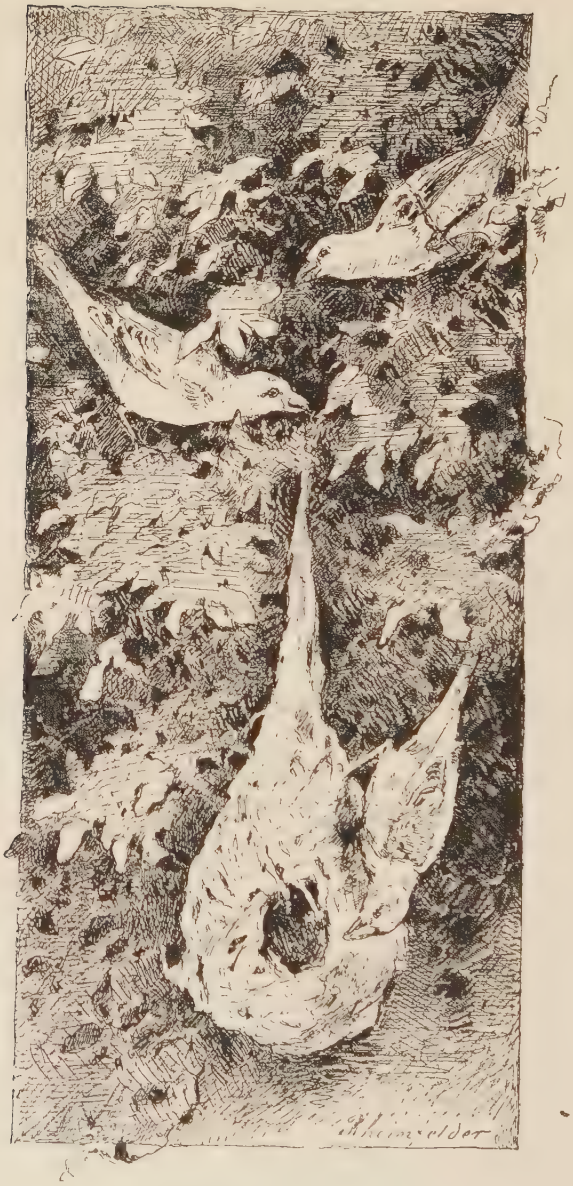
Some of our people had been fortunate enough to secure a little "game" to vary their evening meal—a snake over three feet long, whose head and skin I claimed for my collection, and a highly odorous civet, whose fur I also secured. These were savoury dishes especially for the Makarakas, who are by no means particular in the choice of their food. Of the ox every scrap is consumed, entrails, gristle, sinews, except skin and bones. It was a painful sight to see them wrangling over the contents of the stomachs, and greedily swallowing a handful of the nauseous stuff.

January 24th, 1877.—A three hours' march along a winding and rather difficult track brought us to the Niambara territory, whose monotonous plains stretched away to the west, broken only by a few rocky heights such as the Jebel Jirmóg, in the south-west, and Lagúhm in the north-west. From the northern slope of the Jebel Lagúhm, which was crossed by our route, the land presents the same aspect of an unbroken steppe. Both mountains are connected by a range of low undulating hills.

Following the winding track through the bush broken by clearings, which were covered with the stubble of burnt or withered herbage, we reached the Khor Koda[1], a torrent some thirty yards broad, here flowing between banks twelve or fourteen feet high, and draining the surface waters of the Jebel Kiddi northwards to the Bahr el-Jebel. But like the Khor Lurit it was nearly dry at this season, containing only a little bad water in the deep cavities and places where wells had been sunk.

We had now left behind us the shady, wide-spreading forest trees, and our carriers were fain to seek the shelter of a little scrub or brushwood, while many had to rest during the heat of the day on the open grassy plain. I took refuge with my fellow-travellers in the bed of the stream itself, where a little shade was afforded by the few trees fringing the steep banks.

[1] In the Mittu language *koda* or *kodda* means "river."



WEAVER BIRDS AND NEST.

At first it was intended to proceed the same evening; but when it was announced that we were to pass the night on the spot, the camp presented a scene of bustle and activity such as I had never before witnessed. The carriers were busy erecting temporary huts, which were run up with surprising rapidity, the chief materials being young saplings about the thickness of an arm, branches, foliage, dry herbage for the roof, lianas and thongs to make all fast.

When all the work is got through, and our people are squatted round the camp fires relating the experiences of the day and their "impressions of foreign parts," I am much struck by the loud vocal organ of the negro race. At first I often fancied they were vehemently wrangling, whereas they were only relating to each other some pleasant tale after their own boisterous manner. They listen attentively to the speaker, whose narrative they intersperse with "marginal notes," often with hearty laughter and merriment, for the negro never fails to catch the comic side of the subject, emphasising it by that peculiar long-drawn-out utterance of the last note of the laugh, which is never heard amongst European peoples. His cheerful disposition seems to be little disturbed by untoward events such as would put any white completely out of sorts. In fact, he seems to find refuge in mirth and humour from the troubles of life.

Leaving the Khor Kóda on January 25th we still followed a winding course mainly to the west and at last quite due west. To-day we passed the first Niambara village, which was built in the Bari style, *gúgu* and all. Farther on we halted at the Khor Kádabi, which contained copious pools of water concealed amid the tall sedge and herbage. Here also temporary huts were erected, and as I was falling asleep in my spacious open enclosure a genuine African tempest burst overhead. The camp fires were still burning, when the gale sprang up, blowing in furious gusts and scattering dust, embers and sparks over the huts. I got up at once and dressed, expecting every moment to see the huts in flames. Even the men on guard, usually indifferent enough, seemed somewhat alarmed, and hastily called

on the people to put out all fires. Nevertheless a disaster must have ensued, had the danger not been averted by a timely downpour. The rain came down in torrents and drove us to seek shelter amongst the baggage in the more firmly constructed hut.

The storm abated about two o'clock in the morning; but next day we remained at the Khor Kádabi, where fresh huts were erected in the place of those which had proved defective. Another was also supplied to me, and our camp now presented the appearance of a large, permanent village. But the danger of fire was seriously increased by the new structures, and I was continually haunted by the thought, having a vivid recollection of the catastrophe which overtook Schweinfurth in Jur Ghattas, where he lost the greater part of his collections and instruments. However, a lovely evening was followed by a fine night, and we resumed our march at sunrise. But the last groups had scarcely left the camp when the rain came down again, lasting steadily for three hours. The division under Bahit Agha remained behind, and erected tents to protect the ammunition and provisions in their charge. Later the vigorous Makaraka carriers overtook us, and went ahead with banners flying at double-quick step.

I never ceased to wonder at the strength and staying power of these natives. The regulation load may doubtless not have weighed more than from thirty to fifty pounds; but to this were added their own provisions to last for several days, besides the booty secured during their plundering excursions. Hence I believe myself within the mark in asserting that robust negroes carry loads weighing altogether from sixty to seventy-five pounds, and these loads are borne on the head for hours together with only one or two halts during the day. To ease the pressure they make round pads of leaves and grass about six inches in diameter, which are placed under the load on the crown of the head.

Our course still lay westwards, with a little southing along a track winding through low brushwood. The scrub was here frequented by the plantain-eater (*Schizorhis zonurus*, Rüpp.), always met in pairs, and known from a distance by its cry

resembling the yelping of a dog; the glossy starling (*Phylostomus senegalensis*); hundreds of ring-doves (*Turtur semitorquatus*), and whole flocks of the lovely estreldas. Then the road led over the northernmost spurs of the Mireh range, which was concealed from view by the extensive woodlands until we had approached quite close to the eastern slopes. The land maintained the same aspect of a level wooded plain as far as the northern declivity of the Jebel Beriffa, a rocky ridge connected southwards with the Mireh hills. Here rugged crags, often

RING-DOVES.

assuming picturesque or fantastic forms, rise abruptly amid the trees and scrub. Northwards, low disconnected heights stand out as foot-hills to the Jebel Beriffa, whence a small chain branches off towards the south-west. Thus on our route we had the head of the Mireh range on our left, the isolated heights and the low chain on our right, while a broad pass led over the saddle connecting the Jebel Beriffa with the northern heights. From the pass an upland glen penetrated into the mountains, thus

separating the northern offshoots of the Mireh range. Our path was here crossed by two small mountain streams, which flow north-eastwards in the direction of the Bahr el-Jebel.

We now traversed a sparsely-wooded upland plateau, seven or eight miles long, whence we descended to the Khor Kukuli, which had the aspect of a grass-grown, dried-up swamp, but nevertheless still contained a few water-holes. Beyond this Khor the woodlands became more open, affording a glorious prospect over a rolling upland plain stretching away for miles towards the north and south-west. The isolated cones and rocky crags, hills and undulating tracts, the Niambara station with its groups of native hamlets; lastly, the framework of the whole picture, the Mireh range to the left, the Rego mountains to the right, all combined to form a delightful and impressive panoramic view.

After passing a few scattered villages we entered the Niambara station on January 27th. This zeriba, whose superintendent, Abd 'Alláh, had accompanied our expedition from Ladó, had been founded eighteen months previously, about midway between Ladó and Makaraka Land. It thus formed a resting-place for the ivory caravans, which could here obtain supplies of durra and cattle, and also find protection in the garrison of irregular Nubian troops from the hostile Niambara tribes. A great many of these tribes obstinately refused to enter into relations of any kind with the government officials, and the attempts to reconcile them by presents of beads, cloth, and the like, had mostly proved abortive.

But although the majority had withdrawn to the natural strongholds of the Mireh and Rego mountains, some of the chiefs had submitted and settled with their people round about the zeriba. From these, however, it was impossible to procure sufficient corn for the garrison alone, to say nothing of the supplies needed by passing caravans. Hence the Egyptians were fain to have recourse to the usual *ghazwehs*, or plundering expeditions against the hostile negroes, or rather against those who had the courage to defend their liberties. In this way many had been forced to submit; but the supplies being very

NIAMBARA STATION. (*From a photograph.*)

short at the time of our arrival, it was decided to organize a *ghazweh* during the next few days.

With the prospect before me of being detained some time in the zeriba, I endeavoured to make myself as comfortable as possible. The somewhat spacious station, which had apparently been erected on the site of an old native village, had by no means been laid out with the geometrical regularity of the Ladó zeriba. In the construction of the huts the strong yet light bamboo and tenacious reeds of the Upper Nile had here to be replaced by a tall, almost woody, grass both for the side walls of the huts and for the inclosures of the separate groups of dwellings. This material being far from durable, the huts soon yield to the attacks of wind, weather and the all-devouring termites, hence have constantly to be re-sewed. Some are also built of mud, while durra straw, not unlike that of maize, is used for the fences.

Gúgus are also erected, like those of the Bari, but are not so numerous, itself a proof that the Niambaras cultivate less land than their neighbours. They are, in fact, a pastoral people, whose cattle, a small, strong and hardy breed, are used as mounts by the Nubians of the zeribas.

Although the last part of the name Niam-*bara* may have no more than an accidental resemblance to the word *Bari*, there can be no doubt that the two peoples are closely related, as shown by their physical appearance, usages, and especially their common language. The Niambara (pronounced almost like Niambra) occupy the depressions where they raise durra crops, and the slopes of the surrounding hills, which serve both as grazing grounds for their cattle, and places of refuge against the attacks of their enemies. Here they keep a great part of the harvested corn stowed away in the clefts of the rocks, and from this vantage ground discharge poisoned arrows at their assailants, or else try to terrify them by hurling down great stones from their precipitous retreats.

Bari and Niambara resemble each other so closely that it is often difficult to distinguish them taken individually. Nevertheless the Niambaras, taken collectively, betray unmistakable

shades of transition to the peoples dwelling more to the west. I should not, however, venture to indicate any characteristic differences in complexion, form of skull or features, between Bari and Niambara, though such may yet be detected by more careful and protracted observation.

The Niambaras generally wear their woolly hair longer than the Bari; the women especially show to great advantage in this respect, leaving unshaven a great part of the head, whereas their Bari sisters make themselves repulsive by depriving the skull of its natural adornment. In their scanty costume the women resemble the Makarakas, wearing a girdle of foliage round the hips, or else a loin-cloth of vegetable fibre hanging down to the bend of the knee. To this they add long strings of very thin shells wound from four to eight times round the body, iron bangles and rings, cowrie shells, and many-coloured glass beads on neck and breast; iron, copper or brass rings on wrists and ankles. They are also distinguished from the Bari women by the custom of piercing both lips for the insertion of smoothly polished quartz cones one to two inches long. When the mouth is shut the points converge, so that the lips seem to be tightly knitted together by a thick quartz needle. This repulsive fashion also prevails amongst the Morú, Abaká and other western tribes.

The ornamentation of the Niambara men is limited to a few foot and arm rings; but on the other hand they tattoo nearly the whole body. Six to eight rows of dotted lines run from the temples to the middle of the forehead and to the root of the nose, similar designs being introduced on the breast and other parts. Their arms are the spear, bow and arrow, the points of the latter being poisoned with a vegetable juice extracted from two shrubs called badó and pinkuán. I was told these plants did not grow in the neighbourhood of the zeriba, and although they brought me a piece of the poison about the size of a walnut, I could find neither leaves nor any other part by which the shrubs might be identified.

The first European to visit the Niambaras was the Catholic missionary, Father Fr. Morlang, who started from Gondokoro in

October, 1859, penetrated beyond the Yei, and on his return journey joined a caravan of ivory-dealers, which was the first to advance so far west.

Of the numerous Niambara sub-tribes I may here mention the Abrēhu, Abukúka, Abitta, and the Lamóda. The sense of solidarity extends no farther than the clan, which breaks into hostile factions on the slightest grounds. Owing to these tribal feuds they have often to yield to foreign enemies, whom if united, they might successfully resist; this is specially the case when the invaders understand, as the Nubians do, how to set one tribe against another, and then leave the work of destruction to be carried out by the natives themselves.

Nevertheless the Niambaras, apart from those settled in the zeriba district, appear to have acted in concert against the Egyptians, availing themselves of every opportunity to injure the hated "Turks." The garrison of the zeriba had suffered much at their hands, and so great was the difficulty of procuring corn that ten of the Nubians stationed here had recently run the risk of escaping to the stations on the river Rôl, rather than put up any longer with reduced rations. Bahit Agha, however, had them brought back with the *shebba*, or slave stick, on their necks.

Energetic steps had now to be taken for the maintenance of the zeriba, which was absolutely indispensable for the security of the caravan route between Ladó and Makaraka Land. We learnt from Bahit Agha that Ahmed Atrush, mudîr of Wandi, was advancing with 2,000 Makarakas and 100 Nubian soldiers, with the intention of making some expeditions against the more remote negro settlements, and thus procure a good supply of provisions for the zeriba. But the more pressing wants of the place were to be met by a raid under Fadl Allâh, mudîr of the station in Makaraka Land named from him.

In the night of January 29th I was awakened by the noise of the men setting out for the Mireh mountains on a corn and cattle-lifting expedition.

Next day they were back again laden with durra in baskets and all kinds of vessels, most of which was consigned to the

government stores. The victim of this raid was the chief, Dukeri, whose people on the approach of the Egyptians drove their cattle higher and higher up the mountain slopes, so that the plunder could only be secured by the most strenuous efforts. I learnt that five of the Niambaras were shot, while two only of the raiding party were wounded by arrows, one of which was apparently poisoned.

The same day Ahmed Atrush Agha arrived with a division of his troops, and with more plunder carried off *en route*. It was now arranged that Atrush should bring to reason a refractory sheikh, who was threatening the southern road from Ladó, which is practicable only in the wet season. This chief had already successfully resisted an attack from the lieutenant of Yussuf esh-Shellali in the Rôl district; hence he was now to be assailed with a large force, including every man that could be spared from the zeriba, where we were to remain till their return from the expedition.

I was thus delayed in Niambara, much against my will, till February 11th, passing much of the time in conversation with Bahit Agha, who had remained behind with his fellow-countryman, Fadl Allâh, both Nuba negroes from the south of Kordofan.[1] In order to ascertain the range and skill of the Niambara archers, I got up shooting matches in the open space in front of the zeriba. I found that iron-headed arrows carried as far as 170 paces, but the shooting was only moderately good, even at a short range of twenty-five paces.

On February 9th it was reported that the raiders were returning, and a few companies entered the zeriba in the forenoon, all with their baskets of durra. They continued to arrive throughout the day, usually in single file, and the heap of corn rose higher

[1] That is from the Nuba Mountains, probably the cradle of the Nubian race, which spread thence in remote times down the Nile valley to the Egyptian frontier. Here they become mixed with Hamites (Begas) and Semites (Arabs), whereby their original negro type was greatly modified. But they retained, and still retain, their negro speech, which is the same as that spoken by the true Nubas of the Nuba Mountains in South Kordofan. These are undoubted Negroes, even of a pronounced type, and their language also belongs to the Negro group. See Lepsius, *Nubische Grammatik*.

CARAVAN CARRIERS ON THE MARCH TO MAKARAKA LAND. (*After a drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

and higher, as did also the pile of empty baskets. A portion of the durra was assigned to the carriers, another and a larger to the zeriba granaries for the garrison and passing caravans, and, if necessary, for the natives who had tendered their submission to the Egyptian Government.

Our carriers were now provided with enough for the four or five days' march to the station Wandi. About noon Atrush Agha arrived with the captured live stock, nearly a thousand head, and he naturally met with an enthusiastic reception.

Atrush Agha had conducted this raiding expedition to the Niambara territory, which stretches for several days away to the north. In this direction the Niambaras are conterminous with the Madārs on the lower course of the Kenni, which is there called the Gall or Gell. Beyond the Madārs follow northwards the Eliabs, while towards the south the Niambara domain is said to reach the Gúmbiri uplands. Atrush stated that he advanced three days northwards, plundering those places which were reported to be favourable for his purpose, and carrying off much booty, as indeed was evident. The expedition suffered from lack of water, and for three days none could be procured for the cattle.

On February 11th our caravan, now strengthened by Atrush Agha's contingent, and numbering altogether some 3,000 souls, broke up camp, setting out much earlier than had been announced. Hence I was still busy packing up when the first column cleared out of the zeriba; my carriers also pushed forward, and I was the last to leave the station with my servants. We followed a track winding westward through low scrub, passing a fantastic rocky height whence flowed a little brook which crossed our path. Our course still lay to the west till we reached the Khor Kenni, where the tents of Bahit Agha's column were pitched.

The rolling plateau hitherto traversed, which fell from an altitude of 2,040 feet down to 1,950 at the Niambara station, was covered with low brushwood, where many forms reminded me of various potted plants preserved in our conservatories. The Khor Kenni, where we encamped, contained only a few water-holes; but during the rainy season its flooded channel twenty to

twenty-five feet deep and forty to fifty yards wide, becomes a serious obstacle to travellers, who have often to wait days together on its banks *dum defluat amnis.*

At the Khor Bulák, also a deep torrent ten yards wide, the whole of the Régo (Réko) range came into full view, although the route was crossed only by its northern spurs. Here we encamped scarcely ten minutes from the hills near the village of the friendly chief Abú Kuka. The range presented a highly picturesque aspect, with its varied outlines sharp jagged peaks, and chaos of rocky heights covered with a luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs, amongst which the azalea predominates.

Learning that a hot spring was not far off, I went off to visit it in company with Fadl Allâh and Atrush, and some fifty soldiers, who were joined by several hundred spearmen in the hope of finding some plunder on the way. After a rapid march of an hour we reached the Rillet thermal waters in a wild hilly district, which I was informed served as a place of refuge for many Niambara chiefs. The springs which well up in several places go to feed an irregular basin occupying a small depression in the ground with a uniform temperature of 122° Fahr. No habitations could anywhere be found in the neighbourhood, and some women overtaken at the wells when questioned on the subject gave the stereotyped answer *lu-lu-lu-lu*, far, far, far away.

On our return to camp the weather became very threatening, black clouds banking up on the horizon, low thunder growling in the distance ; but it soon cleared, and we were all able to enjoy a balmy evening *al fresco.* We had been much favoured all along by overcast skies, tempering the glow of the fierce solar rays, which raised the temperature in the shade from 95° to 100° Fahr.

Next day, February 13th, we struck westward, and after a fatiguing march across the Régo mountains turned south-westwards to a camping ground, where the rugged highlands fall through a series of foot-hills down to the western valleys. Our next march, winding partly through dense woodlands of tall trees with bright leathery foliage, partly through more scrubby

brushwood, brought us over the western border of Niambara Land into the Moru-Liggi territory. On this route I saw great numbers of termites' nests (*Termes mordax*), looking like huge gray toadstools. The land which from a distance seems to be a plain with a few crests in the west, is really much broken with rising ground and depressions rolling away in long undulations to and beyond the river Yei. It is better watered than the Niambara region, its numerous streams flowing even in the dry season partly to the Bibeh and partly to the Yei.

To-day we crossed several torrents, to some of which the Nubians applied the term *Sílek* from a tall tree which grows in this district, and which is distinguished from the prevalent leathery vegetation by its slender stem crowned with a tuft of graceful foliage. These long straight stems are much prized as rafters for the roofs of the native huts.

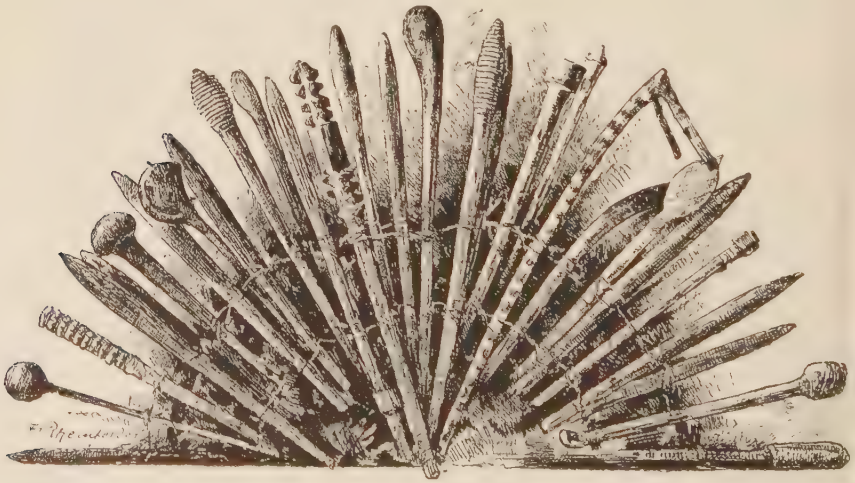
Even at this season water is found in the sandy and rocky bed of the Bibeh, which is here some twenty yards broad, and sixteen or eighteen feet deep, and which flows north-west to the Yei. The tall stems of the trees fringing its banks are entwined with the snake like coils of the *Landolphia*, the *lindi* of the Makarakas. The intensely yellow pulp of the fruit of this creeper forms an astringent of a very acid taste ; it is about the size of a lemon, and like it may be used for making a kind of beverage. Amongst the numerous birds frequenting the neighbourhood of the water I noticed the active bee-eater.

At the Khor Bibeh where we made a short halt, Bahit Agha was visited by some Morú negroes and their chief from a northern village. They were quite naked, carried quivers-full of poisoned arrows, and were distinguished by a tattoo-mark on the temples resembling the feathered end of an arrow. The chief's wife had her under-lip adorned with a long quartz cone twice the size of that worn by the Niambara women.

We were to reach the Wandi zeriba on February 16th, and as was usual on the last day, broke up camp betimes. From Niambara Land, we had followed a more northerly route than that taken by Ernest Marno, who travelled in company with Colonel Long from Ladó to Makaraka Land in the year

1875. Our course lay, not due west, but south-west, and for a time even south, crossing a considerable number of streams; between the last camp and Wandi I counted as many as eleven, flowing through broad flat depressions. At the point where we forded the Yei it was about fifty yards wide, and even then the rapid stream was over three feet deep. The banks, whose rich vegetation recalled that of the Blue Nile, fall abruptly down to the sandy bed, hence the passage of such a large convoy was not accomplished without a few mishaps. I rode safely across on my ass, while one or two here and there slipping from their mounts took an involuntary bath. Several of the youngsters eight to ten years old, who had to carry the rifles of their masters, were naturally unable to keep them above water, receiving in consequence a sound box on the ear.

Twenty minutes after crossing we entered the Wandi station hours before the rear of the caravan reached the place.



NEGRO CLUBS.

HARNESSED ANTELOPES.

CHAPTER VIII.

RESIDENCE AND EXPLORATIONS IN MAKARAKA LAND.

Administrative Divisions of the Makaraka Province—The Wandi Zeriba—Ahmed Atrush Agha—Khor Bandam—The Dongolans—The Old Zeriba of Fadl'Allah—Ibrahîm Gurguru—The Abukáya Oisila—Kopp's Illness—Sheikh Koh—The Azigo Villages—The Mundú Chief, Kudúrma—The Makaraka Sheikh, Amusei, and his Wives—Return to Kabayendi—Second Circular Journey—The Bombeh Negroes—Sheikh Nkugu—Through Abaká Land to Kudúrma and Ansea—Ansea's Village and the Abaká People—Tendia's Village—The Khor Torre.

NO regard was paid to the tribal affinities of the various local populations in determining the limits of the administrative divisions throughout the Negro lands subject to Egyptian rule. It could scarcely be otherwise, seeing that the safeguarding of government interests throughout this extensive region, and along the line of communication between the various military stations, always so difficult to keep open, could only be effected by forming provincial administrations based on strategical considerations. At the time of my first journeys through the equatorial provinces the whole territory was

divided into four mudirîyehs each under a mudîr, or district governor, residing at one of the chief stations in the respective district, the other stations or zeribas being entrusted to wekils or nâzirs (agents or sub-inspectors) dependent on the mudîrs. The four districts in question were:—

1. LADÓ, comprising all the stations lying on the Bahr el-Jebel south from that of Bôr, together with those of Latuka south to Mruli; in a word the south-easternmost division of the Egyptian Equatorial Province.

2. MAKARAKA, the south-westernmost division, the chief sphere of my following explorations.

3. RÔL, with capital Rumbek, Malzac's old zeriba, situated west of the river Rôl. The line of communication between the Bahr el-Jebel and this district led from Ghâbeh Shambíl westwards to Ayak (Defa Allâh) on the Rôl. Besides a series of small posts along the Upper Rôl as far as Makaraka, sundry isolated stations in Mangbáttu Land were also dependent on Rumbek. To the same district belonged Ghábeh Shambîl, itself and Amadi and Búfi, both on the course of the Yei east from the Rôl.

4. BAHR EL-GHAZAL. After the central government had monopolized the ivory trade and taken possession of the zeribas belonging to the old traders, this district remained closed till the year 1877, when its definite administration had not yet been settled.

But modifications of this general administrative scheme were already being introduced at the time of my visit to the country. After Gordon Pasha's departure from Ladó at the end of 1876, the general administration of all the provinces was handed over to the American Prout Bey, of the Egyptian staff. But Prout, with his colleague Mason Bey, whose exploration of Lake Albert Nyanza occurred about this time, returned soon after to Cairo. Then the Egyptian officer Ibrahîm Fauzi was charged in 1877 with the management of the Bahr el-Ghazal province, where I met him in the month of September of the same year. On my return from Makaraka Land to Ladó in February 1878 he was appointed mudîr of this administrative district, but owing to

great irregularities in his conduct of affairs he was recalled a few months afterwards and kept under durance in Fashoda.

During this interval Emin Efendi, now Emin Pasha, had been twice on a special mission to Mtesa, King of Uganda, and at the time of my return to Khartum he was appointed to succeed Ibrahim Fauzi as governor of the Ladô province. Before my departure from Sudan it had been decided to merge the two mudirîyehs of Makaraká and Rôl into one under Jussuf Bey esh-Shelláli, Bahit, Mudîr of Mákaraka, being recalled. About that time Romolo Gessi started on his expedition to the Bahr el-Ghazal to put down the rebel Soliman Zibêr, after whose fall he undertook the administration of the Bahr el-Ghazal with the title of Pasha, and was at the same time intrusted with the supervision of all the equatorial provinces.

The Mudirîyeh of Makaraka Land.

The Makaraka administrative division, lying west of Niambara Land, is crossed by the 5th parallel and 30° east longitude; but its frontiers can only be approximately defined, for they shift, as in all Negro lands, with the vicissitudes of border warfare, being effaced wherever the natives, favoured by the remoteness or the inaccessible nature of the land, are able to escape from the ordinances or exactions of the Egyptian authorities. The whole territory extends in both directions some seventy miles, being limited east by the Bibeh and west by the Issu river, and stretching from about the Gosa station southwards to the mountain range which runs south-west of the Mdirfi zeriba. To the mudirîyeh also belongs the station in Niambara Land with the settlements of the few neighbouring chiefs who have accepted the Egyptian supremacy.

Only a very small part of this region is inhabited by the Makaraka negroes, who give their name to the whole administrative province. The Makarakas are even undoubtedly more recent arrivals than the numerous other tribes—Liggi, Fejilú, Abukáya, Abaká, Mundú, Morú, and Kakuák—who differ from each other in speech and usages, and who were formerly perhaps

far more powerful peoples, but are now found scattered in isolated groups all over the land.

The Bombeh and Makarakas, or as they call themselves, Idîo, branches of the cannibal A-zandehs (Niam-Niams), migrated hither scarcely forty years ago from the far west, according to report from the Kifa country north of the Welle river, whence they were driven east by incessant feuds and internecine warfare. After many conflicts and marauding expeditions carried as far as Niambara land, and southwards to the Kakuák territory, they at last settled down peaceably amongst their neighbours. Such a confusion of different races is scarcely elsewhere to be found in a relatively so limited space in the known parts of the African continent. Owing to the mutual wrangling of these peoples the Mohammedan intruders were easily enabled to obtain a firm footing in the land, and reduce the natives to submission.

The establishment of the trading zeribas by the Khartum ivory and slave-dealers had the result that the clearly defined limits of the several populations became gradually effaced, and that they now dwell in scattered groups in the country. Although each tribe still occupies a separate district, heterogeneous colonies of nearly all the above-mentioned peoples were developed in the neighbourhood of the government stations. In these colonies even some Bari and Niambaras were represented, either driven westwards by famine or tribal feuds, or else introduced by the Egyptian functionaries.

East Makaraka Land, between the Yei and Bibeh rivers, is held by the Liggi, who are conterminous north and north-west with the Morus of the middle Yei valley.

South of the Liggi are the Fejilus (Fajelu), and beyond them the Kakuáks towards the sources of the Yei. But of these the northern clans alone dwelling near the stations have submitted to the authorities. West of the Yei river and of the Fejilus live the Abukáyas, who form two main divisions : Abukáya-oigíga and Abukáya-oisíla, the latter lying more to the north and west of the Moru territory ; west and north of the Abukáya-oigíga follow the Mundus, who have also formed numerous settlements farther north on the little Babálla river near the former zeriba of

Fadl Allâh, and under their chief Kudúrma on the Aïre (Ire) river. They extend to the extreme south-western borders of the province, and many of their villages are already found beyond the watershed between the Nile and Welle basins, that is on the Akka and Garamba rivers which flow southwards to the Kibali (Upper Welle). Northwards the Mundús are conterminous with the Abakás, whose westernmost settlements lie about the affluents of the Issu (Upper Tonj).

Encompassed by all these tribes, the Makarakas and kindred Bombehs occupy a relatively limited domain in the heart of the province, the former chiefly on the tributaries of the Torre, the latter in the Mense river valley. But a small section only of the Bombeh people are subject to the jurisdiction of the mudîr. Many of their villages lie in the Welle basin south-west of the Mundu and Abukáya-oigíga territories. The ivory caravans from Mangbáttu Land, which followed the course of the Rôl to Defa Allâh's zeriba, traversed their land, and maintained relatively friendly relations with them.

Amid these heterogeneous populations, which are still subject to constant shiftings and migrations, the Nubian and Arab traders have obtained a firm footing by the fortified stations (zeribas) which they established soon after penetrating into the Upper Nile regions. Such stations served as so many bases for the systematic exploitation of the land, that is, for the collection of ivory and slaves. The first Arab settlements were the former zeribas of 'Akk'ad and those of Petherick's agents, all of which have disappeared off the face of the earth without leaving a trace of their existence.

In this region habitations soon fall to decay, partly through the effects of weathering, partly yielding to the attacks of myriads of termites and little bark-beetles (*Bostrychus*). As a rule the houses are not rebuilt or repaired on the same spot, but removed to another site, whereby fresh soil is secured for cultivation. Hence the exact determination of the position of such places is of secondary importance. Thus I found that Fadl Allâh's zeriba, visited by Marno and Long, in February 1875, had already been removed over twelve miles to the southward,

while that of Wandi was shifted over half a mile eastwards to the Yei during my stay in Makaraka Land. For the same reason, very few of the zeribas visited by Schweinfurth in the Bahr el-Ghazal region still occupied their original sites, when I explored the land.

When the ivory trade became a government monopoly, all the zeribas in Makaraka Land which had gradually been bought up by the Khartum trader 'Akk'ad, passed into the possession of the Egyptian authorities. At the time of my visit there were five such stations as under:—

1. The head station of WANDI, 2,500 feet above the sea-level, or 960 higher than Ladó; seat of the mudir, Bahit Agha and of his agent, Ahmed Atrush. It stood at the confluence of the Torre and Yei, amid some Liggi and Morú settlements.

2. MAKARAKA SSUGHAIR, or "Little Makaraka" (2,500 feet); called also Ahmed Agha Akhuán's, from the name of its administrator; twelve miles west of Wandi on the south bank of the Torre, in the Makaraka Negro territory.

3. KABAYENDI or AKBAYENDI (2,750 feet), called also Makaraka Kebir ("Great Makaraka"), or Fadl Allâh's, from the superintendent who died in my time; on the north bank of the Mense also in the Makaraka territory proper. Fadl Allâh was succeeded by Rihán Agha.

4. RIMÓ (2,820 feet), on the river Jeli, thirty miles south of Wandi under the Nàzir (sub inspector) Abd Allâh Abû Zéd.

5. MDIRFI (3,000 feet), sixteen miles west of Rimó.

Each of these stations had jurisdiction over a certain number of native chiefs, and all had garrisons of from fifty to seventy-five of irregular Dongolan troops, with about an equal number of dragomans. In my time each of the first three had also thirty Egyptian regulars armed with Remington rifles; but they were afterwards recalled.

Dongolans, or native dragomans, were also stationed in various parts of the country, in order to give more effect to the orders of the administrators, and look after the taxes levied on the crops.

On February 16th, I entered Wandi, oldest of the then existing

zeribas, and was hospitably received by the mudîr Bahit Agha, who played the part of host with the studied composure he had learnt from his Turkish and Arab compeers. A native of Dar-Nuba in South Kordofan, he had originally entered the service of John Petherick, afterwards English Consul at Khartum, and had then passed into the ranks of the Negro Sudanese regiment. With this regiment he had joined the French campaign against Juarez of Mexico, and on his return accompanied Sir Samuel Baker's expedition to the White Nile region. Being removed by Baker to the Civil Service department, he was appointed mudîr of the Makaraka province by Baker's successor, Gordon Pasha.

Besides Bahit there were two other Nuba officials in this province, Fadl Allâh and Rihán Agha, who as fellow-countrymen called each other Akhuán or "Brothers." But none of the native officers and officials at that time employed in Sudan could be called trustworthy, Bahit certainly not more than any other. Yet the complaints poured into my ears by his underlings were all inspired by spite and envy. His wekil, Atrush Agha, especially, who as a genuine Turk despite his lowly origin[1] felt himself greatly superior to the dark-skinned Nuba, bored me with long lists of abuses and irregularities, which he charged against the mudîr.

My quarters in Wandi, compared with those of Ladó, might almost be called luxurious—spacious and lofty interior, walls whitewashed on both sides, four window-openings giving plenty of light and air. Here also was excellent drinking-water, the best I had tasted for months, besides an abundance of bananas, water melons, eggs, milk, vegetables, and pigeons which were bred in large numbers by Atrush Agha.

Next morning Kopp, despite his sore feet (he had insisted on walking though I had placed an ass at his service) went shooting and brought back for the ornithological collection an owl (*Scopus umbretta*), a wagtail (*Motacilla*, widespread throughout the equatorial region), a honeysucker and other specimens. In

[1] He was said to have been a *sáqā*, or water-carrier, in Khartum.

HONEYSUCKERS

the afternoon I was visited by Ahmed Agha wekil of "Little Makaraka," a tall Kurd advanced in years.

As I had resolved to push forward to Mount Baginse, or at least by a triangular measurement to connect my itinerary with that of Schweinfurth, I cut short my stay in Wandi, in order if possible to carry out the project before the rains set in.

Wandi presents an agreeable contrast to the Nile zeribas, being much more openly built in the midst of extensive plantations, and surrounded by slight enclosures, calculated more for protection against the nightly visit of hyænas than against the attacks of hostile populations. Here I passed many hours every day with Ahmed Atrush, who communicated much information about the southern lands, which although told in a confused way I subsequently found to be substantially correct. He spoke of the Kaliká

country, of the river Kibbi without knowing that it was the Welle, of the Chief, Luggar, who dwelt seven hours from the Kibbi, and from whose territory a five days' march led southwards to Kamrasi's people. Our friendship lasted many years, and when he was later overtaken by illness and misfortunes, I was happy to be of some service to him before his death.

On February 22nd, 1877 we started westwards, the route running somewhat parallel with and south of the Torre river, at first through dense herbage, with here and there a few trees and rich underwood. Then followed some brushwood, which acquires a considerable size along the depressions watered by streams flowing to the Torre. Here flourishes the *abû hamira*, whose refreshing fruit grows close to the rich vegetable soil, while the leaves shoot up to a height of over five feet.

Farther on the Khor Bandam was crossed by a rude wooden bridge not easily traversed, and another hour brought us to the zeriba of Ahmed Agha, who had accompanied us from Wandi. This station is charmingly situated near the Torre, which is here fringed with tall leafy trees, while the surrounding plantations bear eloquent witness to the fertility of the soil. The broken surface presents from many rising grounds some delightful vistas of the numerous farmsteads embowered amid an exuberant vegetation, to which the bananas, everywhere conspicuous, impart a decidedly tropical and picturesque aspect. Enclosure follows enclosure, each serving a special service, either as a dwelling for the owner or his guests, or else for his numerous retainers, or as *gugus*, or granaries disposed in cruciform groups.

Here Ashmed Agha received me in a spacious requba under a noble wide-branching acacia echoing with the song and twittering of hundreds of little birds, who here enjoyed a merry family life undisturbed by any troubles from without. The dominant members of this colony were the winsome little weaver-birds (*Spermestes cucullata*), probably the smallest of the feathered tribe in the Nile regions, the crimson estrelda and the honey-sucker. In this *requba*, which served as Agha's divan and

general reception room, I was treated to a bounteous Arab dinner, which I greatly enjoyed after the monotonous fare I had to put up with for some time past.

Ahmed Agha took great interest in the cultivation of the land, as was evident from his carefully tended garden, where he grew lemons, sweet and bitter oranges, dates, custard-apples, cucumbers, beans, colocasia (taro), melons, gourds, chillies, onions, *carrica papaya* and other useful plants.

Next day leaving Ahmed Agha's zeriba, where my black ass from Sawâkin had at last succumbed to the climate, we crossed the Torre in a dug-out made of a gigantic tree trunk, and entered an undulating plain, passing many Makaraka settlements surrounded by flourishing corn-fields. At the village of the Chief Barafio we halted to engage some fresh carriers and wait for Fadl Allâh and Kopp who had remained behind.

Here I had for the first time an opportunity of seeing a large gathering of Makarakas, who certainly differed in the most marked manner from all the negro populations, hitherto visited by me. Very striking is their fondness for iron ornaments, dozens of massive iron rings being worn on arms and neck. At all the dwellings I noticed quantities of durra in the sheaf stacked on platforms.

For hours our route lay between already garnered durra fields, which usually occupied favourable clearings amid the surrounding brushwood, where the *Kigelia pinnata*[1] was largely represented. Here we caught a first view of the rounded crests of the Gurmani range away to the south-west, which is inhabited by several Makaraka chiefs; Dali, the most powerful of these, was afterwards frequently visited by me. Passing the settlement of Sheik Bénsiko and traversing a fine wooded tract, we at last reached the Kabayéndi station, having in the meantime been overtaken by Fadl Allâh and the others who had dropped behind.

Kabayéndi, Fadl Allâh's zeriba, comprises a considerable number of detached farmsteads, most of which stood on a rising ground near the Khor Mense. The general impression was less favourable than that of Wandi or of "Little Makaraka;"

[1] A species of bignonia, the *Bedingan el-fîl* of the Nubians.

but I soon found convenient quarters in a large and airy *rcquba*, here called dhá'hr el-Tór, with a few adjoining huts for my people and the baggage.

The first day was passed in receiving visits from the lazy Dongolans, always on the look-out for presents, and from the negroes, who in this respect showed somewhat to more advantage. When Fadl Allâh's return became known the more distant chiefs also came to pay him their respects, and then remained for hours drinking spirits. Several were accompanied by their wives, amongst whom I noticed some really pretty faces, those for instance of Chief Bénsiko.

Our host Fadl Allâh did his best to please me. I was however much annoyed by the insolence of my cook, Mohammed, and my patience being at last exhausted, I turned him over to Fadl Allâh, from whom he received a well-merited thrashing. The total lunar eclipse of February 28th, now caused much excitement amongst the Mussulmans, who thinking the moon was threatened by the demon, Afrit, tried to scare him by expostulations and a deafening uproar produced by banging away with every imaginable object they could lay hands on.

In consequence of the reports brought in from the northern and western regions, I resolved to make an excursion to the hilly districts lying to the north, taking as guide Hassan, a Dongolan acquainted with the locality. Fadl Allâh also sent me a grown-up Abukáya slave in return for an elephant rifle, and on the morning of our departure two smartly-dressed girls presented themselves, whose business it was to grind the *feterita* (white durra), and bake it in quite thin cakes (*kisrā*,) which are folded almost like napkins and eaten at every meal.

Although I had ordered not more than ten carriers for the outing, and took only such things as were absolutely indispensable, nevertheless our convoy made quite a brave show, having been increased by an additional carrier for the dough, besides women slaves, Hassan the guide, and a lad with a goat. For bartering purposes I brought some cotton stuffs, glass beads, copper and spirits.

On Sunday, March 4th, 1877, I set out with Kopp on my first

circular excursion from Kabayéndi, intending the same day to reach Fadl Allâh's old zeriba on the Khor Nembe, which had been visited two years previously by Long and Marno. Hence I proposed to follow the route leading by the small zeriba under Ibrahîm Gúrguru round to the west and south, and thus visit the chiefs amongst the hills. Our course lay north and north-east between the durra fields of numerous Makaraka villages and across the Babárra and Uka rivers, at the latter passing from the Makaraka to the Mundú territory. Here the road traversed successively some brushwood, tall grass, and woodlands, at one point a herd of large antelopes bounding past so swiftly that all escaped our rifle-shots.

A fourteen miles' march brought us to Fadl Allâh's old zeriba, a picture of decay, where the chief object was a large pigeon-breeding establishment. Here we passed the night much disturbed by mosquitoes, and next morning I was visited by the Mundú chiefs, who dwelt some eight miles off, and later by Ibrahîm, who spent the evening with me. I found him a much-travelled person, who was able to tell me a good deal about the surrounding peoples, and was even acquainted with the Mount Baginse district. We discussed the interesting question of the Yei river, and he told me of his travels in Kaliká Land.

Here we were alarmed by a sudden conflagration, which before any preventive measures could be taken reduced several huts to a heap of ashes. But further mischief was prevented by the still night air, and we remained another day in the old zeriba, as my lad Morjan was complaining of a bad foot, and there were several native chiefs to interview. For my collection I secured the horns of the hartebeest (*Acronotus Caama*), and of the water buck (*Kobus ellipsiprymnus*,) the former the *lóbba*, the latter the *Ndo* of the Mundús. During the day I wrote down a little vocabulary of the Mundú language; in the numerals I got as far as 110, after which the natives became hazy and unintelligible.

On March 7th we started early, taking a northerly course, passing on our right the five crested Jebel Injitérra and the village of the chief of like name, where we passed from the Mundú to

the Abukáya-oisila territory. Close to our track the rocky Mount Ambé rose to a height of little over 210 feet above the surrounding land, and after a five hours' march we entered Sheikh Lofoké's settlement, thirteen miles due north of Fadl Allâh's old zeriba. Here we were at the foot of the hilly country and from the summit of the Jebel Lofoké (villages and hills are named from the respective local chiefs) I commanded a fine prospect of

DIFFICULT MARCH FROM SHEIKH KOH TO SHEIKH AZIGÓ'S VILLAGES.

the low Alpine region, which stretched from the west by south round to the east. I had within range a whole series of isolated crests, rocky masses, and smaller cones such as Logodé, Kurra, or Awá, Injiterra, Ambé, Málaga and others. From the east northwards the land is open, a few low ridges alone being visible; but in the far west the Gengara and Labigo mountains rose on the distant horizon.

After taking measurements of the altitudes of these mountains

and identifying their names, I returned to Lofoke's where some ethnological objects were secured at the cost of much wearisome palavering with the Abukáyas.

These Abukáyas, whose two main divisions have already been given, differ little in outward appearance from their Mundú neighbours, from whom they are nevertheless distinguished both by their speech and origin. The Mundús are intruders from the remote south-western lands, whereas the Abukáyas belong to the negro group collectively known by the name of Madi. In complexion both peoples seem to occupy a somewhat intermediate position between the dark Kakuáks and Abakás and the lighter Makarakas and Bombehs.

Compared with the eastern Bari, both are of low stature, with moderately dolichocephalous skull, and short, black curly hair, which is subjected to no artificial treatment. But amongst the Abukáyas I noticed a peculiar head-dress formed of six or seven little tin plates two inches in diameter distributed over the head and attached to the hair. The face is not tattooed as amongst the Morús and others, but both tribes remove the four lower incisors. The Abukáyas also wear the small horns of the bush antelope as a frontal ornament, the other adornments consisting of the greatest possible number of iron rings on neck, arms and legs.

While the Mundú women disfigure themselves with the quartz cone inserted in the under lip, their Abukáya sisters pierce the upper lip for the insertion of brass, copper or iron rings, as amongst the Morú women. The chief industry of the Mundus is the manufacture of iron spears, darts, chains, knives and the like, in which however they are greatly excelled by the Makarakas. I may here mention a peculiar custom observed at the burial of the more powerful Mundú, Abukáya and Abáka chiefs. Five, ten, and even as many as fifteen female slaves are buried alive with the departed potentate, and what is still more surprising they go to their fate voluntarily, in the firm belief that he will continue to provide for them in the grave! Such a case was stated to have occurred the year before my arrival; but the Egyptian officer who spoke of it to me, added that henceforth

the practice of this murderous superstition would be forcibly prevented.

Amongst the Makarakas the body of a dead chief is kept for a year seated on an *angaré* and smoked over a slow fire kept

ABUKÁYA GIRL. (*Drawn from Nature by Richard Buchta.*)

constantly burning. Food and a pot of beer are placed before him, and at the end of the year he is interred.

Leopards are said to be numerous in Lofoke's district; but I failed to secure a skin.

On March 9th a short journey over rough ground and by several Abukáya-oisila villages brought us to Ibrahîm Gúrguru's little zeriba, where I was visited by the neighbouring Abukáya chiefs, amongst others Kurra, who has given his name to a mountain in the vicinity. In the evening the natives gathered before my quarters with huge pots of merissa ; I also tried some of their spirits distilled from durra, and found it tasted like our grain whisky.

Here I was detained a couple of days by an indisposition accompanied by great weakness. Kopp also complained continually of his stomach, and although he was already suffering from the dysentery which at last carried him off, he could not be induced to regulate his diet. During this interval a storm, or rather a whirlwind, sprang up more violent than any I had yet experienced. Suddenly our roof was snatched up and went careering away, followed by coverlets, mats, and the other light objects lying about in the tent.

Thanks to careful dieting I was strong enough by March 12th to scale the Liri mountain and complete my survey of the route hitherto followed.

Next day continuing our journey over very rugged ground in the direction of Sheikh Azigó's zeriba we for the first time met tall bamboos growing in the depressions and greatly obstructing the way, as did also the long grass and reeds. We halted at Sheikh Koh's settlement, where the southern and western horizon was bounded by some hilly ranges, while northwards we commanded an extensive view of the distant highlands. On our arrival I witnessed in this direction the awe-inspiring spectacle of a vast conflagration raging over grassy steppe and woodlands, if the impenetrable bamboo jungle can be so called. Here hill and dale and river gorges are overgrown with tall herbage and cane brakes, which when parched by the vertical rays of the tropical sun easily become a prey to the all-devouring element. From a great distance was heard the peculiar hollow soughing of the onward rushing blaze, the crackling of the fiery wreaths as they rolled upwards and advanced with alarming speed in the direction of our huts. Several of the natives engaged with their

PRAIRIE AND FOREST FIRE AT SHEIKH KOH'S. (*After an original drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

freshly harvested durra stacks fell victims to the fierce destroyer, and as we ourselves were threatened to be swallowed up in the flames, intervening stretches of grass and herbage were cleared by firing, and a zone of bare ground thus created, which kept the conflagration at a distance. Everything round about was consumed, and far into the night the glowing sea of flame was reflected from the distant slopes and upland gorges.

A continuous drizzle lasting through the night prevented us from starting again before ten o'clock next morning. Toiling wearily up a steep western spur of Mount Itri (830 feet), and across a tract of charred bamboo stubble, we reached Azigo's settlement in a confined valley, through which the Khor Urjúa flowed in a deep channel to the Yalo (Nam Rôl) basin. Like all these small watercourses, it was fringed with a dense vegetation, where I enjoyed the sight of many highly-interesting plant forms.

The now approaching rainy season was heralded by the frequent rumbling of distant thunder, by overcast skies, a highly saturated atmosphere, and occasional drizzling rain. On the route from Azigo's to Kudúrma's station we again passed from the Abukáya-oisila to the Mundú territory; the route itself is skirted by high ridges, which farther on diverge round a broad plain, with the lofty Labigó and Gengara cones in the distance. We passed close under the north slope of Labigó, and skirted continuous mountain ridges on the south all the way to Kudurma's village.

On the southern slope of Mount Moku we reached the first Mundú hamlet, and four miles farther on halted for the night in the quarters of one of Abd Allâh's *wekils*.

Next day, March 16th, we entered Sheikh Kudúrma's village which lies near the Aire, or Upper Rôl, on a peninsula, or "island," as the Arabs call such formations, between the Assa and Aire rivers. In the rainy season the latter is at this point some ten yards wide and five feet deep. Here we were detained by the rains till March 18th, when our journey was resumed along a route trending from the west round to the south-west and south, and crossing numerous streams flowing westwards

through papyrus swamps and brushwood. Just before entering the station of the Makaraka chief Amuseí, some sixteen miles from Kudúrma's, we were all drenched to the skin by a tremendous downpour; the rain continued to come down in torrents while my hut was being built, the wretched requba which the sheikh had offered me being worse than the open air.

Next day also damp, cold, rainy weather, and visits from Amuseí's wives, who had to be presented with sundry gifts of beads, cloth, and copper. The ladies were draped as nearly as possible in Mother Eve's costume.

But on the other hand, what superb iron rings, as thick as your finger! On one of these belles I counted no less than sixty distributed over arms, ankles, and calves, besides six or eight heavy iron necklaces, keeping the head in an erect position more rigidly than the ruffs worn by the Spanish courtiers of the sixteenth century. Thin iron rings also adorn all the fingers as far as the first joints; nor was this all, for iron rods, two to three inches long, inserted in the under lip, were still needed to satisfy the vanity of Amuseí's consorts. And even now I have overlooked the iron and copper coils wound round the handle of a two-edged knife on the left upper arm, where the hammered blade was thrust in beneath the heavy iron rings.

After an absence of sixteen days we were back in Kabayéndi, having covered altogether one hundred miles on our first circular tour in Makaraka Land.

During my absence an ivory caravan had been equipped for Ladó; the mudîr, Bahit Agha, had in fact already set out, and he was to be followed in a few days by Fadl Allâh. I took advantage of this opportunity to despatch letters for Khartum and Europe. Fadl Allâh was accompanied by an escort of fifty robust Bombeh negroes, armed with shield and spear, who were to be employed in the razzias against the Niambaras. These Bombehs, genuine Niam-Niams, never serve as carriers, re-

garding themselves as aristocrats and taking part in the government expeditions as "volunteers."

Touching the collection of ivory, I learnt that since the appearance of the Khartum traders the elephants, previously hunted only for their flesh and fat, were eagerly pursued, being mostly captured in pitfalls, rarely attacked with the spear. The tusks were always brought to the local chief, from whom they were bought up by the agents at the zeribas. But such were the prevailing relations that the natives profited little by the trade, which chiefly benefited the Nubians, who in some cases hunted themselves, forcing natives familiar with the haunts of the animals to act as guides.

At first Makaraka Land itself yielded large quantities of ivory;[1] but the herds formerly so numerous have been greatly reduced, and at the time of my visit most of the ivory sent from this province to Khartum was drawn from Kaliká and the Niam-Niam lands, where a tusk fetched two small iron shovels (*melot*), some ten copper finger-rings and a couple of handfuls of glass beads.

The tusks are sorted according to their size, a classification which pays less regard to quality than to weight. Six qualities are distinguished:—

1. *Damîr*, the largest up to ten feet long, conveyed by alternate squads of four to six carriers.

2. *Brinji-ahl*, perfectly pure ivory always carried by the strongest men.

3. *Dáhar-brinji*, good quality, but small tusks, each weighing about 15 rotls (100 rotls = 110 lbs.).

4. *Bahr*, weighing from five to ten rotls, or two or three to the load.

5. *Klinjeh*, the smallest tusks, a bundle of seven to nine to the load.

6. *Mashmush*, bad ivory, that has been long in the ground or the water, or else damaged by sun and rain, and mostly calcined though still possessing a market value.

[1] According to Bahit Agha 500 elephants were formerly captured every year; but in the last few years the number fell to not more than ten.

The enormous destruction of elephants to supply the civilized world with ivory is shown by the calculation that in the twenty years from 1856 to 1876, Africa supplied Europe on an average with 1,500,000 lbs. of ivory annually, besides 250,000 lbs. exported to India, and about 150,000 to America, representing altogether, at least, 51,000 elephants![1] How long can this slaughter last, to furnish such articles as billiard balls, umbrella handles, piano notes, &c.?

And what unspeakable miseries of every kind inflicted on millions of wretched natives directly or indirectly through the ivory trade itself! If only the moans and groans and heartfelt agony could be heard that have been caused by a single tusk in its wanderings for thousands of miles before it reaches our workshops!

During my first stay in Kabayéndi, the Zandeh Prince, Indimma's brother Ringio, spoken of by Schweinfurth in his *Heart of Africa*, was absent collecting ivory for the government amongst his kindred, the Bombeh tribe. But he was now back, and I called upon him in his pleasant quarters beyond the river Mense. I found him an intelligent-looking, robust negro about forty years old, courteous in his demeanour, and evidently anxious to pass for a "cultivated" Nubian.

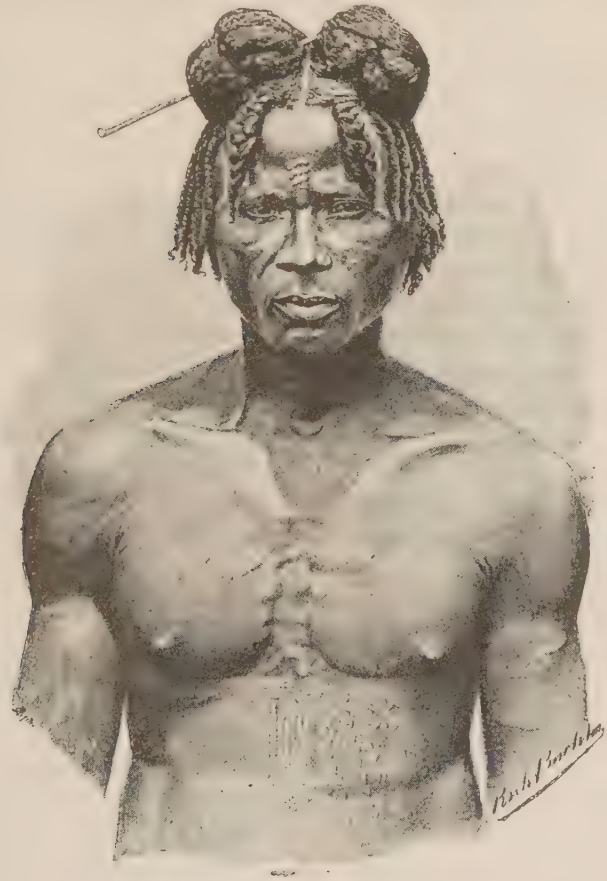
Ringio had formerly been in the service of John Petherick, who took him to Khartum, where he became quite familiar with the Arabic dialect current in Sudan. Then he found employment in the zeribas, where, thanks to his accurate knowledge of the Nubians and negroes, he commanded as "dragoman" considerable influence with his Bombeh fellow-countrymen. Through him were carried on not only the ivory trade, but all relations between these natives and the Egyptian authorities.

With Ringio I discussed the possibility of reaching the Jebel Baginse, with which he and his Bombehs were acquainted. But his report was far from encouraging. Since the death of the Nubian, Abd ess-Ssamad,[2] who had guided Schweinfurth to

[1] W. Westendorp, *Mittheilungen* of the Hamburg Geographical Society, 1873-79.

[2] See Ernest Marno's *Reise in der Ägyptischen Äquatorialprovinz und in Kordofan.*

King Munsa's in Mangbáttu Land, the Niam-Niam tribes of the Baginse district were at open warfare with the zeribas, their territory being distant according to Ringio five days from Kabayéndi—three to Sheikh Ansea's and thence two to Baginse.



BOMBEH (NIAM-NIAM NEGRO).

Recently the Egyptian troops were said to have driven the Bombeh chiefs to the wilderness, *fi gesh*, or "to the grass," as they say. Hence for an excursion to Banginse Ringio considered an escort of fifty soldiers and a number of the Bombehs settled near Kabayéndi as indispensable.

In the hand of one of Ringio's men I noticed the naked blade of a beautifully wrought knife shaped like that which King Munsa in Schweinfurth's portrait is holding like a sceptre. My curiosity was immediately aroused, the more so that I had heard that Ringio had in one of his huts a regular museum of "*antikas*." In Egypt, Nubia and consequently Negro Land, *antika* means everything that travellers are in the habit of collecting, from a mummy to a beetle preserved in spirits of wine. I would have gladly visited the "museum;" but all my leading questions Ringio met with evasive answers, and the treasures of Mangbáttu Land and the Niam-Niam country remained to me a closed book. I was fain to be satisfied with the present of a leopard skin, a brand new Bombeh shield, and a Mangbáttu robe of bark cloth.

Although anxious to be again on the move, I decided to await the arrival of the Egyptian officer whom Major Prout, governor of Ladó, was reported to have despatched on a tour of inspection to the zeribas and who had already reached Wandi. Meantime I put in order the surveys of my first circular journey, worked out the various measurements and began the construction of a map. But my labours were interrupted by frequent attacks of fever, which confined me to my angareb.

The monotony of our present existence was somewhat relieved by the visits of the captain of the regular troops, an elderly Turk, under whom I made steady progress in Arabic. He showed some interest in our European ways which I endeavoured to explain to him in broken Arabic; and as he was fond of gardening, I gave him some of my seeds, all of which to my delight soon sprang up. Radishes sown before my first tour had in twenty days grown to the size of a walnut, and were now much relished.

His officers told me many things about the still flourishing slave-trade, which the Mudîr Bahit Agha not only tolerated, but even himself actively carried on. On his last journey he was reported to have taken forty young negroes and three pretty slave-girls to Ladó, where they were sold on his account. But to us Europeans these gentry pretended to be all zeal in the

suppression of the illicit traffic, especially if they knew we had direct relations with the dreaded Gordon Pasha.

On my next tour Kopp, who continued to suffer from fever and dysentery, was to remain in Kabayéndi, hunting and collecting round about. My household now comprised four servants, at whose head was the Nubian, Ahmed, promoted with increased pay after the dismissal of the unruly Mohammed. Jadéyn, a strong Abukáya, eighteen years old, whom I had received from Fadl Allâh, attended to the heavy manual work of the household, while the little Morján was initiated by myself to the nicer duties of the *valet de chambre*. Although still a mere child, he was apt and intelligent, very quick and inquisitive, and kept his tougue going all day long.

On the other hand my donkey-boy, Abû Homar, "Father of the ass," as I dubbed him, was "gifted" with quite a phenomenal density of intellect. I still needed two lads who could only be obtained by purchase, or, what came much to the same thing, by gift. In either case they would be slaves, regular payment for services rendered being out of the question under present social conditions. I had frequently applied to Bahit Agha, but the unreasonable fear that through me the attention of the government would be drawn to the illegal slave-trade in his province prevented him from granting my request. By adopting this course he supposed he could blind my eyes in this matter; but he reckoned without his host, and I was soon convinced that if not worse Bahit was certainly not less guilty than his colleagues.

Meantime Mohammed Efendi Mâhir, the officer despatched from Ladó, had passed through Kabayéndi on his tour of inspection through Makaraka Land and the zeribas in the Rél basin. I accordingly pushed forward the preparations for

MY SECOND CIRCULAR JOURNEY,

which lasted from April 8th to April 28th, 1877, and which was mainly confined to the Bombeh and Abaká territories. My caravan comprised ten carriers, my servants Jadéyn and Abû Homar, besides a third lad who, like the two slave-girls who had

to prepare the *kisrā*, was "borrowed" from the household of the absent Fadl Allâh. Kopp remained behind with Ahmed and Morján.

My intention was to make my way through the Bombeh territory to Sheikh Ansea's, and thence to Mount Baginse returning by another route to Kabayéndi. But there was no time to be lost if I hoped to reach Rimó or Mdirfi soon enough to join the expedition which I was informed Abd Alláh Abû Sēd was about to lead into the Kalaká district.

On the first day we marched three and a half hours, at first along the windings of the Khor Mense, and then through low open scrub and the papyrus swamp Mindi, which soon brought us to the first Bombeh villages. We passed the night at Sheikh Gundo's, and were detained next day by a heavy thunderstorm and heavy downpours. Having brought no cook, I had to look after my own *cuisine*, which throughout the trip consisted of maccaroni, rice, white beans, and poultry, of which there was everywhere an abundance. Jadéyn's first attempt to cook a meal under my inspection could scarcely be called a success. When the tough bird and equally hard maccaroni were served up, I realized in silent resignation the full value of an "accomplished *chef*."

Continuing our march next day, we reached the village of the Bombeh chief Ngukú near the Khor Mense, here fringed by a broad belt of magnificent tropical vegetation—mighty forest trees with leafy crowns and stems entwined by the cable-like coils of creeping plants overshadowing the river-bed, and seldom penetrated by a sunbeam; elsewhere a luxurious growth of acanthus and bracken covering a rich vegetable humus, which had escaped the devouring prairie fires. The prospect altogether forcibly reminded me of the umbrageous woodlands and avenues so graphically described by Schweinfurth.

This district is thickly peopled by the Bombehs, whose little groups of habitations followed continuously along the route. Their huts, in many respects resembling those of the Niam-Niams, are more carefully constructed than amongst the eastern negro tribes. For the substructure they utilise the hard hillocks

of the termites (*Termes mordax*), from which they quarry tolerably uniform blocks about a foot thick, and quite impervious to the rain.

Sheikh Ngukú was not very friendly, not only refusing to supply any carriers, but limiting his ethnographic contributions to a solitary antelope skin (*Antilope scripta*). But for my prompt intervention his churlishness would have been rewarded with a vigorous hiding by the Dongolans. By sunset the ten carriers were produced, a proof that the fear of the lash is often required to bring the negro to a sense of duty.

Amongst the Bombehs I noticed a pronounced preference for

IRON BELLS OF THE BOMBEHS.

red, which was freely applied to face and breast. They constantly went about with their beautifully plaited shields and several spears, or else the *pingah*, a knife of peculiar form used as a dart. They produced quite a warlike effect, improved by the absence of the artificial hair-dressing which I had observed amongst Ringio's people at Kabayéndi. The hair is simply divided into thin skein-like tresses and mostly worn long.

The men wear a coarse bark cloth made of the *urostigma*, the women an apron of foliage, besides a heavy load of iron rings and other ornaments. A large blue angular glass bead is often seen on both sexes. As spoils of the chase the men deck them-

selves with the skin of *Antilope scripta*, and of the beautiful Colobus ape, the former hanging from the shoulder, the latter on the back fastened round the hips. A remarkable ornament are the horns of the Madoqua antelope attached by a thong to the forehead and producing a very striking effect.

The Bombeh villages were here surrounded by crescent-shaped beds, banked up and over a yard wide, which were broken only by the tracks leading to the huts, and which were planted with maize, pumpkins, tobacco, and various vegetables.

On April 10th, after crossing a small torrent we ascended a rising-ground, where I beheld the first Abaká villages, encompassed by durra and maize plantations. Here came the unpleasant news that we had strayed from the direct road to Ansea's. Under the guidance of an Abaká, who was prevented from bolting by being deprived of his spear, we retraced our steps north-westwards to a small zeriba where I was greeted by Hassan, my Nubian guide on our first circular trip. This station lay near the village of the Abaká sheikh, Tomáya, whither the seat of government was afterwards removed and named from him.

Continuing our north-westerly course we entered a hilly tract intersected by many glens and depressions, and strewn with numerous boulders, while to the east rose the cone which I had already passed on the way from Kudúrma to Sheikh Amuseí's. Here we had to cross a series of torrents, all flowing to the Aire, and all fringed with zones of luxuriant vegetation. By noon we reached the Khor Mantua, whose limpid waters were here collected in a stony basin overshadowed by a rich growth of large trees festooned with long creepers.

But the guides proved untrustworthy, and we failed to find the Abaká settlements; so to prevent any further wanderings up and down the wilderness I ordered a halt at the further side of the Khor Langná. While preparing our temporary huts we noticed in the distance vultures and kites wheeling in wide circles, but always returning to a certain point, where our people concluded a buffalo or some other large animal had fallen. Later some of them went in search of the quarry, and in a few hours brought

back the upper half of an antelope already in a putrid state. In fact it was so "high" that the horns, which I wanted to secure, were easily removed from the sockets, where the worms were at work. Yet the carcase, brain, and all, was eagerly devoured by our hungry people.

Here we were in a very inhospitable region infested by leopards, one of whom had in fact fallen on and partly consumed our antelope. So I had watch-fires kept up round about the camp during the night, the first I had passed in an African wilderness far from any human habitations.

Next morning our Abaká guides were "had up," one of whom had undoubtedly led us astray, and had already made the acquaintance of my stick. On being questioned both of them declared that they did not know the road to Anseá's. But suspecting that they were lying through desire to get back, I kept them by me, their arms having already been removed. In any case I was determined to push forward, and shortly before breaking up camp one of our escort announced that he knew the way. In ten minutes we reached a gneiss plateau commanding a wide prospect towards the east and north, and at a distance of about eight miles I fancied I recognized the mountains at Kudúrma's, which was confirmed by our followers. I was aware that from that point Ansea's was distant a good day's march, and there were surely people in Kudurma's who could conduct me thither. So we at once set out for Kudurma's, which was soon reached.

The country traversed resembled that of the previous day—a hilly steppe with tall grass and few trees intersected by numerous torrents partly running out in swamps, partly fringed by a rich vegetation, and flowing north or north-east to the upper course of the Rôl. That there was no lack of game was evident from the nightly concert of predatory beasts, and from a herd of buffaloes quietly grazing on the slopes of a hill.

We were now four days out, and had only reached Kudúrma's, whereas I had calculated to be at Ansea's in three days. A violent storm kept me awake during the night, and at sunrise everything was still enveloped in thick mist. Nevertheless we were able to proceed, but still failed to reach Ansea's that day.

After following a north-westerly course for some hours, I was persuaded by our people to trend northward at the Khor Aggu, in order to reach the settlement of the Abaká chief, Babira. Ansea's was declared to be too far off, and these lazy Dongolans assured me that even with the greatest efforts we could not possibly get there till after sunset.

Despite my impatience to visit Ansea's and Mount Baginse I was not sorry for the opportunity to see the Abaká villages. We were rapidly leaving the mountainous and hilly region, and Gulusmayembe was now the only eminence that lay on our route. Brushwood was the prevailing vegetation on the broad plain, which was traversed in every imaginable direction by the narrow belts of dark vegetation fringing the banks of the water-courses. I was delighted with these "galleries," or leafy avenues overshadowing the river beds, and was especially surprised at the aspect of the Khor Aire, where the traveller descends as by a flight of steps down to the deep channel fed by innumerable little springs filtering through the ground. The stream winds away over the gneiss rocks, which in the rainy season must form magnificent rapids flanked by impenetrable walls of tangled growths, which were pierced only by the tracks leading down to the waterside. The grandeur and wealth of this vegetation, the fulness and variety of arborescent forms, presented a picture of unexpected loveliness, which wove a spell round me like the charm of some fairy tale. Such vistas are beyond all description, and I doubt whether the most skilful limner could reproduce the exquisite beauty of this marvellous spot, veiled as it was in a mysterious mantle of dark verdure.

As the sun stood high in the firmament we entered Babira's village, where, as usual, every legged creature turned out to inspect the strangers. Konfo, the chief's agent, had to look after us, and to my share fell a "pullet" and a pot of honey, the caterer taking care to reward himself by a long pull at the whisky bottle, which completely extinguished the little spark of reason he was endowed with. Neither dragomans nor carriers got anything to eat, and Sheikh Babira was not to be seen. But

ABAKÁ FARMSTEAD. (*From a Photograph.*)

by dint of threats and bluster I got the villagers to produce what was needed.

Next morning another trial of patience—no carriers! Those engaged at Kudurma's had gone back, and I was fain to wait for fresh hands. The dejected Konfo, having slept off his drunken fit, came with many fine words on his lips, and promised everything, positively everything. There was nothing for it but to master my wrath, and practise a fresh lesson in patience, the first and last, and most indispensable condition of successful travel in Africa. Konfo assured me with solemn oaths that by sunrise the carriers would be there. Sunrise came but no carriers. On my threatening terrible consequences, they were however hunted up and dropped in one by one.

At last I got away and after a five hours' march reached Ansea's settlement. Long years of intercourse with the Nubian conquerors had not failed to influence Ansea, who showed an evident desire to make himself agreeable. In his "Dongolamania," he despised the simplicity of the native costume, and strutted about with greasy fez and filthy turban.

In my spacious quarters my first questions were on the subject of Mount Baginse; unfortunately my worst fears were confirmed by Ansea, and I was apparently led astray by Rihán Agha and Ringio, who had advised me to visit Ansea in order by his aid to reach Baginse, supposed to be only two days' march distant. But Ansea professed complete ignorance of any such place. I had assumed that on Schweinfurth's map the Abaká settlements had been placed too far north, and allowed myself to be talked into this trip to Ansea's. The disenchantment was extremely unpleasant; but there was no help for it, as it was next to impossible to get any trustworthy information on positions or distances from the negroes or even from the Nubians.

While entering my itinerary and writing up my journal, I found my half-opened hut encircled by a group of natives, who were contemplating the fair-skinned stranger with undisguised curiosity and interchange of commentaries as they circulated the bottle of diluted spirits to which I had treated them. The chief, whose partiality for strong drinks I had already heard of in

Kabayéndi, conducted himself with marked propriety, slowly sipping his "spirits and water" out of a *qar'a* or gourd. Before drinking, however, he took a few vigorous pulls at his pipe, his attendant first thrusting a tuft of fibrous bast into his mouth, doubtless as a precaution against nicotine poisoning.[1]

The preparation of a little Abaká vocabulary and geographical inquiry kept me occupied a few days. My collections also received many welcome additions, for which Ansea was rewarded with cotton stuffs, copper, all kinds of beads, and the much beloved whisky. The day after our arrival we had a grand feast, to which my host contributed a sheep, which was roasted whole on the spit and made quite a savoury dish.

Ansea's village comprised about a hundred huts, his own group being distinguished both by the size of the dwellings and the greater care bestowed on the granaries. To do him a courtesy I sent for his wives, to make them some presents. But what was my surprise when they kept streaming up, ten, twenty, thirty, and the harem not yet exhausted! Under these circumstances I declined the responsibility of distributing the gifts, a risky matter at best, and simply handed over to their lord and master a quantity of beads as a collective present for his wives.

Like so many of their neighbours, the Abaká women wear a lip ornament, which in their case consists of a polished and pointed cone of clear quartz inserted in the upper lip, and increasing in size with their age. I saw some no less than an inch thick and nearly two inches long. The neck also is encased in a gorget composed of four wide flat rings, assuredly a most uncomfortable adornment. At the same time their "costume" is limited to an apron of foliage supplemented by countless iron or copper rings on arms, legs, neck and breast. They are however inured to these burdens from infancy, and I noticed some of Ansea's "olive branches," who could scarcely walk, yet who already wore on wrists and ankles from fifteen to twenty small but solid iron rings.

[1] So also von Heuglin: "The round or pear-shaped calabash is filled with the hemp-like fibres of *Hibiscus* through which all the smoke must pass, &c." *Reise in das Gebiet des Weissen Nils*, p. 148.

Amongst the Abaká men there were many athletic figures. Like the Bombehs they also wear bark-cloth garments. Ansea gave me a sample for my collection, coarse and dark-coloured, and not to be compared with the fine, soft *mbugu* manufactured in Buganda.[1] The Abakás shave the hair round the forehead and high above the neck, the rest being allowed to hang down all round in small plaited tresses; the effect is that of a wig worn on a bald pate.

Of weapons I noticed lances of simple structure and various sizes, besides bows and arrows, the latter exactly like those of the Morús and carried in a basket-like quiver suspended from the shoulder. The arrows used in warfare are poisoned. Many of both sexes pierce the edge of the ear with as many as fifteen holes through which they pass long straws; I have even seen a string of small white beads inserted and passed from hole to hole round the outer rim. The deep brown complexion of the Abakás, which under the blue sky looks black, comes very near the shade of the eastern negro peoples.[2]

Two days after my arrival, that is on April 16th, I left Sheikh Ansea with the intention of pushing farther south and thus reaching Baginse. Advancing in the direction of the settlement of the Mundú chief, Gabológgo, we found the country south of Ansea's a uniformly level or slightly rolling prairie, the only prominent landmark being the wooded twin-peaked Embe. We marched four hours in a south-easterly direction before reaching the Mundú huts, which were here grouped in small hamlets visible on both sides of the road in the tall herbage between bush and trees.

The Mundú territory stretches south and east as far as the

[1] *Bugandə*, the proper form of *Uganda*, King Mtesa's empire. See Rev. R. P. Ashe, *Two Kings of Uganda*, London, 1889.

[2] The Abakás speak a dialect closely resembling that of the Bongos. Many words are like, or the same as, those of the Bongo vocabulary in Schweinfurth's *Linguistische Ergebnisse*, and the language should perhaps be grouped with those of the Mittu peoples (Marno, *Petermann's Mittheilungen*, 1875). In a communication of August 3rd, 1883, Emin Pasha speaks of the Abakás as intruders from the north-west, and affiliates them to the Golos and Lubas of the Bahr el-Ghazal region.—R. B.

Khor Torre, bordering westwards on the Niam-Niams and southwards on the Abukáya-oigigas, while in the east the depressions watered by the Torre and its affluents are occupied by Makaraka settlements. The Mundú domain covers a total area which may be approximately estimated at 1000 square miles.

Arriving about noon at Sheikh Bálabi's we halted, as I had been seized with a feverish chill, and felt so languid, that I could scarcely wait while the *requba* was being prepared for my reception. I was also tormented with a raging thirst which was allayed by four tumblers of tea. I found tea altogether my best support. Before starting in the morning I usually took two tumblers with a few Khartum biscuits and the same quantity on reaching camp after everything was arranged for the night. This was greatly enjoyed and generally followed by a frugal evening meal between five or six o'clock.

ARM-RINGS OF THE MUNDÚS.

From Bálabi's we proceeded to Gabológgo's, whose village lay fourteen miles to the south-south-east. Between the rocky Mounts Gundukú and Bágeda the eye sweeps over an extensive plain, where the groups of Mundú huts are everywhere visible for miles and miles. Much time, however, was lost in crossing several papyrus swamps and rivulets. I still felt feverish, and was very glad of a little rest and sleep on my *angareb*, while the requba was being got ready.

From Gobológgo I endeavoured to glean some information about Baginse. Luckily the carriers caused some delay, for a regular ague now declared itself, so that a continuation of the journey was not to be thought of. I passed the day dozing on

my *angareb*, utterly indifferent to everything going on round about me. Anyhow the distance was not great to the next station, that of the Mundú chief, Khalifa, and I calculated on starting next morning in time to reach the place if possible before the fever made any progress.

It was a four hours' march in the direction from north-west to south-east, and the road was again obstructed by swamps thickly overgrown with papyrus reeds. About midway we passed a colony of Abakás, who have here settled down in the midst of the Mundú people. Fortunately we reached Sheikh Khalifa's before the shivering fit completely mastered me, and I even had time to write out a clean copy of my jottings by the wayside. The ague never left me for the rest of the journey back to Kabayéndi. Fortunately the attacks always came on in the afternoon, so that by the next morning I felt myself strong enough to continue the journey. In my case travelling in the afternoon did not seem advisable, for at this time thunderclouds appeared as regularly as my returning ague fit, and they were accompanied with torrents of rain.

Sheikh Khalifa guided us to the petty chief Angūi's village, which lay ten miles to the south-east of his residence. Since my visit to Ansea, I had adopted this plan of getting the chiefs to escort us from village to village, in order to avoid being again led astray, and losing so much time wandering about the trackless wilderness. Our appearance at Angūi's produced a kind of panic amongst the people, all of whom, young and old, would have bolted but for the intervention of Khalifa, whose soothing words restored confidence to the community. Before dusk set in we were on excellent terms, and we were able to continue our route in peace for Chief Wadáhmed's [1] settlement, which lay thirteen miles farther on.

Situated on the slope of a small rocky eminence, surrounded by durra fields and interspersed with large trees, this group of habitations presented a very pretty picture; but I was unfortunately so troubled with the ague, that I was unable to take the

[1] A corruption of *Wod Ahmed*.

slightest interest in our surroundings. My weakness was such that it required the greatest effort to take half a dozen steps ; I had no relish for my food, and was unable to retain the little I could take. When released from the shivers I was devoured by an unquenchable thirst, tea still remaining my best friend ; but I also found relief in chewing a little of our sour apricot paste and drinking water, keeping up my strength with a few spoonfuls of soup, the preparation of which I was able to superintend from my *angareb*.

A three hours' march to the north-east lay between Wod Ahmed's and Tendia's. The road, passing close to the small Mount Abigi on the left, traversed several brooks and swamps, the most noteworthy being the Khor Kochu, which swept round from the east, twice crossing our track. We were received by Sheikh Bédoê at the little station which continues to bear the name of his predecessor, Tendia. From Sheikh Khalifa's I might have taken a more direct road, and saved several days by avoiding this southern roundabout route. But I was anxious to gather some information regarding the southern districts, in the hope of hearing something about Mount Baginse. But I everywhere found an incredible ignorance prevailing amongst the natives regarding even their "next-door neighbours." To my reiterated questions came the everlasting response ; *Gesh ! Gesh !* "Grass, nothing but grass !"[1]

I was detained by the fever two days at Tendia's, after which the short journey of seven miles north-eastwards to the Mundú chief Ringio's, took nearly three hours.

I was yearning to get back to Kabayéndi, where I hoped by careful nursing and a long rest, to shake off the troublesome ague. From Ringio's to the zeriba it was a long day's march, with no habitations along the route. We went at a rapid pace, and without stopping, to the Khor Torre, the path lying through a somewhat monotonous scrubby district, varied with a few open tracts. But the Torre was too swollen to be crossed, and we had to wait till the freshet had subsided. I yielded to the inevitable,

[1] Indian scholars will be struck by the curious though purely accidental resemblance of this word to the Urdu گھاس, ghâs, "grass," "fodder."

and had a grass hut got ready at once. In a few hours however, the people came and reported that they had discovered a place where the stream could be forded, asking my consent to continue the journey. But I refused, fearing to be overtaken by an access of fever before reaching Kabayéndi, the exact distance of which I did not know, and could not rely on the statements of the negroes. So I remained in my little grass hut, where the ague returned with pitiless punctuality about three o'clock in the afternoon.

During the night it began to rain and the water soon trickled through at several places, threatening to soak my couch ; so I

A BUFFALO SCARE.

sat up covered with my mackintosh and holding an umbrella in my hand. At times the drip, drip lessened, and I was hoping to get a little sleep, when a fresh trouble banished all thought of rest. In the narrow space I was unable to extend the *namusieh* or mosquito net, and the winged pests, also seeking shelter from the rain in my little hut, dispelled the last hope of gathering some strength for the next day. I consequently welcomed the grey dawn, though the sky was still overcast by heavy clouds which discharged a fine drizzle on the fire that the shivering natives were struggling hard to keep alight.

In the early morning I aroused my attendants from their

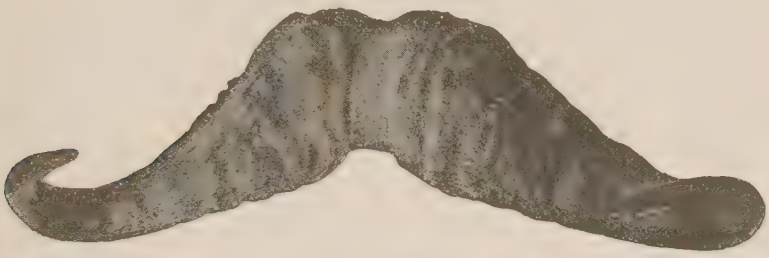
envied slumbers, and they soon got ready a hot cup of tea, a beverage which can perhaps be best appreciated in an African grass hut after a rainy night. Now the rain abated considerably, and gave us no further trouble in our passage across the Torre.

While the things were being got over I remained in the hut, and when all was ready went down to the ford. I found the people groping their way across and often sinking to the thigh, as they held on by a kind of "suspension bridge," which however lay from one to three feet *under* the water, being formed of the overhanging branches of a large tree growing athwart the stream and plaited together with a tangle of roots and withes. By the sharp boughs and branchlets their feet got torn and scratched; but I managed to escape with a thorough wetting, by following close behind a carrier, who found some support for the hands in the far-spreading limbs of the trees fringing the banks.

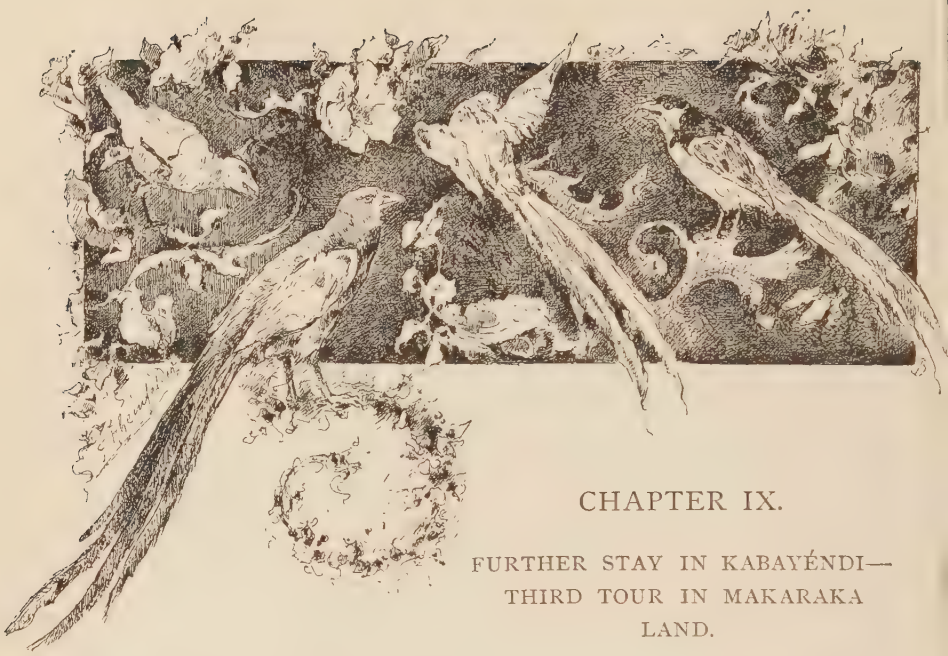
The donkey and a saddle-ox had to swim across a little higher up, and in about an hour we were fairly started on the last stage of the route to Kabayéndi, which still ran in a north-easterly direction. In front of us there still lay a swampy depression, and my carriers as usual going forward, had already reached the opposite rising ground some thousand yards ahead of me. In the swamp I kept along the margin of the deeper water at the heels of two men, who brushed aside or trod down the papyrus reeds. By walking on the sedgy vegetation thus lodged you may often get over almost with dry feet. Both of my servants had also crossed the swamp with the rifles, and stood a few yards ahead as I still plodded heavily over the downtrodden papyrus masses. Suddenly a peculiar crashing noise struck my ear on the left, and before I could look round two magnificent buffaloes tore furiously by between me and the servants, and in a twinkle were again out of sight. They came and went so rapidly that it was scarcely possible to follow the incident with the eye.

About noon I got a distant view of the zeriba which was reached in another half hour; here I was warmly greeted by

Kopp, who just then felt thoroughly well. Thus ended my second circular tour, which had lasted twenty days, during which I covered a distance of 180 miles. Considering the wretched state of my health, this may be regarded as a tolerably good result.



BUFFALO HORNS.



CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER STAY IN KABAYÉNDI—THIRD TOUR IN MAKARAKA LAND.

Expedition to Kalakâ—Preparation of the Specimens—Kopp's Illness—Third Circular Tour—The Makaraka Chief, Dali, an African Falstaff—Multifarious Names for Spear-heads—Superstitions and Incantations—Dali Kebîr—The Makarakas—Journey interrupted—From the "Little" Makaraka Zeriba to Wandi—From Wandi to the Fejilus—Chief Bandua—Return to Kabayéndi—Fadl Allâh's Death in Ladó—Grand Funeral Obsequies—Kopp succumbs to Dysentery—Bahit Agha's Line of Action—Carousing with Merissa and Kungo—Burial Rites of the Negroes—Preliminaries of my Journey to Kalaká—The whole Fighting Resources of Makaraka Land summoned for an Expedition to the Bahr Ghazal.

MY journey to Ansea's and the Mundú country, which had been rendered so fatiguing by my illness, was followed by a period of comparative rest and comfort in Kabayéndi. But although the fever soon disappeared, it was followed by œdema of the feet, caused by want of nourishment and sudden waste of the tissues, which in a few days pulled me down tremendously, and for some time caused much inconvenience.

During the first days a good deal of time was lost in receiving the visits of the officials, Rihán Agha, Mohammed Efendi, and other residents who came to congratulate me on

my return. During my absence the old Egyptian, Mulâzim Mohammed Efendi, had provided Kopp with an excellent *cuisine*, and now continued daily to supply us with a substantial midday meal; the large red and white radishes and lettuces raised from my seeds in his garden were a great treat. Having myself so greatly benefited by them, I presented him with all the other seeds I had brought with me from Europe.

It was my intention to join the expedition, which was yearly sent beyond the river Kibbi to Kalika Land. All necessary preliminaries had been arranged in writing by Bahit, and the "plan of campaign" settled in the course of long conversations with Fadl Allâh and Rihán Agha. The expedition was led by Mohammed Abû Sēd, who had resided at Rimo as administrator of the zeribas in South Makaraka Land.

Anxious to get back in time for this expedition, I had requested the officers, before setting out on my second circular tour, to let me know at once when all the preparations were completed, and the numerous carriers and escort assembled. They assured me that there would be plenty of time to return from Ansea's before Abû Sēd could be ready to start. Now, however, I learnt to my deep regret that he had actually gone off during my absence, thus thwarting my desire to explore a region that had never yet been visited by any European. Mohammed Efendi confidentially informed me that the affair was purposely so arranged, for fear something unpleasant might happen to me. In point of fact, the expedition was nothing more nor less than an organized plundering raid with all its vicissitudes and horrors.

In Kabayéndi my first care was devoted to the arrangement and preservation of my collections. All the leather and skins in the tents belonging to my former specimens I found covered with mould; but sun and fresh air soon purified what had been damaged by confinement in the stuffy cabins. It took more trouble to protect from the ubiquitous and all-penetrating grubs the horns, of which I had just brought back two loads. At first I tried a thorough scrubbing of the roots with a strong wash of *shiteta* (red pepper). But in a few days I found

to my dismay that the tenacious little pests were quietly boring away as if nothing had happened, and scarcely a single pair of horns remained uninjured.

I was specially put out at the harm done to a superb pair of buffalo horns, which Rihán Agha had given me, and which were as if larded on the reverse flat surface by the maggots projecting from numerous little holes. I was afraid I should have to throw the specimens away; but before doing so wished to make another essay to see whether it might not be possible to extirpate the voracious little vermin in some other way. I exposed the horns to a tolerably high temperature and dense smoke over a fire kept constantly burning in the *requba*, throwing in some grass to make the smoke still more stifling. This process seemed effective, and when the horns were thoroughly heated and all the fat in the sockets converted to dripping, I found the grubs that had not escaped "cremated" in their cells. Subsequently the same process was applied successfully to fresh specimens.

On May 2nd I began to take regular meteorological observations. Since my return the rains had abated, although at first the skies were mostly overcast. In the early morning the glass stood at about 68°F., rising at noon to 84° or 86°, and in the evening again falling to 72° or 73°. After May 9th the weather became steadily warmer, and no more rain clouds were now to be seen. With the weather my health also improved; I developed an abnormal appetite, and altogether felt stronger than before my illness. My household duties were now varied with the writing up of my Makaraka itineraries, the computations and construction of a map.

Mulâzim Mohammed Efendi frequently looked in, drank his little glass of mastic, and talked about European political and social relations, and all manner of subjects. His own knowledge of things was about *nil*, although he had been brought up in Cairo, had visited the Black Sea and the Russian coastlands. Still he had showed some love of learning, and frequently expressed his pleasure that we had come to relieve with our interesting conversation the wearisome monotony of

his residence in the zeriba. This intercourse served on my part as a pleasant exercise in the Arabic language.

Natives of various tribes came daily to the zeriba with their tribute of corn for the government. The harvest had been abundant, and during my explorations I had myself witnessed the vast quantities of durra garnered by the natives. Nevertheless, their reluctance to pay these contributions in kind was intelligible enough; and to settle matters a few Nubian troops had usually to be sent to the respective chiefs.

About this time my attentive and clever little Morján received as an "apprentice" a well-fed and good-looking Morú lad.

Since the beginning of the year we had received no almanacks which appeared to have been stopped in Khartum; hence Easter and other movable feasts passed without any notice being taken of them. By regularly posting up my diary I hoped to keep my dates in order; besides the Sundays were always known, although they had no influence on our daily life. Such associations had become mere reminiscences of former days, for what could a Sunday matter to any one in Makaraka Land?

For us, however, May 11th was a red-letter day, Rahán Agha having brought us a packet of letters from friends in Berlin and Khartum, and from Emin Pasha in Ladó. Certainly it was not all very pleasant reading; nevertheless it was always an important event for travellers to feel themselves after a long interval, again in touch with distant kindred.

I now became seriously alarmed about Kopp, who suffered from continual relapses. His want of caution and the reckless way in which he transgressed against all the rules of health, as if he were strong enough to take any liberty with himself, had already caused me many uneasy and anxious hours. All warnings and recommendations to be careful in his diet passed unheeded, and although since my return he had scarcely left his *angareb*, and began himself to be a little concerned, still there was no reform in this respect. As he thought a change of air and of food might do him good, I allowed him to remove to Wandi. I considered it my duty again to take him to task, while at the same

time supplying him with tannin, opium pills, quinine, &c.; but I bid him farewell without much hope of his recovery.

A renewed attack of fever about this time I got the better of with a dose of quinine; the result considerably increased my confidence in this specific.

It would have been a pure loss of time to linger any longer in Kabayéndi during the fine weather. I accordingly decided on another trip, engaged carriers, male and female servants, packed up and concluded my correspondence which was sent through the head notary, Bash Katib, to Kopp at Wandi and thence to Ladó for Egypt and Europe.

THIRD CIRCULAR JOURNEY.

(Makaraka Land, May 27 to June 14, 1877.)

By dawn I was astir, and the carriers and others also presented themselves punctually, all except the two girls who were required for the preparation of our durra cakes. Hearing that they were detained through lack of a suitable costume I sent them a piece of cotton, which soon brought them forward. Two of the lads shouldered the rifles, Abu Homar remained by my side with the pair of light Arab shoes which I wore when wading through swamps and streams; Morján and Ahmed followed behind, the latter charged to look after the young folks.

Our first day's route was directed towards the settlement of the distinguished Makaraka chief, Dali Soghair, that is, Dali "Junior."[1] I had already made Dali's acquaintance in Kabayéndi, and owing to his fondness for beer had christened him Abu Merissa. The route traversed an extensive stretch of cultivated land, where I noticed some large fields planted with gourds. Of these there are several varieties, one of which had an excellent flavour; but most of them are of the "bottle" type, and are used as vessels of diverse form and size. The seeds are ground down and eaten.

[1] Literally the "smaller." In Egypt and Sudan youth is called the "littleness" or "minority" of age; hence a junior is the "lesser" or "smaller," a senior the "greater," that is, in years.

After crossing the little Khor Enduri we soon reached the Torre, which is here twenty yards wide, and flows over a rocky bed eastwards to its confluence with the Yei. The passage was difficult, owing to the steep high bank leading down to sharp angular rocks irregularly projecting and causing some trouble to my donkey. Twenty minutes beyond the Torre lie the settlements of Sheikh Fongo, whose spacious farmstead produced a pleasant effect. During our short halt here I procured a little knife and a few unclosed copper rings from Fongo's wife. Here also we obtained some poultry, and passed on towards Dali's zeriba, which was visible about two miles to the south-east. Crossing the Khor Engafu, and passing numerous Makaraka villages dotted over the plain, we reached the residence of the African "Falstaff," Dali Junior. He came in person to welcome me and place a *requba* at my service. It was a large roomy place, and recently erected, as shown by the still golden hue of the straw thatch; in fact a spacious hut without partitions, thus giving free play to light and air, and also well sheltered by an enormous straw roof from sun and rain. Dali's zeriba was altogether one of the largest I had anywhere seen in Negro Land. Most of the huts were disposed along the enclosure, a fence of stakes and a thorny hedge, while in the large open central space stood the granaries (*gugu*), my *requba* and a few huts set apart for special purposes.

LEG-RINGS OF THE MAKARAKA WOMEN.

Under the guidance of my stout host I took a turn round his residence. The huts of the women and maidservants were small with low entrances, mud walls and bell-shaped roof, the living room being on the level of the ground or slightly raised above it. But very different in form and size were the houses of the chief, his son and a few others. The round outer mud wall is comparatively high, suggesting a more elevated story, and I found in fact that there the living room stood five feet above the

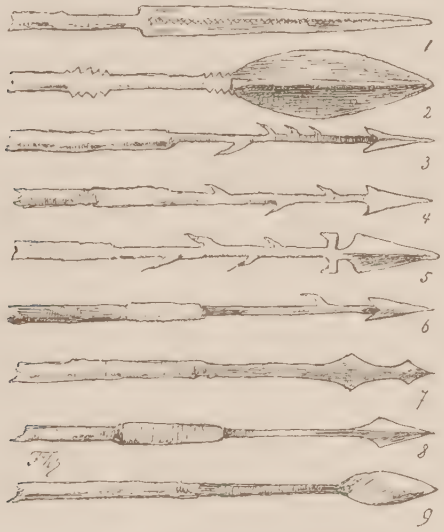
ground. A covered and well-sheltered space round the hut is formed by the large straw roof, which projects beyond the walls to within a short distance of the ground. On one side a step leads to a steep passage rising to the upper part of the sustaining wall, and converted into a sort of stairs by bits of branches fastened on the surface. The whole structure somewhat resembled the approach to a lofty cattle-shed. Owing to the deep pitch of the roof it is almost impossible to stand erect, so that you have to clamber up like a quadruped on all fours.

Throwing open the door, which was made of thick reeds plaited together, Dali introduced me to the mysterious gloom of his inner sanctum. How little the negro needs for comfort was shown by the "furniture," to use rather a bold expression, and by the owner's stored-up treasures. In the dwelling of this wealthy and renowned chief all I saw was an *angareb*, several shields, four *pingahs*, or throwing knives, a few ordinary knives, a handful of spears, and, most highly prized of all, an old double-barrelled gun. In the *chiaroscuro* of the feeble light let in through the door I further noticed a number of large baskets and huge pots containing the durra for brewing the beloved merissa. Like his Shakespearian prototype our black Falstaff enjoyed above all an unstinted supply of liquor. A small, clear space before the *angareb* served as a hearth for preparing the brew, which was kept in the vessels filling the upper story, while the doorless basement formed an empty vault given over to rats, termites, ants and all kinds of such "small deer."

An attempt to visit a second hut of similar appearance was foiled by an intolerable stench, which assailed nostrils and lungs as I began to clamber up on hands and feet. This I learnt was the storehouse for dried buffalo flesh; but the pestiferous atmosphere of the place compelled me to beat a hasty retreat without inspecting its contents. Nevertheless my corpulent friend showed himself much flattered at the compliments I felt bound to bestow on the owner of all these treasures, and waddled along by my side in all the consciousness of gratified pride.

After I got back to my own "apartments," my host paid me

a few return visits, at which he enjoyed his glass of spirits and water. He was importunate enough in his demands for presents, but was himself extremely close-fisted, so that it was as much as I could do to secure a few throwing knives for my collection. I had set my heart on getting possession of a beautiful dagger-like knife with the large plate-shaped handle, which is characteristic of these Makaraka weapons, and which in this case was specially ornamented by interwoven copper wire. But all my eloquence



MAKARAKA SPEAR-HEADS.

supported by a tempting display of my own treasures failed to induce him to part with this masterpiece of the local metal industry.

How all-important their weapons are for these negroes is evident enough from the multiplicity of names bestowed on their different kinds of spears according as they vary in form, size, number of spikes and other features. Amongst those mentioned to me were the following: pongi, akatālla, undugá, gollo, boddi, nangdia, kalépoló, bondu, sagboddi, unmála, ambáve, usongo, mone, the large heavy elephant spears; the long

narrow lancet-like form ; minandé, ambirá with four spikes below the sharp angular head ; ansagá with three spikes and katikí with one ; balibamba again of a different type, with four teeth, and so on.

It is interesting to notice the great wealth of terms developed by the Niam-Niam language, which is spoken by the Makarakas. Without referring to languages such as Arabic, which has a surprising number of words for concrete concepts like *horse*, *lion*, *camel* and others of paramount importance in the social system, we find even some of the negro tongues presenting similar analogies. Such are for instance the Bari and the Dinka, which possess a great number of names for the ox, according to its age sex, colour and other properties.

At Dali's I got some information on one of those deep-rooted, superstitious convictions which exercise such a large and often such a fatal influence on the lives of the natives. Like most of the negro tribes stretching from the east to the west coast, the Makarakas have also their "rain-maker." When anybody wants rain he applies to one of these conjurers, and of course here as elsewhere "put money in thy purse" is the first condition of success. Then the rain-maker buries a vessel in the ground with such magic herbs as deadly nightshade and mandrake, after which rain is sure to come. This belief is universal, and my informer himself was firmly persuaded of its truth, mentioning a case in point within his own experience, when a five days' rain was procured by such potent spells.

At the same time I noticed that some of the Makarakas are thorough masters of jugglery, by means of which they are able to turn to profitable account the prevailing superstitions. Thus, for instance, they effect miraculous cures, first going through certain solemn preliminaries and then pinching and pressing the skin of some part of the body until they succeed in apparently extracting a bunch of hair ; this is held up to the astonished patient, who has nothing further to do but forthwith "arise and walk."

Other ineradicable popular notions have reference to witchcraft and the "evil eye," still common enough even in South Europe.

It is taken as a matter of course that all ailments of a protracted character have been caused by somebody introducing some baneful ingredient into the water, *merissa* or other beverage drunk by the sufferer. Then the person guilty of this crime has to be found, and is only too often brought to a violent end. At Dali's zeriba I was witness of such a process. A man and a woman, both reduced to mere skeletons, were produced, Dali assuring me that the woman had already caused the death of her husband by witchcraft, and also of a brother, and was now practising her detestable art on the man; *batal, batal*, "bad, bad," Dali kept repeating with great emphasis.

Frequently charges of this sort are brought before the Egyptian officials, who however always "dismiss the case with costs." But then the natives take the matter into their own hands, and if lynch law is not summarily executed on the delinquent, he is driven with cudgellings out into the wilderness, *fi gesh* "to the grass," where he dies a lingering death.

In respect of such superstitious ideas the Nubians themselves stand on scarcely a higher level than the negroes. My people, like all the Dongolans residing in the country were as firm believers in the "black art" as any Makaraka. My servant, Ahmed, for instance, came to tell me a cock-and-bull story about a woman in Sennaar who had been changed to a hyæna, an occurrence of which he assured me he had himself been an eye-witness.

Close to Dali Junior's dwelling Dali Kebîr, Dali Senior,[1] had his "local habitation." He called upon me, and I found him a very old but still hale and robust negro with a wonderful head of hair, thickly decked with cowrie shells and cock's plumes, a strange old-fashioned person, who evidently belonged to the "good old times." Wielding a sword-shaped knife, the venerable chief strutted up and down, proud as a Spanish *caballero*.[2]

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[1] Dali Kebîr, literally "Dali the Great," that is, in age; see note, p. 328.

[2] So long back as 1859 this Dali is mentioned by Fr. Morlang, who writes: "The Makarakak hunt elephants and eat their flesh, but not the entrails. A Monye (Chief) in those parts bears the name of Ginja, and his wife is called Lekitúru. Another chief is named Dali." (*Reisen östlich und westlich von Gondokoro*, 1859).—R. B.

On my third tour I had ample opportunity of observing the Makarakas proper, or as they call themselves the Idiós. They are at once distinguished by the fashion of their hair from all the negroes seen by me on the White Nile and Bahr el-Jebel, as

MAKARAKA NEGRO.

well as in Makaraka Land itself, with the single exception of the kindred Bombehs. Both are branches of the A-Zandeh (Niam-Niam) nation, having a few generations ago migrated from the south-west to their present homes.

The art of arranging the hair in a greater or less number of compact curls varies considerably amongst the different classes of the population. The common folk, for here also there are bread-winners and bread-consumers, let the hair hang in more or less long and fine plaits down both sides of the crown and backwards. The women also adopt this simplest of fashions, whereas the wealthy and people of distinction affect a much more elaborate arrangement. Either the usual style is retained, but executed with special care and supplemented with a finely plaited fillet into which are introduced a few iron or copper rings, or else the headdress consists of a removable wig varying in size according to the individual taste. For instance, Dali Junior wore one which almost resembled a full-bottomed wig, and although it may not have cost a thousand dollars, like those towering superstructures at one time fashionable in Europe, it produced in Makaraka Land an equally imposing effect. Divided by a visible parting line from forehead to nape, the broad plaited tresses fell back over the neck, where they were secured by a wooden pin ornamented with copper rings and hanging down between the shoulder blades.

Through the constant greasing, the accumulating dirt and wear, the tresses become smooth strands of hair. Some Makaraka dandies bind up the hair in a prominent bunch behind, which is clipt smooth, so as to form a short roll two or three inches in diameter, which through grease and dirt acquires a shiny surface and merges in the strands passing from the occiput forwards to the forehead. In this compact greasy mass it is no longer possible to distinguish the separate hairs or plaits.

Many of the Makarakas rejoice in a well-developed beard, which is large enough to be also arranged in plaits either artificially lengthened by introducing a little wooden rod, or else massed together by a copper band; as already stated the men alone devote special care and pains on their headdress.

The morning after my arrival I sent for Dali to glean some information about the district, with a view to forming some definite programme. Acting on his advice I started with the

intention of first visiting the Makaraka Sheikhs Basso and Bendwé, and scaling Mount Gurmani, after which I could pass through the Abukáya-oisiga territory to the Múndu chief Akáya's station, and thence back to Kabayéndi. But the execution of this plan was frustrated by a letter from Atrush Agha containing a deplorable account of the state of Kopp's health. Atrush wrote that Kopp could take neither food nor drink, and feared he might scarcely live through the night. The bearer of the letter, Mulâzim Mohammed, was so knocked up from the march that he had to remain all day with me. I decided however, to give up my projects, and start at once for Wandi. But as no carriers were ready I had to wait till next day. A "fantasia" that Abu Merissa had arranged in my honour had to be put off owing to a violent thunderstorm.

On Tuesday, May 29th, we left Dali's village, Mulâzim Mohammed returning to Kabayéndi, while I took the road to "Little Makaraka," Ahmed Agha Akhuan's zeriba. Marching in a north-easterly direction we soon reached Belatiro's village, where I changed my guide, for the topographical knowledge of the man recommended to me by Dali seemed to leave much to be desired. Another hour brought us to the settlement of Chief Zonopióko, who again obtained us a fresh guide.

Beyond the Torre and a small but flooded khor a mile farther on, the Makaraka habitations again came in view, and continued all the way to the village of Sheikh Bakosá. The noonday sun was burning fiercely overhead, and as both the guides and the Nubians assured me that Ahmed Agha's zeriba still lay a long way off, I was induced to pass the night at Bakosa's, and continue the journey next day. However, I at once sent forward a messenger, in order if possible to get some news of Kopp's condition.

As Little Makaraka, our next day's goal, was after all no great distance off, my people were in no hurry to break away, and I also overslept myself that morning. Thus it happened that it was late before we got away from Bakosá's, who accompanied us a good distance on the road. Crossing four depressions and as many little streams we reached the zeriba in about an hour.

Here I found comfortable quarters in Ahmed Agha's delightful *requba*, and although the owner himself was absent in Ladó, I received everything that was needed from his well-disciplined household.

Having already described Ahmed Agha's zeriba and garden, I will here only add that during an evening stroll to the cotton plantations beyond the Torre, I noticed several beehives in some isolated trees. During the evening the Katib, or notary of the station, and an old elephant hunter came and entertained me with long accounts of local events, and of people who had visited the land.

I took a known road to Wandi, and for the second time surveyed it compass in hand. The march lasted five hours; consequently allowing for halts, we travelled at the rate of four kilometers (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles) an hour. As Kopp's tent stood outside the station, he was informed of my approach before I entered the enclosure, and came a few steps forward to meet me. Since our last parting he had changed fearfully, and had grown much thinner. After his arrival in Wandi he had lain several days in delirium, but had recently felt a little better; still he was so weak that he could scarcely walk a few steps.

To avoid causing any disturbance or inconvenience I left Kopp and his people to themselves, and put up at Ahmed Atrush's. Unfortunately, Ahmed also was ill, being much troubled with a bronchial affection. I visited Kopp this and the next day, which I spent in Wandi, and passed several hours in conversation with him. I greatly doubted whether he could recover, the dysentery having made such progress as to be almost past cure.

I now left with Kopp my Khartum servant Ahmed, and a stout young negro, so that he had three attendants at his disposal. I also gave full instructions to Atrush, the Wekil, and Ahmed as to everything to be done, and felt I could venture to continue my journey assured of their promise to give the patient every attention.

Atrush, with whom I resided, and whose excellent *cuisine* I enjoyed, had many complaints to make about the doings in the

province. Several negroes were reported to have been beaten to death in the Fejilu territory, and he himself was so beset by the intrigues of the mudîr, that he could scarcely write, as his very letters would be intercepted and so forth,

Being reluctant to traverse the road to Little Makaraka a third time, I proposed going from Wandi due south, and then turning west, so as if possible still to carry out my interrupted circular journey.

On the morning of June 2nd our little party left the zeriba, and in less than half-an-hour reached a group of huts belonging to a Bari colony, which had here been founded by Atrush for the purpose of cultivating his lands. On the left were seen the summits of the Rego range; a few small affluents of the Yei were crossed; from a massive rocky eminence, the Jebel Awâmi, all the peaks within range were measured, and half an hour later we reached the Yei, following its left bank for some distance.

The river, which at this point was seventy yards wide, here makes a wide bend and disappears from sight, but in another half-hour becomes visible again. Continuing our southern course we traversed a tract under tall herbage, crossed the Khor Lambé, and put up for the night with the Fejilu Sheikh, Lemmi. All was excitement in the village in consequence of the atrocious flogging of the inhabitants by Bahit Agha's Nubians, some dying under the lash. A chief, whom I sent for, refused to enter Lemmi's village, but evidently only through fear of such brutalities being renewed. I warned my people in the strongest language against making any requisitions, and for greater security ordered watch to be kept during the night.

In other respects, however, I received a most friendly welcome, and was able to make some purchases for my collection. The Fejilus whom I saw here produced rather an unfavourable impression. I was struck by their dull expression and prognathous jaws, and some of the men were besotten with merissa.

The Fejilus are a branch of the Bari nation, as shown both by their language—a Bari dialect—and by their complexion and general physical appearance. They are, however, distinguished

by one custom. While the Bari go quite naked, the Fejilus at least cover the person, using every imaginable material for the purpose. Several specimens of these articles passed into my collection.

As ornaments they wear iron rings on wrists, ankles, and neck, and apparently also a thin metal band round the forehead. Their arms—bow, arrows, and spear—present no special peculiarity. In all that concerns the comforts of life they seem to be even less particular than the surrounding peoples; the habitations at least are small and constructed with little care.

Next day we continued to follow a southern route as far as Chief Kifo's, where we passed the night. At the extreme north-western corner of the Fejilu territory we crossed the frontier between the domains of the Mundús and Fejilus, the latter of whom are somewhat crowded together in the region enclosed by the Bari, Niambara, Mundú, and Kakuák territories. But, like all the peoples inhabiting Makaraka Land, they have formed settlements amongst the conterminous tribes.

Being threatened by the Makarakas, who were pressing forward from the south-west, and the terror of whose reported cannibal propensities seemed to paralyse all resistance, the Fejilus sought help from the Nubian ivory traders. These responded to the appeal, and under Ahmed Atrush, stemmed the further advance of the Niam-Niam tribes, but, on the other hand, they imposed the yoke of servitude on their Fejilu allies.

At this season of the year the roads, especially in the depressions, are rendered very difficult by the tall grasses. Here also water had to be procured from holes sunk in the ground, for we met not a single khor, the Yei flowing at some considerable distance to the east. The drinking water, turbid and whitish like dirty skim milk, was not very inviting, but nothing better was to be had even in Sheikh Kifo's village.

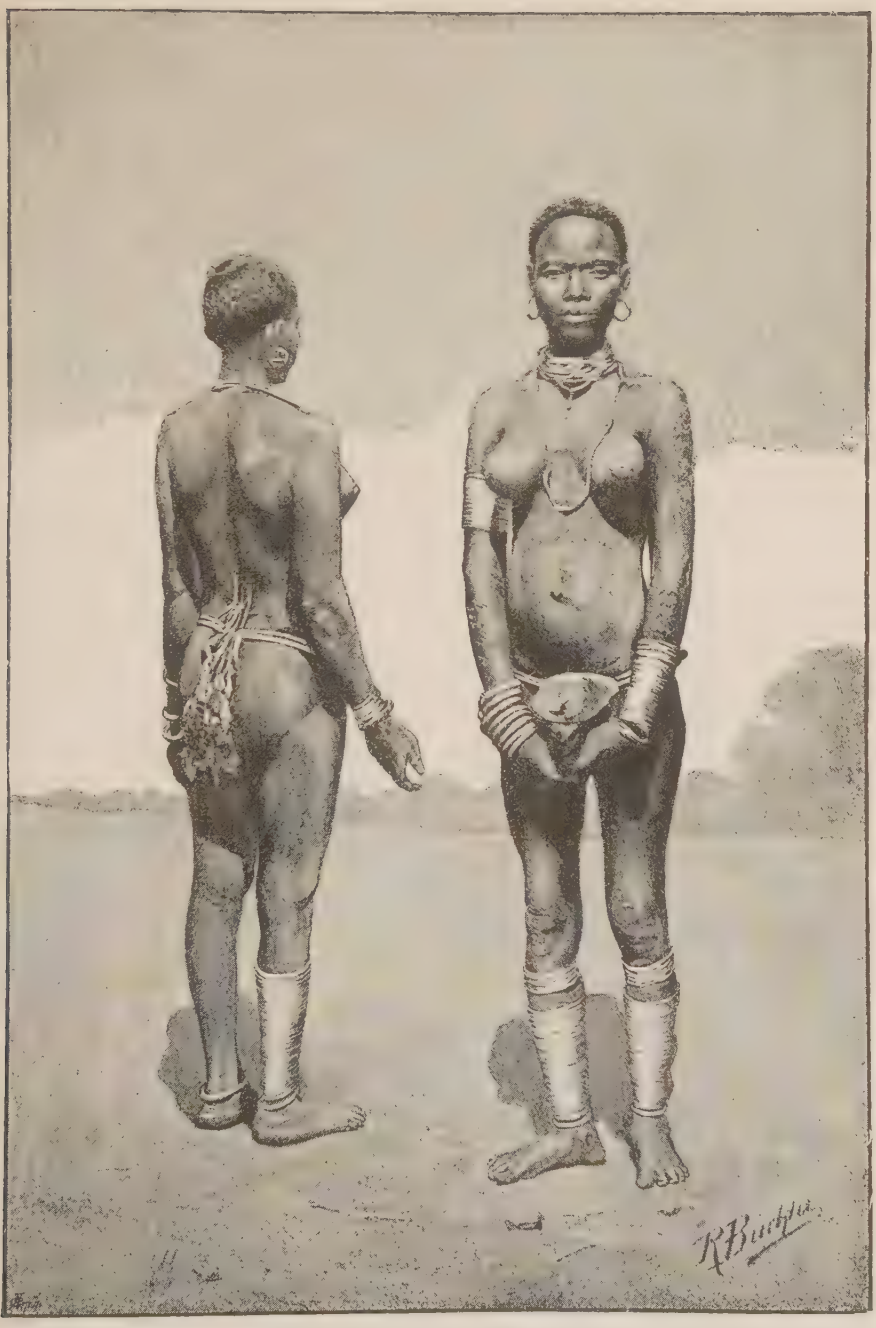
Along the route my people had caused me a good deal of annoyance by helping themselves in my name to whatever they fancied. In the last Fejilu village, for instance, they stole a goat, which, however, they had to restore to the owner, who came running after me. And now things were no better in Kifo.

Owing to lack of carriers I had to remain a day in the village, passing most of the time on my *angareb*. Headache and backache, accompanied by weakness in my legs, made me fear that another attack of fever was pending. Hence I was fain to be satisfied with short stages, and continued my westward journey by slow marches.

At Sheikh Batu's we remained overnight, and next day I ascended the little Mount Lipako, from whose summit I commanded a wide prospect, and was able to take several angles with a view to determining our route. Farther on we met several Makaraka villages situated on rising grounds, the Makarakas having founded settlements from this point all the way to the central zeriba of Kabayéndi.

Chief Bandua's station on the little river Aû, one of the largest negro villages in the country, is surrounded by a good fence and by woodlands, producing altogether a pleasant effect. Some of my followers I had sent forward with the baggage, and had instructed them to prepare a *requba*, which I found ready on my arrival. Having been cordially received by the inhabitants, I wished to show my gratitude by making arrangements with Bandua for a grand *Kungo*, or entertainment with music, dancing and beer in the evening. The affair had really been brought about by the women, who from the neighbouring huts had seen me make presents of beads to Bandua's wives; so towards evening a whole body came along singing and capering about, and asking for beads. These they received, and from their impromptu performance there was developed a grand "ball," a *Kungo* in fact, in which the ladies took part with a keen relish. From my *requba* I was able to observe the lively proceedings.

Suddenly I was surprised by a warlike figure, which, armed with shield and the curved Makaraka knife, bounded into the open space, and executed a vigorous war-dance. It seemed as if I was his supposed antagonist, against whom the doughty warrior displayed all his would-be bravery. Indeed, he was slightly too demonstrative, for the blade whisked every now and then close to my ear in a way that caused me involuntarily to start back.



MAKARAKA WOMEN. (*After an original drawing by R. Buchta.*)

Then from the other side Sheikh Bandua himself came forward arrayed in all his war paint, and after rehearsing the same performance advanced aggressively towards the first dancer, as towards an enemy, and of course vanquished him. The stealthy approach, retreat, sudden spring, shouting, everything was so well represented that the actors gradually worked themselves up to a state of real frenzy, and had at last to be separated by the spectators. They doubtless know from experience that in such passionate exhibitions injuries may easily be inflicted; even in their dances and more peaceful amusements we know what surprising energy and endurance is displayed by the negroes.

Bandua now made a feint of attacking me also, manœuvring

MAKARAKA SWORD-KNIFE.

with his sword close to my face, which is regarded as a special mark of honour. Then, the other dancer having retired from the stage, the chief turned his attention to some imaginary foe supposed to be prostrate at his feet, cutting and thrusting, and in fact making mincemeat of him. Bathed in perspiration he concluded a really interesting performance with a profound bow, respectfully touching my hand with his head.

A twenty minutes' walk brought me to the Makaraka Sheikh Basso's village, which was protected by a substantial fence against predatory beasts, and especially hyænas, which are here much dreaded. It was also surrounded by a zone of banana plantations which, combined with its extent, produced an agreeable and even genial impression. To the chief and the Nubian soldiers I expressed a strong desire to visit the Abaká territory

before returning to Kabayéndi. But here also, as in the villages I had already passed through, the answer was that no roads led thither, that nobody knew the way, and so forth. My Nubian followers, anxious to get back as soon as possible to the lazy life of the zeribas, did absolutely nothing to further my plans. They were all the less anxious to help me, that I had disappointed their expectations of being allowed to plunder the natives with impunity along the line of march. On this point I had expressed myself in unmistakable language, promising a sound thrashing to any one who might dare to appropriate anything without my express permission.

From Basso's zeriba I made an excursion to the granitic Mount Gurmáni, which I ascended, and next day visited a neighbouring Abaká settlement under a certain Sheikh Bati.

On our return journey, I had almost said home journey, to Kabayéndi, I again looked up my corpulent friend Dali, whom the remains of my last whisky bottle brought into a very friendly frame of mind. I had hoped to receive from Ladó a consignment of diverse and sundry things, and was consequently rather free with my presents. The result was that I, at last, got possession of the beautiful knife which I had vainly endeavoured to secure during my first visit. I had, however, not only to pay dearly for it, but to use all my most persuasive arts, and also appeal to Dali's pride and ambition by promising to show it to all the "great Sultans" on my return. "Look here," I would say, "this came from Dali, greatest of all chiefs!"

I found it, however, quite impossible to procure specimens of all the various kinds of spears, so exorbitant were the prices put upon them. I have already given the names and forms of these Makaraka weapons, but may here add that certain types are made not for use but exclusively for barter, and especially for purchasing wives. Of the "*gollo*" type from twenty to thirty are required according to the value of the bride.

On June 12th I returned in good health to Kabayéndi, thus concluding my third tour in Makaraka Land; on this occasion ninety miles were covered.

KABAYÉNDI.

(*Tidings of Death and Funeral Obsequies.*)

In Kabayéndi I resumed possession of my old quarters, but did not unpack much of the luggage, intending shortly to set out for Wandi in order to visit Kopp, and discuss the projected Kaliká journey with Bahit Agha, whose caravan was daily expected from Ladó. The first day was occupied in curing, drying and fumigating my ethnological specimens.

The following morning brought unexpected tidings. The report spread like wildfire through the zeriba that Fadl Allâh, superintendent of Kabayéndi, had died at Ladó. In order to get some more definite information on the subject I went off to Rihán Agha, from whom I learnt that the rumour had emanated from some natives who had come from Wandi. While I was still with him, however, several Nubians came and confirmed the report.

Now began the preparations for a genuine African ceremonial in honour of the dead. A man like Fadl Allâh, who had passed nearly his whole life in the land, who in virtue of his official position was intimately associated with all the local relations, and who, after his fashion, had lived like a little potentate, exercising authority over hundreds of slaves, who were now suddenly deprived of their lord, their chief, their protector, such a man was naturally bewept, bemoaned and regretted by a multitude of mourners. Doubtless, the feeling of grief may have been inspired by such selfish motives as anxiety about an uncertain future, visions of a new master who might prove to be hard and cruel, fear of being reduced to dire distress ; it was grief all the same. As boisterous demonstrations are characteristic of Central Africans generally, mourning also finds its outward expression in loud wailings, especially amongst the women.

From the remotest times such "keening" and noisy lamentations of the female members of the household have always formed an essential part of all funeral rites. The main features of these rites have been perpetuated with little change for

hundreds or even thousands of generations. Under the old Egyptian monarchies the dead were accompanied to their last resting place by women who filled the house with their mournful wailings, and the same practice still prevails in the whole of the Nile valley, whence it would appear to have spread to the very heart of the continent.[1]

As I still sat with Rihán Agha, there came the distant wailing of a troop of sixty or seventy women traversing the whole zeriba. But, as in hundreds of other cases, the natives and even the Mohammedans are our very antipodes in their views and practices; here also the demonstrations of grief are so foreign to our ideas that a stranger might well have taken the whole proceeding as an indication of rejoicing. Thus the women, for instance, kept making somersaults each in her turn, and during the following days decked themselves with foliage. At the same time an incessant tam-tamming on huge kettle-drums was kept up and accompanied by singing, all of which to my ear sounded just like their festive music.

At first all this was interesting enough, but when the novelty wore off the uproar became quite intolerable, for I was right in the centre of the frightful pandemonium, which had now lasted

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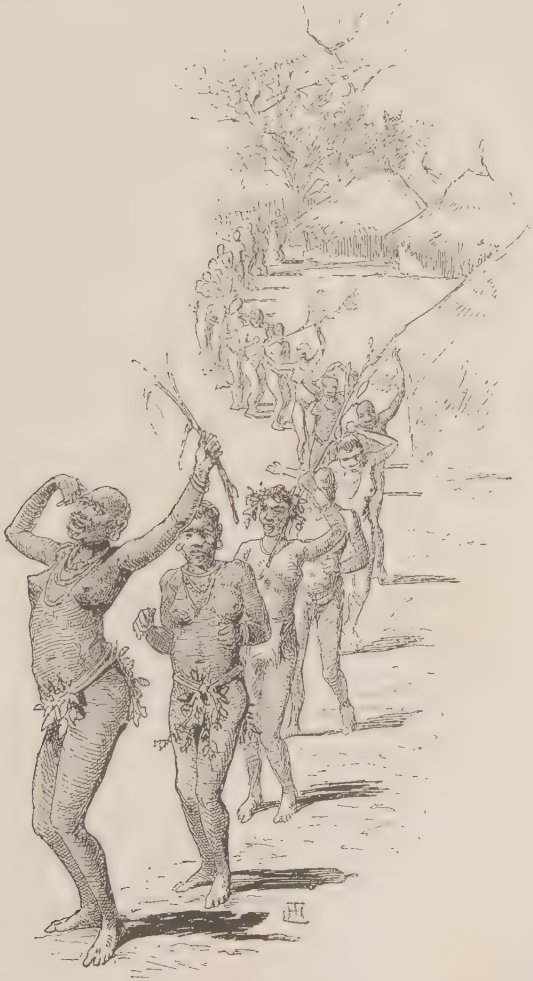
[1] When a contemporary of the great Rhamses was consigned to the tomb, the women of the household crouched with bared breasts and much loud weeping at the sarcophagus, which was richly painted and strewn with flowers, while the priest of the dead burnt incense and made offerings before the mummy. This functionary's official recitations contrasted wofully with the female lamentations. With the weeping of the spouse was also mingled the moaning of the attendants, who strewed dust on their heads and bewailed the calamity. They could not understand how one who commanded over so many, had gone to a land where he would be alone, how one who in life freely moved hands and feet must now be bound hands and feet for ever, how one heretofore arrayed in sumptuous garments would henceforth be clothed only in his funeral shroud. See A. Erman, *Ägypten und Ägyptisches Leben im Altertum.*

Although the Prophet had forbidden the wailing of women at burials, the Egyptians had none the less introduced the old custom into the new religion, and scarcely had the sick man breathed his last when the wálwaleh, ولولة, was raised. The shrieks and screams were heard from afar, as the women and children called on the dead: "O my Master, *ya sîdi, ya jemeli, ya sab'i, ya ez'zi, ya abûya, ya dahwali!* O thou, my camel, my lion, my only one, O, for my woe! And the *neddabât*, or female mourners, bring each a tambourine, which is vigorously beaten to increase the din.—R. B.

four days and nights without interruption. My quarters, like the adjacent government granaries and other "public buildings," with the intervening open spaces, all formed part of Fadl



OBSEQUIES OF FADL ALLÂH BY HIS FEMALE SLAVES. (*Drawn by L. H. Fischer.*)

Allâh's establishment, with which they were directly connected. Hence the solemn obsequies, that is to say, the howling, yelling,

drum-beating and so forth, were all carried on in the immediate vicinity, rendering all serious work utterly impossible while it lasted.

At first the women divided into sundry groups, and moved through the zeriba, alternately rolling in the dust and turning somersaults, and continually shouting *Ya Sîdi ! Fadl Allâh fen ? Kadab, Kadab !* "O master ! where is Fadl Allâh ? Lies, Lies !" (that is, that he was dead). Then they crept on all fours under the projecting straw roof, pretending to be everywhere searching for him. Then they again collected in groups, and moved forward incessantly howling, screaming, and wailing.

During the day the women alone joined in all these demonstrations of grief, which at least to a certain extent were really genuine. But in the evening the drums were introduced, imparting to the ceremony the aspect of a *kungo* or public entertainment, in which men, boys, servants and slaves of Fadl Allâh, all took part. I must confess that some of the women, probably those more intimately associated with Fadl Allâh during his life, gave way to almost unearthly feelings of deep and vehement passion.

I was at last so worn out that through sheer exhaustion I fell sleep in the very midst of the uproar, but was again roused before dawn by a fresh outburst of grief. The women, who during the night had retired to their huts, had again collected in the vicinity, and I was awakened by a loud dirge sung close to my *angareb*. In the meantime the male and female slaves who had accompanied Fadl Allâh to Ladó, had returned from Wandi with all his effects. More order was now introduced into the female processions, which were disposed in several large sections, and continued to wind along in single file from hut to hut, until the proceedings at last resolved themselves into a veritable fancy ball. The women who could lay their hands upon any "toggery" or odds and ends of any kind belonging to Fadl Allâh's "wardrobe," donned them for the occasion and often produced quite a ludicrous effect. Thus one appeared in her late master's long sleeping robe, another arrayed herself in one of his shirts, or perhaps in an under vest, while yet another was seen wildly flourish-

ing his large Abyssinian sword. Lances were also brought into requisition, or else sticks or maize stalks uprooted from the gardens, or creepers torn from the quickset hedges.

When it is added that the women showered ashes on their heads, smeared their bodies with dirt, and wallowed in the mire during a tremendous downpour, some idea may be formed of the picture presented by this wild scene of fantastic orgies, which the longer they lasted the more they acquired the character of revelries. So at least it seemed to me ; for although some of the actors may have exhibited signs of real grief, most of the hags wore an expression of indifference, or even of positive delight. The unwonted event, which broke in upon the dreary monotony of their daily life was obviously a source of amusement for the majority, who had nothing to do but shout, and caper about and lay aside their usual household duties.

This last circumstance I had to thank for being suddenly reduced to "short commons." Hitherto my rations had been supplied from the kitchen of Fadl Allâh, or else of Mulâzim Mohammed ; but the latter had gone on his travels, and the former had departed this life, leaving his household for the time being in a state of the wildest disorder. I had consequently now to make my own arrangements for myself and people, receiving however some little aid from Rihán Agha.

I should have started at once for Wandi, but that I expected to hear from Bahit Agha that he would be coming to Kabayéndi to make such arrangements as would be necessitated by Fadl Allâh's death. In a few days however I received a letter in Arabic from Bahit Agha summoning me to Wandi, where Kopp's condition was causing serious anxiety. But although not surprised at this news, for I had myself long doubted of his recovery, still I did not anticipate his approaching end, having a few days before received a letter of several pages from Kopp himself. On receipt however of these tidings, I packed up the few things needed for the journey with the intention of starting early next morning.

Monday, June 18. Up betimes, but kept long waiting for the carriers. We took a new route to Little Makaraka, Ahmed

Agha's zeriba. The road was easily followed, thanks to the care bestowed upon it by the mudîr for some years past. We met numerous parties returning to Kabayéndi ; and from one group a soldier came forward and surprised me with the news of Kopp's death. Doubting his statement, I plied him with questions on the details, and was assured that he had himself witnessed the burial. Kopp was therefore to be included in the number of those Europeans who had fallen premature victims to the murderous climate of Africa. Immersed in gloomy thoughts I continued the journey, for though I could never see him again, my presence in Wandi would still be urgently needed to arrange his affairs, ascertain the particulars of his death, and so forth.

Although Ahmed Agha had not yet returned to Little Makaraka from Ladó, whither he had gone with Bahit's caravan, I put up in the same comfortable quarters, where I had so often before found shelter. Here I was surprised by a visit from Mulâzim Mohammed, who came accompanied by another officer stationed at Little Makaraka. Both had just got back from Wandi, and having heard of my arrival came to welcome me. From Mulâzim I heard the sad history of Kopp's last days. After writing me the long letter above referred to, he had become visibly weaker, and often fell asleep over the newspapers which had reached him from Ladó. Bahit Agha's letter, which had induced me to start for Wandi, was written the day before his death. While still in the full possession of his senses Kopp felt very weak, and kept to his couch. This was a Friday, and next day he slept throughout the forenoon. About midday there followed some heavy breathing, and death, without recalling him to consciousness, mingled softly with his slumbers, his wearied spirit thus passing painlessly to the land of everlasting rest.

As required in a climate where decomposition rapidly sets in, Kopp's remains were consigned to the grave before sunset the same day. Mulâzim took care that the body was placed deep in the ground, and further securely protected by a thick covering of thorny branches from the marauding hyænas and other nightly ghouls. Through lack of boards for a coffin, they had enveloped the dead in his three woollen blankets. I felt much

relieved to know that he had met such a quiet end, for I had feared a long and painful illness, during which his sufferings might be greatly increased by his natural impatience.

In Little Makaraka my last cup of coffee was served, and as the sugar had run out some time before, I was much disappointed to hear from Mulàzim that the consignment of provisions, cloth and tobacco intended for me had been left behind in Ladó. This was all the more vexatious that I was thus left without the means of making any further purchases for my collections.

On June 19th we entered Wandi, where I was again hospitably

KOPP'S GRAVE.

received by Ahmed Atrush Agha. Since Kopp's death, there was nothing further to detain me any longer in Makaraka Land. I was accordingly very anxious once more seriously to discuss the Kaliká journey with Bahit Agha, and urge him to facilitate the project to the utmost; failing this, it was my intention to proceed to Jussuf, in the Rol district.

After a few customary compliments, I began to complain of the negligence of those officials who had left my boxes behind in Ladó. I then went straight to the matter in hand, and pointed out in many words and bad Arabic—which however my interlocutor understood perfectly well—what good grounds I had to be

angry that, in the teeth of all their promises, Abd Allâh's expedition had gone off to Kaliká Land during my absence at Ansea's, whereby I had been deluded with fine words.

I tried to make him see that I was specially indignant at his own duplicity. "I have only one tongue" (that is, I mean what I say), "and cannot allow anybody to deceive me with lies. Had you," I continued, "at that time frankly said, '*Hawaga!* the road is bad, the natives are hostile, you had better stay behind'; or had you required me to produce a special paper (order) from the pasha, I should on my part have yielded and said, '*Taib, malesh*—well, it matters not'; but after all your assurances, in which your heart played false with me, I have every reason to be angry. What will the pasha say of me, for after all he knows how long I have been in the land, that every year you send several expeditions to the Kaliká country, and he expects a report from me on the condition of that part of the province! 'You have been asleep in the zeriba'—that's what he will throw in my teeth—'while I was hoping you would send me a report on the Kaliká Land and on the river (the Kibbi-Welle')—that's what he'll say!"

After further complaints about the causes of my failure to reach Mount Baginse, I gave him to understand that he could not be surprised should I now lay the whole matter before the pasha himself. However, I was willing to avoid strong measures if an opportunity were now afforded me of visiting Kaliká Land; it would be his business to provide a sufficient escort, but he would have to decide by next day.

The mudîr seemed taken aback by my energetic language, and at once replied that the journey could still be undertaken, and that it was his desire to meet my views in every way before I left the province. I returned with revived hopes to Atrush.

The arrangement of Kopp's effects was no very complicated business. I had all serviceable things cleansed, distributed a few objects as presents amongst the servants, and took possession of the note-books in which he had entered his few jottings on his ornithological observations, with the view of restoring them to his family on the first opportunity.

While I was still engaged in the tent that had last been occupied by Kopp I was suddenly taken with an attack of fever, which although not very acute was still troublesome. From Bahit Agha came the welcome news that I should certainly be provided with the necessary escort for the expedition to Kaliká Land, and that beside Abd Alláh, whose return was now daily expected, I should also be accompanied by Atrush. At the same time I knew that Bahit's final consent to the journey was due to no feeling of personal regard, for I was convinced that he secretly "wished me to Jericho." His consent was solely due to the fear of my reporting him to Gordon Pasha.

With the caravan returning from Ladó Abd Allah, Mudîr of Niambara had also come to Wandi with a few soldiers and natives, and as they were soon going back I took the opportunity of sending despatches to Ladó. I prepared a lengthy report for Consul Rosset in Khartum, announcing Kopp's death, and making arrangements for the things that were to be sent after me.

The month of June was now drawing to a close; but the weather still kept up, being interrupted only by a few short showers at a time when in previous years the *kharîf* had already begun. The ground should have already been ploughed and sown, and the people were beginning to complain of the prospects of the next harvest. But in a few days the storm-clouds burst at last, and the daily downpours were hailed by the natives with great jubilation. At the same time everybody declared that the tardy arrival of the rainy season was a rare phenomenon.

During the three last days of my stay in Wandi, the *kungo*, or public rejoicings were kept up incessantly, Bahit himself seeming to take much pleasure in the proceedings. By way of explanation he assured me that the festivities had been got up to make the natives forget the great losses they had incurred during the transport of the sections of the *Khedive*, a steamer of 108 tons burden, from Regáf to Dufilé. This boat had been brought by Sir Samuel Baker to Gondokoro, but left there without equipment. Gordon Pasha had now sent it up to

Dufilé in order to navigate the Albert Nyanza, and annex the Nile region above Dufilé to the Khedival possessions.

As the necessary hands for the heavy work of transport could not be procured either from the unruly Bari people, or from any of the other Nilotic riverain tribes, carriers had to be requisitioned amongst the Makarakas. So arduous was the work, the boiler for instance having to be conveyed in one piece, that no less than five hundred of these unfortunate carriers were reported to have succumbed to the tremendous efforts they had been called upon to make. The very air was said to have been tainted by the dead bodies left lying along the route, which Major Prout had consequently to avoid when coming down from Magungo.

In reference to this affair Gordon himself wrote: "It has really been terrible work for a year." (*Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, 1874-79).

In the festivities both Makarakas and Morús took part, each tribe with its own peculiar "musical instruments," or noise producers, and each executing its own characteristic dance. That of the Makarakas I have already described; a Morú dance was got up for my special entertainment. In order to get a little peace to attend to my correspondence and post up my diary, I had removed with Atrush to the large, substantially built and relatively light hut, which Kopp had occupied till his death.

Meanwhile Bahit Agha wanted to arrange a splendid *kungo* for some Morú chief, who had come to the zeriba with his followers in order to welcome the mudîr. As the large space before my hut was well adapted for such a purpose Bahit got leave to secure it for a feast, which, owing to the din was anything but a feast to me. Nevertheless I took some interest in the dance, which I was able to witness seated in my chair in front of the hut.

Instead of the Makarakas' "band," composed of huge drums and gourd horns, the Morú women performed a saraband, beating time with a kind of rattle or castanet made of small gourds, filled with little pebbles, beads, or fruit-stones. The men formed a wide circle all facing inwards, and each

with his right hand grasping his neighbour's arm above the elbow, as they swayed trippingly in a closed ring from side to side, still narrowing the circle towards the centre. Here grouped round the drums were the women with their rattles, forming a festoon over against the men, and as the two sets advance and retire alternately the castanets are swung round and lustily shaken. But as the dance waxes more vehement, the groups break asunder, the performers intermingling in the maze, each singling out their partners and whirling round in couples. If not very graceful, the dance is at least highly characteristic.

In order to prevent Bahit Agha from falling asleep over this Kaliká business, I remained in Wandi. Hither towards the end of June came Abd Allâh Abû Sêd, Nâzir ofRimó, who had himself recently returned from a plundering expedition to Kaliká Land, bringing back as booty some 1,400 head of cattle. As I sat of an evening with Atrush discussing local topics over a smouldering fire in the hut he still bitterly complained of the whims and arbitrary conduct of the mudîr, his personal antagonism to whom was obviously inspired by a rankling sense of thwarted ambition and official neglect.

MORÚ DRUM.

When the Makaraka zeribas were bought up by the Egyptian Government, the former agents, Atrush, Ahmed Afgha Akhúan, and others, who had also been partly administrators, and for years intimately associated with the land and people, remained at their posts; in other words, they entered the service of the State at fixed salaries, Atrush, for instance, receiving as much as £35 a month. Later, however, Gordon Pasha, either dissatisfied with the state of affairs, or induced by complaints

that had reached his ears, had made Bahit head mudîr with residence in Wandi, while Rihán Agha was stationed with Fadl Allâh in Kabayéndi, I could never quite clearly make out in what capacity.

Both of these men, like so many other officials, were natives of the Nuba country in South Kordofan. But from his travels abroad—as already stated he had taken part in the Mexican campaign—Bahit seems to have brought back few accomplishments beyond a certain rigid military bearing. In a land where the owners of the zeribas, with their ruffianly soldiery, were accustomed to oppress the natives with impunity, and where the so-called *wukala*[1] had grown old under such lawless conditions, a regular inspection of the province by trustworthy officials was a matter of urgent necessity, at least where such officials were not resident on the spot.

Possibly Gordon Pasha may have supposed that Bahit Agha was a person of this character. If so, I am satisfied that he was utterly mistaken, that Bahit was a wolf in sheep's clothing, and altogether undeserving of any confidence. I found him to be a false, two-faced person, though to be sure the same might be said of the whole crew of Khedival officialdom whatever their origin, whether Nubians, Nubas, negroes, or sprung from the Egyptian peasant class.

That the relations between Atrush and Bahit should become strained was inevitable. Envy and offended self-love on the one hand, blunders and arbitrary proceedings on the other, tended to increase the friction and stimulate the intrigues of Atrush, who was almost openly plotting for Bahit's downfall. Not only had Bahit sold for his own profit dozens of the male and female carriers employed to transport ivory to Ladó, but he had also refused to give up runaway slaves to their rightful owners. This being directly opposed to the Mohammedan law, formed a ground of special complaint on the part of Atrush Agha, all the more that, in spite of all protests, several of his own runaways had been detained by Bahit.

[1] *Wukala*, plural of *wakîl*, agents, deputies.

Then followed the really outrageous treatment of the unfortunate Fejilus, and the most lavish and reckless waste of corn and cattle, acts of maladministration which could be fairly charged against Bahit. For some trifling offence or neglect to pay the durra tribute, Nubian troops had been despatched to Chief Lemmi's villages, whose inhabitants were plundered of all their effects, and so mercilessly beaten with great cudgels, that five of the natives had died under the cruel treatment.

Meanwhile the feastings were kept up for days together in Wandi, where hundreds of beer barrels were emptied, and great quantities of cattle and meat distributed amongst the people. Without the least regard for the requirements of the immediate future the large herds of oxen were slaughtered which had been brought in since my arrival in the province. Thus had been consumed over a thousand captured during Atrush Agha's raid, 200 that Bahit had lately collected, and the 1,400 that had just been brought back from Kaliká Land. In this way the riff-raff acting in the name of the Khedival government had utterly destroyed all the live-stock which was formerly so abundant in those unfortunate negro lands.

Heedless for the morrow, to-day they indulge in reckless waste and extravagance. Verily an irreclaimable people, a scourge of the Lord for the unhappy wretches groaning under their oppressive yoke. Those alone, who have been eye-witnesses to these wasteful doings, can form some idea of the quantities of durra consumed in brewing the merissa that flowed in a continuous stream down the thirsty throats of these native revellers. Meantime the officials and regular troops (*gehadiyeh*) were already beginning to complain of neglect and short rations.

Bahit Agha was now all courtesy to me, doubtless fearing that I should become aware of the true state of affairs, and perhaps later make a report to the pasha. Yet such was the force of habit that under my very eyes he persisted in his evil ways. Thus a young slave having been ill-used by his master had escaped from Rimo and sought protection under my roof. But a few days later I found that Bahit was fully informed of all the circumstances and now sent for the lad without my knowledge,

not however for the purpose of restoring him to his rightful owner, but in order to make a present of him to Ringio. In this way Bahit was accustomed to make friends at other people's expense.

Since the beginning of July the *kharîf* had fairly set in; copious showers fell every day, and throughout the whole land the fields were diligently cultivated. In the Kaliká country the wet season must have begun somewhat earlier, for the people who had taken part in Abd Allâh Abû Sed's expedition informed me that in that district the corn was already springing up; the *telebûn* variety (*Eleusine coracana*), for instance, was over a foot high.

During a conversation on the pending excursion I was rather puzzled by some remarks of Abd Allâh, who seemed till now to be unaware that the journey was to be extended as far as the Kibbi, and in case the river was low enough to be crossed, as far as Chief Luggár's territory. He suggested that the Kibbi (Welle) was a long way off, that the *kharîf* had already set in, the grass was very high, and so on. About the Kaliká plan he knew nothing, and had probably been instructed by Bahit Agha to escort me to the Kakuak country, and then make merely a few days' trip to Kaliká Land, after which we were to return to Wandi. But when discussing the matter with me Bahit had certainly consented to my going at least as far as the Kibbi. So I was now anxious to secure a definite written order, and thus avoid the risk of having perhaps to return before quite reaching the divide between the Nile and Welle basins.

Referring to other topics, Atrush gave me further information on the native burial customs, confirming what I had previously heard. The practice of burying live slaves with their masters was said to prevail especially amongst the Kaliká people. Atrush assured me that he had himself witnessed such scenes at the death of distinguished personages, when a long grave is dug, in which are deposited the remains together with the nearest relatives of the deceased, his cattle and all his effects. It also happens, he told me, that a person receiving a deadly wound, with a poisoned arrow, for instance, has his own grave dug, and while

THE BOMBEH CHIEF RINGIO AND HIS WIVES. (*From photograph by R. Buchta.*)

still alive gets buried with his "nearest and dearest," and all his worldly property.

As previously stated, the Makarakas dry the body over a slow fire, keeping head and face covered by a strip of straw matting. When thoroughly desiccated it is hung between the branches of a tree. The Mundús and Abukáyas are also reported to practise the gruesome custom of live burial, whereas the Kakuáks and the other tribes settled in the province, bury the body alone, and that immediately after death.

One of my Khartum servants related to me an occurrence showing how entirely the negro is here regarded merely as so much merchandise, and not at all as *ibn Adam*, a "son of Adam." On his return from Kabayéndi he told me that a female slave, whom he had received from my discharged cook, Mohammed, by way of compensation for an emptied bottle of brandy, and whom Ahmed had given to a Nubian to be taught how to make *kisra*, had run away, an event of every day occurrence in these parts. Ahmed complained of the matter to the Rihan Agha in Kabayéndi, and from him received another little girl as well as a little boy, both of whom he had now brought with him to Wandi.

On Sunday, July 7th, we were again on the move. Ahmed Atrush had taken with him twelve men armed with muskets, his servants, two female slaves, and fifteen carriers, while my party comprised twelve carriers, my servants, and their slaves. As Atrush wanted to visit his zeriba and the cattle enclosure on the Khor Bandam, near Mount Lipako, we took a somewhat roundabout route, intending thence to reach Rimo, where the irregular Nubian escort was to meet us. From Rimo we were to go southwards with Abd Allâh Abû Sêd.

At the huts of the Bari colony, near Wandi, the road diverged westwards from that previously followed to Chief Lemmi's village. A march of three hours and a half brought us to the Makaraka Sheikh Baginne's, where we halted. Since our departure from Wandi I was in high spirits, for at last we had fairly started on the long delayed journey to Kaliká Land, a journey from which I hoped much, and which

would give me an opportunity of making some entirely fresh discoveries.

With the usual excited imagination and wild exaggeration, which the Nubians mostly in perfect good faith introduce into all their narratives, they endowed the Kaliká negroes with all kinds of Satanic accomplishments, making them dangerous foes to any foreign intruders into their country. Their poisoned arrows especially appeared to enjoy a very evil repute. The poison was said to be of a very deadly character, and at the approach of expeditions the natives were said to bury the arrows along the track, leaving only the points projecting above the surface ; or else they were placed in the tall grass in a horizontal position at about a man's height, so as to mortally wound the unsuspecting wayfarer.

Nevertheless, all these fiendish acts did not seem to have any great terrors for the Nubians themselves, who were in the habit of annually repeating their raiding forays in Kaliká Land. Anyhow, I was heartily delighted to be on foot again, for the life of the zeriba is oppressively monotonous, and not at all conducive to active vigorous habits.

During the last days of my stay in Wandi I had been unable to shake off a certain fear that possibly at the last moment some obstacle might arise to prevent the journey. But once on the road this unpleasant feeling had given way to a quiet sense of peace. In this frame of mind I chatted away the afternoon hours with Atrush. Hence the sudden arrival the same evening of a messenger in hot haste from Wandi recalling Atrush fell upon me like a bolt from the blue.

The messenger, a simple-minded negro, muttered something about the return of Gordon Pasha and a joint summons of Bahit and Atrush to Ladó. He was the bearer of a letter, but as neither Atrush nor I could decipher the Arabic scrawl we were no wiser than before. We gathered, however, by further questioning that official documents had reached Wandi, not from Ladó but from the Rôl district. After talking the matter over with Atrush we decided to send messengers to Little Makaraka, as it was natural to suppose that Ahmed Agha Akhuan, Wekil

of that place, would have also received advices from Wandi. So the same night five men were sent off.

They were back again next morning, and confirmed the statement that Atrush had been peremptorily ordered to return at once to Wandi, but that I was personally at liberty to continue the journey to Rimo or Mdîrfi. Letters had been received from the Rol summoning Bahit, Atrush and many others to that province, and it was added that Bahit would soon set out for Little Makaraka.

Being still uncertain as to the real state of affairs, we resolved at once to proceed to Little Makaraka, in order to get more definite and detailed information. For the moment I gave up the journey to Rimo, and had my things packed to accompany Atrush to Little Makaraka.

Here we learnt that Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi, head mudîr of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, Rôl, and Makaraka provinces, had summoned all the mudîrs and administrators of Makaraka Land to the Rôl. All the officials, together with the regular and irregular Nubian troops, besides some hundreds of armed natives, in fact, all who were not invalided, were to prepare at once for the journey; consequently the expedition to Kaliká Land could not be carried out.

I remained two days in Little Makaraka, in order to communicate with Bahit on the altered state of affairs, and come to some practical decision. Bahit replied placing at my disposal carriers and whatever else might be needed, in case I was willing to join the expedition to the Rôl.

I was unable to carry out the project of a short excursion to the Silei Mountains in company with Ringio, in order to utilise the interval before setting out for the Rôl. I consequently started on July 11th for Kabayéndi, where all the preparations had to be made for the expedition to the Rôl province. In my diary under July 10th, I find the following entry: "This evening as I am writing, my naked servants rush about with firebrands to destroy the millions of wandering ants, which have made a ruthless attack on their legs. The earth is covered with long columns of these industrious little insects, and woe to him who unguardedly remains within their reach."

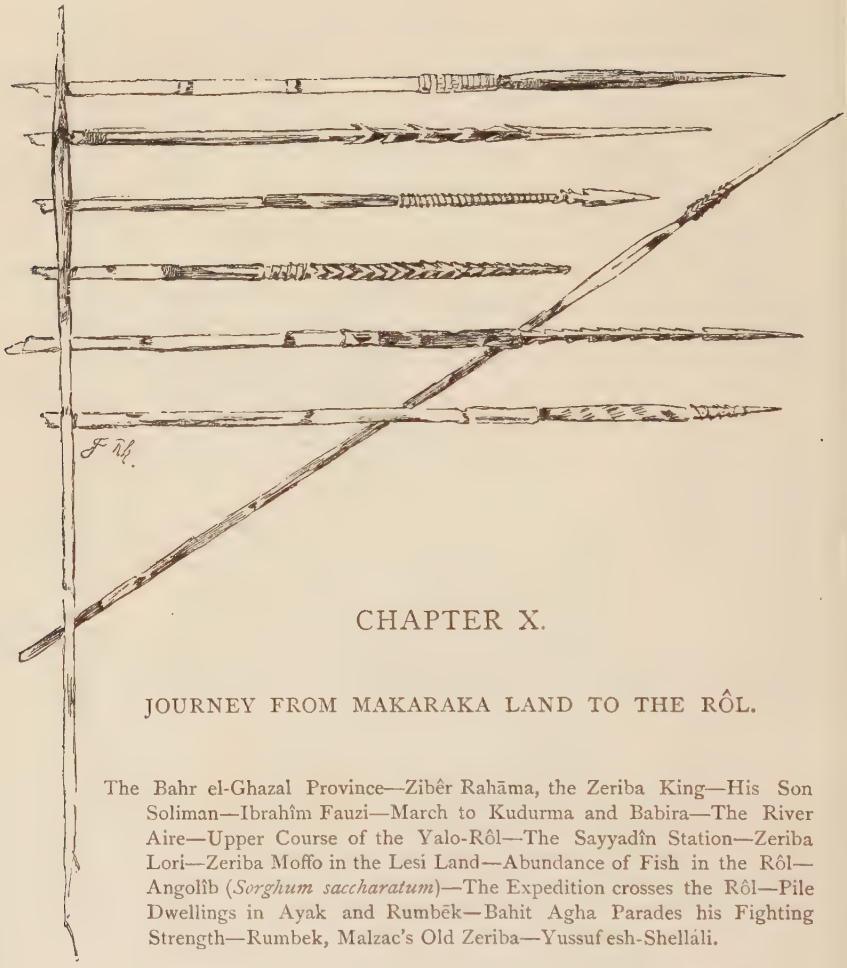
For the third time I surveyed the route between Little Makaraka and Kabayéndi. Here the days were passed in making all kinds of provisions and preparations for the expedition. For months I had felt much better, and since recovering from the acute attack of ague during the circular journey in April, I had also completely got the better of the drowsiness and debility from which I had suffered in Ladó and at first in Makaraka Land.

But I was still troubled with a skin affection, a kind of nettle-

rash, which often caused much irritation, and deprived me of many a night's rest. During the Sobat journey and in Ladó it had given me much annoyance, but had disappeared for some time after my arrival in Makaraka Land. Later however it had returned under the form of countless little pimples which caused great soreness in the back. And now it attacked the extremities and other parts of the body, which felt as if stung by mosquitoes. As in Egypt this cutaneous disorder is attributed to the Nile

water, here also it is popularly associated with the quality of the water. It is very prevalent amongst the negroes.

Now the zeriba began to fill with the Nubian carriers, spearmen and others summoned to join the expedition to the Rôl. The place became very animated, and during a heavy rain a herd of 150 cows was driven in for the use of the caravan. On July 15th, the eve of the general break-up, Ringio made his appearance at the head of the Bombeh contingent. They advanced in long columns, armed with shield and lance, and took up their position in the large open space. Here they executed a war-dance with song and music in the presence of Bahit Agha and other officials assembled in a neighbouring *requba*.



CHAPTER X.

JOURNEY FROM MAKARAKA LAND TO THE RÔL.

The Bahr el-Ghazal Province—Zibêr Rahāma, the Zeriba King—His Son Soliman—Ibrahîm Fauzi—March to Kudurma and Babira—The River Aire—Upper Course of the Yalo-Rôl—The Sayyadîn Station—Zeriba Lori—Zeriba Moffo in the Lesi Land—Abundance of Fish in the Rôl—Angolîb (*Sorghum saccharatum*)—The Expedition crosses the Rôl—Pile Dwellings in Ayak and Rumbēk—Bahit Agha Parades his Fighting Strength—Rumbek, Malzac's Old Zeriba—Yussuf esh-Shelláli.

ON July 16th I began my unexpected journey northward to the Rôl basin in company with an expedition numbering at least 1000 souls. The solitary traveller in these lands is so dependent on passing events and local relations, that he is at times liable to be led by them in the very opposite direction to that which he intended to take in order to carry out a long cherished project. Thus it happened that instead of visiting the absolutely unknown region stretching south of Makaraka Land,

"circumstances over which I had no control" drove me northward.

For the moment my Kaliká journey had been rendered impossible, for every one owning a pair of sound legs and strong arms had to obey the summons of the head mudîr to join the forces mustering in the Rôl district. All the military resources of the country were being mobilised, for Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi dreaded an invasion of the province by the hordes of Soliman, son of Zibêr Rahāma.

This province embraced the zeriba region on the upper Bahr el-Ghazal, which had been acquired by the Egyptian Government from the Khartum ivory traders, owners of the zeribas, by purchase and the concession of sundry privileges. This ivory trade on the White Nile had been opened about the year 1851 by a few Khartum merchants, who worked it at considerable profit. But fresh competitors struck out fresh trade routes by land and water. They laboriously pushed forward through the reed jungles of the Ghazal, discovered the Meshra, and penetrated thence to the Jur basin and the inland Krej and Niam-Niam regions.

On December 10th, 1840, the second expedition sent by Mehemet Ali to discover the sources of the Nile reached the Bahr el-Ghazal. Ferdinand Werne, one of its members, wrote: "About three o'clock we are moving slowly to the great lake, which receives the Ghazal, a river flowing from the land of the Magrabi (the Berbers or Mauritanians), as reported by some of our soldiers." And elsewhere: "I hear that last year they beat about for two days at the mouth of the Ghazal without being able to penetrate through the reeds into the river."[1]

The first Khartum trading vessel that exploited the upper Bahr el-Ghazal, belonged to the ivory trader Habeshi; as suggested by Von Heuglin, it was undoubtedly introduced into the stream with the assistance of friendly natives during some exceptionally high floods. Habeshi was followed by some native dealers, beside the Sardinian Vice-Consul Brun Rollet, John Petherick, the brothers Poncet, and others.

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[1] *Expedition zur Entdeckung der Quellen des Weissen Nils* (1840-41), Berlin, 1848.

Amongst the earliest trading stations were those of the Egyptian Ali Abu Amûri, which were grouped about the Bahr Dembo of the Nubians, Heuglin's Kosanga river. The latter name became known through the reports of the disastrous Tinné expedition.[1] This territory stretched north-westwards to the domain of the Baqâra el-Homr nomads; the brothers Poncet also founded a long chain of zeribas, both on the Rôl and the Ghazal, all of which passed by purchase into the hands of Ghatta, a Kopt.

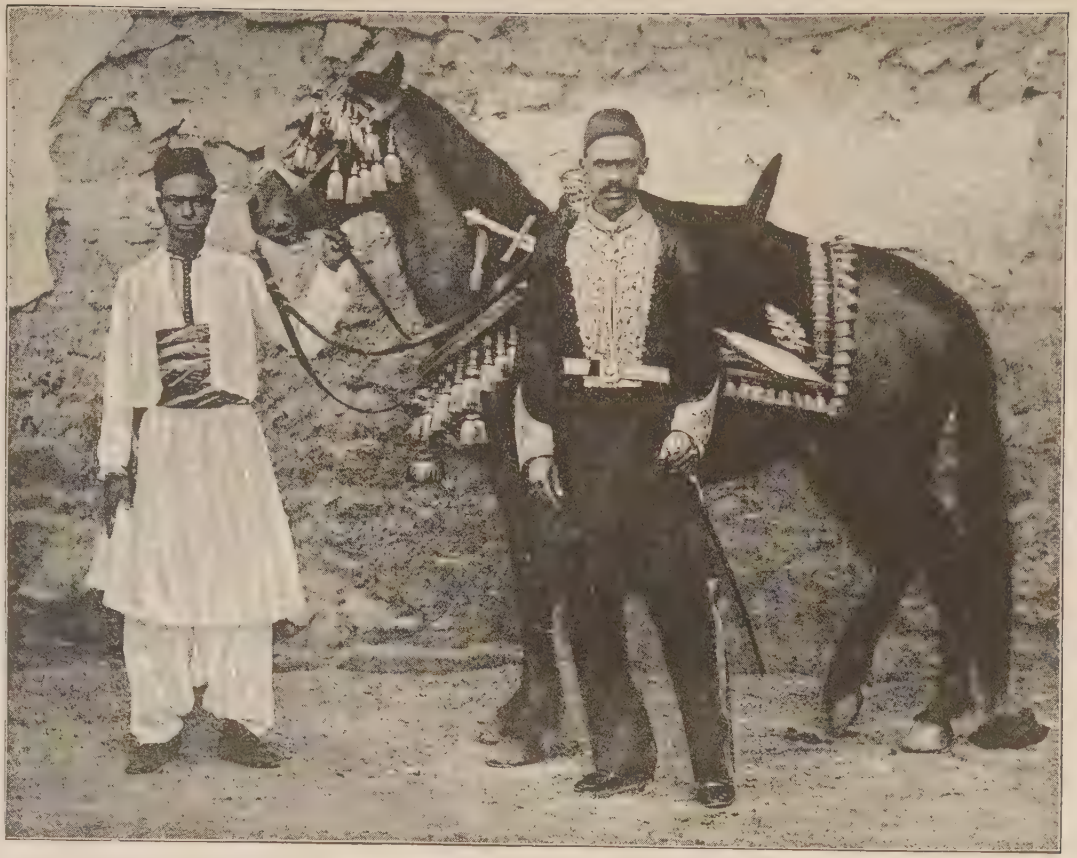
John Petherick carried on his ivory business with unwonted energy. Starting from Khartum in November 1853 with a sailing vessel manned by Nubians, he ascended the Ghazal to the eyot of Kyt, where Meshra er-Réq[2] was afterwards founded. Here he was arrested by the hostile attitude of the natives and the cowardice of his own people. But he was more successful next year, when he took the same route with two boats and a large equipment, and not only entered into trading relations with the Kyt islanders and other negroes dwelling farther inland, but also founded an ivory station on the Jur.

In 1858 Petherick started from Meshra er-Rèq on a southern expedition, which in all probability brought him as far as Mundo in Makaraka Land between the 3rd and 4th parallels of north latitude.[3] After he retired from business in 1863, the ivory as well as the slave trade in the regions extending west and

[1] In July, 1861, Mrs. Tinné with her daughter Alexine, and her sister, Miss van Capellen, started from their native town, the Hague, on their third expedition to Egypt, and after passing the winter in Cairo, ascended the Nile to Nubia and Sudan. On September 30th, they reached Gondokoro, returning in November to Khartum. In February, 1863, Alexine and her mother, with Baron d'Ablaing, von Heuglin, Dr. Steudner, some European ladies' maids, and about 200 followers engaged in Khartum, again started to explore the Ghazal lands. But the progress of the expedition was impeded by its numbers, and all the Europeans were taken with fever in this malarious region. Mrs. Tinné and Dr. Steudner succumbed to the attack, and Alexine returned with the others to Khartum, where Miss Adriana van Capellen also died. Later (August 1, 1869), Alexine was murdered by the Tuareg Berbers at Sharaba, west of Murzuk in Fezzan.—R. B.

[2] مشرعة, *meshr'a*, a watering-place on the banks of a river; improperly a landing stage.

[3] In Ravenstein's large map of Africa it is placed between 6° and 7° N.



ZIBÊR PASHA.

south-west of the Ghazal remained exclusively in the hands of Egyptian subjects. The strict control, that is, monopoly of the trade in the White Nile basin, was abolished in 1852, thanks mainly to the efforts of Dr. Reitz, Austrian Consul at Khartum. The atrocities of the Egyptian traders, who disposed of the lives, land and property of the natives in the most reckless and inhuman way, elicited an official protest on the part of the representatives of the Great Powers, who called on the Khedival government to put an end to these proceedings.

Wherever a trader settles the negroes withdraw to the densest *ghâbeh* (forest), in order to escape from his exactions. In the construction of the zeribas they are compelled to work on the *corvée* system, and in these places from thirty to eighty of their tormentors settle down with their male and female slaves. It has never occurred to the commercial agents to have the land cultivated for their own wants, although there would be no lack of labour for such a purpose. The slaves are compelled to supply all the corn needed by the zeribas from year to year, although in hard times they are themselves reduced to sore distress. When the stores of the agents are running out, soldiers are despatched to scour the land; they fall on the settlements, take what they find, and then compel their victims to convey the plunder to the strongholds.[1]

The territory controlled by some of these zeribas was so extensive, that it might be said to constitute a petty state. Schweinfurth estimates the extent of the district raided over by Ghatta from his station on the Jur in 1869 at about 3,000 square miles, of which 700 are good arable land, with a population of 13,000 souls. Amongst the plunder of a single year were 8,000 head of cattle, besides ivory, corn and the like.

But by far the wealthiest, most powerful and most dangerous of these slave traders was Zibêr Rahâma, who had risen from small beginnings to the position of an independent potentate, and who through his opulence and influence over his Nubian

[1] Theodore von Heuglin, *Reise in das Gebiet des Weissen Nils, &c.*, from 1862 to 1864, Leipzig and Heidelberg.

fellow countrymen, had become a menace to the Khedival authority. His early career has already been briefly summarised in Chapter IV. Here a few supplementary remarks may be added on a personage whose name was again brought into prominence in connection with the revolt of the Mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed.

Zibêr had developed an enormous trade in ivory and slaves, which he forwarded through Dar-Fôr and Kordofan to Egypt. In his *dêm*[1] he kept court in princely style. Richly clad slaves announced the visitor, and special apartments were furnished as antechambers with divans covered with tapestries arranged round the walls. The guests were served with coffee, *shubuq* and sherbet, and the royal state of these enclosures was heightened by captured lions shackled with heavy chains." [2]

Thousands of petty dealers arriving yearly from Kordofan, mendicant and bigoted faqîrs swarmed round the powerful upstart, who held high revelry with his more intimate associates; merissa and arak flowed like water, and the pleasures of the table were enhanced by the dance and song of voluptuous negro "ballet girls."

At the time of Sir Samuel Baker's expedition to the Upper Ghazal, the lands in this region occupied by the Khartum traders had already been nominally proclaimed a province of Egyptian Sudan. When thoroughly reduced the new mudiriyeh was to be administered by Kuchuk Ali with the title of Agha and rank of Sanjaq.[3]

But Ziber's growing power was antagonistic to the extension of the Khedival authority. In 1869 Jafer Pasha Mazhar, governor-general of Sudan, sent to the Ghazal a certain Mohammed el-Bulâlâwi,[4] a rascally Dar-Fôr priest, who

[1] *Dêm* in the Krej language, a town or large village.

[2] Schweinfurth, *The Heart of Africa.*

[3] *Sanjaq*, a Persian word, originally meaning banner, standard; then standard-bearer, a body of troops enrolled under one standard, lastly, the captain of such a corps.—R. B.

[4] This is the person mentioned by Schweinfurth under the name of Hellâli. He was a faqî from the Lake Fitri district, which was subject to the sway of the Bulâla people, an outlying south-eastern branch of the Tibus.

pretended to have received rights over the copper mines of Háfret en-Nahâs in South Dar-Fôr from Sultan Hasîn. The newly appointed Sanjaq Kuchuk Ali Agha was placed in command of two companies of government troops, and received orders to act in concert with Bulâlâwi, who had under his command a *nizam* (company) of regular negro soldiers. The combined forces were to compel the zeriba lords to pay the government taxes, to establish an orderly administration in the province, and to get possession of the copper mines.

The two adventurers Zibêr and Bulâlâwi, soon came into collision, and in the ensuing engagement the former was wounded, but the latter lost both the battle and his life. Zibêr was now supreme ruler throughout the Bahr el-Ghazal region, and after his conquest of Dar-Fôr he became a great popular hero and the mightiest person in Sudan. Raised by the Viceroy to the rank of Pasha, he also claimed by right of conquest the government of Dar-Fôr ; but the Khedive, suspicious of the zeriba king's ambitious designs, refused him this position. While the negotiations were still pending Zibêr was induced in an evil hour to accept an invitation to Cairo with a view to expediting matters. Here he was arrested and "interned ;" his son Soliman, then in his twentieth year, assumed the conduct of affairs in the Bahr el-Ghazal region.

As might be supposed, Soliman stood on very bad terms with the representative of the Egyptian Government, and in fact was already threatening open rebellion. In July, 1877, he had assembled a force of over 4,000 men in Shaqqa, and might at any moment cross the Rubicon. Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi, who had been sent by Gordon Pasha to forward to Khartum the ivory which had been kept back for three years[1] and to restore order in the country, dreaded an immediate attack and summoned to the defence of the province all available forces from the districts subject to his jurisdiction. This was the cause of our unexpected march to the Rôl and Bahr-el-Ghazal, and such were the relations at the time of our expedition.

[1] About 3,000 cantars, say 3,350 cwts. ; 1 cantar = 125 lbs.

On July 16th, 1877, we moved forward, my party consisting only of ten carriers and my servants. During the first days the route traversed ground with which I was already familiar, and our first halt was at the Makaraka Chief Amusei's. Bahit and Atrush Agha, with the officers and soldiers, had arrived before me and taken possession of the few available huts. Hence a new *reguba* had to be erected for me, and the lazy Nubians, who had been told off to look after my wants, kept me hours waiting before it was ready.

According to their notions the people were still living sumptuously, for they had received their share of the sixteen oxen slaughtered in the evening, and this with the still abundant durra made quite a plentiful supper.

Otherwise, from long experience the natives are well aware that as a rule carriers are not treated so very bountifully, and that they are for the most part called upon to make the utmost physical efforts on the shortest possible allowance of food. Hence they can scarcely be much blamed if they seize every opportunity of escaping from such drudgery. To prevent this they may often be seen in long rows strung together with ropes round their necks. Nevertheless, the very first night some of the carriers managed to decamp, and we were delayed next morning while fresh hands were being hunted up.

Marching along continually rising ground north-westwards, we crossed some elevated rocky plateaus commanding extensive prospects in all directions. We had also to wade through some papyrus swamps, and after overcoming all these difficulties we were rejoiced at the sight of the Mundu Chief Kudúrma's settlement. A broad belt of rich arborescent vegetation here marks the winding course of the Assa, a rivulet which flows north to the Aire. Kudúrma's group of huts lies in the angular space formed by the two converging streams and at a short distance from both. The plain, which is bounded northwards by elevated ridges, merges towards the south in a hilly upland district.

The arrival of such a large expedition had been previously announced, and it was here increased by a large number of fresh carriers, besides a great quantity of cleansed durra. We soon

crossed the Aire, which during my first tour I had crossed at a point some five or six miles farther south. Here also I found it flowing in a trough-like depression, with tall trees, reeds, and herbage on both banks, but presenting a less luxuriant tropical picture than that already described.

Farther on we entered a swampy district, where progress was very slow and difficult. Much confusion is caused in such places by the impatience of the columns in the rear to push on, thereby throwing the van into disorder. The chief offenders are the women, who in their eagerness to get ahead usually go plump into the deepest sloughs, often sinking to the middle in the mire, and scrambling out as best they can with much laughter, shouting, and screaming. On such occasions I would lend a hand to keep order, going along the column stick in hand, and using my influence to restrain the impetuosity of those pressing too hastily forward.

Several such quagmires had to be traversed before we reached the settlements of Babira and Konfo, where the administrator and the Abukáya chief, Babira, with a troop of Nubians came forward in holiday attire to welcome the mudîr. The two zeribas lay close together, and as Konfo's was the last station in the Makaraka province, here also more corn was requisitioned together with fifty additional carriers. Here I occupied two huts and renewed acquaintance with the flea, an insect never occurring in the temporarily erected *requbas*, and in any case very rare in Egyptian Sudan. The local variety is also very small, and not even in the negro huts numerous enough to be regarded as a plague.

After crossing the Mekke, a brooklet flowing close by Konfo's northwards to the Aire, we continued to march nearly due north mostly through brushwood, and here and there under the shade of magnificent forest trees. Presently we were informed by some carriers coming towards us from the opposite direction that the river crossing our track had been swollen by the recent rains, and was too deep to be forded. So we had to pitch our tents on a peninsula formed by a sharp bend of the Aire.

When the loads were laid aside my carriers began to build

the usual temporary huts, but were obliged to use fresh and even wet herbage instead of the withered foliage employed in the dry season. Owing to the limited space on the peninsula where the camp had been formed, the huts had also to be crowded close together, so that we all jostled each other. Ringio, Atrush Agha and Ibrahîm Gúrguru were my next-door neighbours.

The Aire flowed scarcely ten yards from my hut along the flat plain away to the north-west, but was only visible a very little way. The water came within a few feet of its upper margin, and I estimated its breadth at eighteen or twenty yards. When I returned later to the stream which the Makarakas call the *Hire* or *Ire*,[1] the water had risen still higher and it was a question whether we should be able to get over next day. If not, a bridge would have to be made.

Now came a letter from Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi, urging us to make all haste. Luckily during the night the flood waters subsided and we were able to cross in the morning, pushing rapidly forward along the right bank of the river northwards to the Gosa station. It follows a gentle meandering course in a depression where in some places it broadens to a width of about forty-four yards. Owing to the tall grasses and then the woodlands, I could get no extensive views, and even the immediate vicinity was for the most part concealed from our sight. Amid the smaller trees and low undergrowth large acacias with long white thorns and delicate feathery foliage towered aloft, affording pleasant shady places that invited to repose.

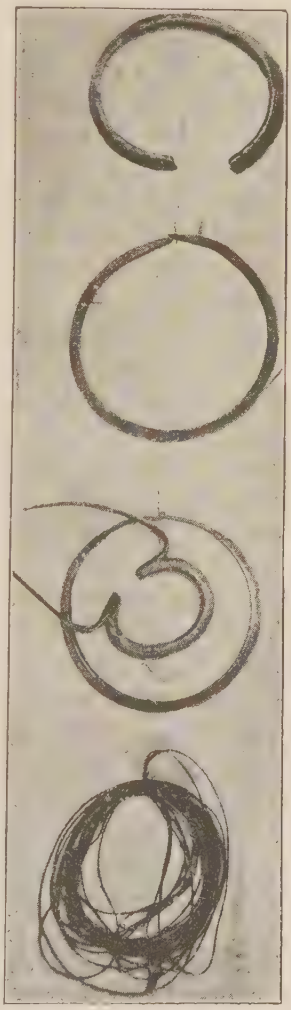
Towards noon we met the first fields and huts of the Moru and Abukáyamarîh tribes, the latter few in number under a chief Ngúdi. For the last stretch before reaching the zeriba the track crossed some ground that had been brought under tillage. The natives occupied groups of huts scattered round the zeriba, with whose inhabitants they were living on friendly terms, as was evident from the absence of defensive works round the station.

Again pressing forward on July 22nd, and still following the

[1] To be pronounced *Heeray*, *Eeray*.

course of the Aire, which here takes the name of Bahr Gosa, we came in three and a half hours to a point where it is crossed, and where it flows in a tranquil stream some fifty yards broad But a continuous muffled roar coming from the far west shows that farther down its course must be obstructed by reefs or rapids.

I envied our naked followers the refreshing bath which they enjoyed in crossing, but there was no time to imitate their example, and I had to be carried over the stream which was here about breast-high. The route now gradually deviated from the river, and from some more elevated points afforded a distant view of a long ridge bending eastward, and farther north at the station of Sayyadîn approaching to within less than three miles of our route, beyond which it runs northwards without any visible interruption. It has a mean elevation of about 800 feet, is dominated here and there by dome-shaped summits, and in some places falls abruptly westwards.



ABUKÁYA ARMLETS.

On the left bank of the Rôl the character of the land is also modified, and with it to some extent that of the vegetation. Instead of the tall herbage (*Panicum*), which is now confined to some of the depressions, there appears a light green grass only a foot high, whose presence everywhere indicates a rocky sub-soil; farther north in the Jur basin and in many other places the more elevated tracts are carpeted with the same herbage which despite its inviting appearance is avoided by our mounts.

Presently also we came upon the porous, reddish ferruginous rock characteristic of the Jur and Bongo lands. This laterite, which crops out in various places, is itself a re-formation, resulting from the disintegration of the granites and gneisses forming the crust of the earth. For long stretches the tracks are as if strewn with a red gravel, and being also shaded by trees growing close together form very pleasant highways.

About the little station of Sayyadîn are settled the Moru-Madi negroes; but from the route itself very few habitations are visible. East of the Rôl the settlements of the Moru people stretch a long way northwards.

Our halt at the little station of Sayyadîn (the "Hunters' Zeriba"), I had no opportunity of seeing anything of the surrounding populations. After a refreshing draught of mead and *abrek*,[1] we continued our northerly course along the Aire, which here takes the name of Yalo, and which flows in a deep channel due north. We however soon lost sight of the stream, and with it of the already mentioned range, whose several sections are here also named from local chiefs. Thus the southern part was called Lokó, the northern Jana or Dakól and so on.

The district now traversed presented no very novel geological features. Depressions stretching eastwards to the Yalo-Rôl alternate with more elevated tracks, where isolated granite or gneiss masses crop out. At the Lori zeriba the rocky Mount Damatóbbo affords an open outlook towards the west, where a distant ridge is visible crossing Mittú Land. The eye sweeps over extensive wooded tracts interrupted by no elevated ranges or isolated heights.

A very pleasing impression is produced by the Lori station with its tangle of creeping plants forming quickset hedges round the huts, its numerous gourd plantations, its shady *requbas* and well-built dwellings, especially after a two days' march through a wilderness of steppe and woodlands unrelieved by the sight of

[1] *Abreh*, ابرهٔ, a drink something like our toast and water, the toast being represented by sour *kisrā* (durra cake) baked fine and broken into small pieces.

a single human abode. But an expedition of nearly 2000 souls could not afford to linger long in a place where nothing was to be had that might satisfy the demands of a few easily contented mortals. Even the indispensable water was lacking, so we pushed on at once to the Bogu, a rivulet where we encamped for the night. Here Bahit Agha informed me that many of the people were ailing, and during the course of the evening I noticed several weary and exhausted groups dropping slowly into the camp. Many of the carriers also had again succeeded in bolting, and one notary lost all his human beasts of burden. Although they had been strung together with stout cords strengthened with thongs, they had contrived during the night to burn their fetters at the camp fires, burning themselves at the same time.

The runaways are for the most part Morús and Fejilús, the Makarakas in this as in other respects contrasting favourably with the other natives. They are allowed to carry their loads without being bound together, and seldom abuse the confidence thus placed in them. Along the march I several times noticed convicts with iron shackles, compelled to do carriers' work, amongst others two who were handcuffed together with a short chain. A few women also wore the lighter form of the *shebba*, a thick block suspended from the neck.

As I sat with Bahit one of the Morú-Lori chiefs came up with his people to entertain the mudîr with music. This was executed by a trumpeter and several youths beating wooden sticks to time. Some of the negroes wore a headdress which looked like a little basket turned upside down.

Here we were overtaken by a heavy shower, and although during the next days no rain fell, so dense was the night dew that in the morning our clothes were thoroughly saturated and the matches refused to strike light.

The little corn (red durra) which is grown by the Morú-Loris, and which just suffices to take the edge off their appetite, is greatly inferior in quality to that raised in Makaraka Land.

Scenes of great excitement were of almost daily occurrence, when it happened that with the uprooting of the grass required

for roofing the temporary huts any peculiar animal was brought to light. Then a general hue and cry would be raised, and the strange beast either captured or done to death with much shouting and jubilation. Yesterday it was a snake two feet long and a little bush antelope, both of which were brought alive to me, in order to settle their disputes about the distribution of the prey. To-day I saw nothing but half of a huge slender-tongued lizard (*varanus*); for every crawling and creeping thing comes as a welcome addition to the negro *cuisine*.

YOUNG DELEB PALM (*Borassus flabelliformis.*)

North of the Lori also, where the prospect becomes more open towards the east, the eye ranges freely over the woodlands without being anywhere interrupted by rising grounds. In this section of the route the Yalo Rôl was not again struck till we reached the zeriba Moffo (Mvolo) some thirty miles north of Lori. Here the last day's march presented a series of rich and picturesque landscapes, in agreeable contrast with the less varied scenery of the previous days.

In the wooded expanse spread before our view were seen scattered groups of craggy heights of fantastic outline, at whose foot was developed a luxuriant tropical vegetation. Thus was passed the cone-shaped Mount Toik of gneiss formation, whose

western slopes were largely covered with a magnificent growth of creeping forms, which found room to strike root in the clefts of its rocky walls. From the humid ground at its foot spring a great variety of plants, overtopped by the deleb palm (*Borassus flabelliformis*) and by the *Musa ensete*, the glory of this tropical flora, which here acquires its greatest development under the shelter of the overhanging cliffs. Elsewhere the characteristic arrangement of English park lands was suggested by the tall wide-branching trees dotted over a green sward, smooth and regular as the soft turf which in Europe is the outcome of so much skilful and protracted cultivation.

At the Moffo station, so named from the chief of the Lési negroes who have their settlements in this district, my itinerary intersected that of Schweinfurth, who in December 1869 visited the Mvolo station founded by the brothers Poncet. This place no longer exists, but its site was pointed out to me by the well-informed negro, who had served as my ebony-covered *Murray*. My route also here overlapped that of John Petherick, who in November 1862 reached Dugwara on the right bank of the Rôl a few hours distant from Moffo.

As it was impossible to find room within the enclosure, our camps were formed some ten minutes to the east of the zeriba on the banks of the Rôl. The site was not the most favourable, the ground in the depression being very moist: but it yielded water, first and most essential of all requirements, as well as the wood needed for our temporary huts.

At this point the river was about ninety yards wide, and flowed between banks eight or ten feet high, in a placid stream nowhere indicating the presence of falls or rapids. Those described by Schweinfurth lie farther down the river, which here takes a north-easterly trend. Its yellow water appeared clear enough in a glass, and I was able fully to confirm my predecessor's statement about the extraordinary abundance of fish.[1] A short turn with the rod sufficed to land a good supply.

[1] Schweinfurth, *The Heart of Africa*; and Emin Pasha, *Eine Sammlung von Reisebriefen, &c.*

Here on the banks of the Rôl, whose upper course in Makaraka Land is called the Aire, I was able to my great satisfaction to verify the hypothesis I had formed when first crossing that stream. My stay at the Abaka Chief Tomaya's, and especially the wide prospect offered by the gneiss eminence on which stood the little zeriba of Hassan had been of great service in enabling me to determine the hydrographic system about the headwaters of the Rôl.

From the gorges of the gneiss hills and other rocky heights distributed over that district, a number of rivulets find their way through the valleys and depressions down to the Aire, the Hire of the Bombehs. The main stream rises to the south of Tomaya's settlement, flowing then as a wild wooded torrent round to the west, and farther on taking a northern course. In some places its banks are completely overshadowed by the interlacing branches of magnificent forest growths, and from the east it receives the contributions of countless brooklets.

One of these, the Húru of the Bombehs, rises in the vicinity of the zeriba Hassan, and after collecting all the little mountain torrents in the northern part of the district, flows northward to the Aire between the Gosa and Sayyadìn zeribas. Their united waters form the Rôl proper, which the Moru negroes of Gosa call the Yalo, and which is also known as the Bahr Gosa, Mené, and by other names.

To this multiplicity of names is due the confusion prevailing in the Upper Nile hydrographic system since the time of the first explorers, none of whom had been able to follow the course of any of the Nilotic head streams rising south of the ninth parallel of north latitude. At various points they continually heard new terms applied to the same rivers by the natives, who never ventured beyond the limits of their own domain, and who in any case possessed no comprehensive ideas regarding the general lie of the land and its various river systems. Thus it happened that our earlier charts of this region were disfigured by the strangest and most fanciful descriptions of impossible water-courses, and that even now the blank places on our maps have

often to be filled up with imaginary fluvial arteries drawn at haphazard.

The upper and partly also the middle course of the Rôl flows through a highland region, where its waters are pent up in a high, narrow but regular channel. On entering the flat, low-lying plains it assumes a totally different aspect, and here all the Upper Nile affluents from the Rôl to the Jur are alike characterised by low and periodically flooded banks. The riverain valleys here present the appearance of flat depressions from half a mile to three miles wide, sharply limited along their eastern and western margins and approached by gentle inclines sloping to a depth of five to ten yards.

In these depressions the river-beds proper wind sluggishly along, in some places approaching nearer to the eastern, in others to the western margin. The depressions themselves are mostly overgrown with a tall reedy vegetation, diversified only in a few isolated places by patches of forest growths. For the greater part of the year they are dry, but during the rainy season completely inundated after every heavy long-continued rainfall.

At such times it is absolutely impossible to cross the rivers, and the traveller must wait patiently until the flood-waters again subside, which generally takes place in a few days. Even in the channels themselves, where the water rises at times to a height of twenty-eight or thirty feet, the subsidence is very rapid, at least when the freshets do not follow too closely one on the other; hence even during the *kharîf* the rivers may often be forded at certain points.

From the zeriba of Moffo, or rather Mvolo, as I would prefer to call it from its better known designation, we made a march of six and a half hours to our next encampment on the banks of the Rôl at the settlements of the Lési Chief Yei, successor of Schweinfurth's A-uri. After getting clear of the plantations about Mvolo, the route entered a rich grassy district varied with dense wooded tracts consisting of magnificent forest trees and brushwood thickets. Compared with the southern Makaraka lands, the country presented a perceptible change in its cha-

racteristic vegetable types. The rich flora of the south, with its large trees and leathery foliage, gradually gave place to more thorny growths, all manner of scrubby plants with spikes a finger long and strong as iron, which added many a fresh rent to my already tattered and patched up garments.

Then we came upon a stream bearing the name of Ombol'okko, twenty yards wide and a little over three feet deep, which was crossed by a so-called "bridge," very high, and made of long but extremely crooked tree-stems. Not being ambitious of distinguishing myself as a rope-dancer, and objecting to creep over on all fours like a quadruped, I crossed on the shoulders of two lusty negroes.

We encamped by the cornfields of the natives, within five minutes of the Rôl, whose proximity was made unpleasantly evident by the damp ground of our huts. The corn, red durra, was here already some five or six feet high, and was largely laid under contribution by our hungry carriers, despite Bahit Agha's sentinels armed with the terrible kurbash. Till far into the evening the frightful yells were heard of the unfortunate wretches every now and then caught red-handed. The durra was plundered, not for the sake of the still unripe grain, but for the saccharine stalk, which when freed from the outer green integument is chewed like sugarcane.[1]

Two more days' marches northwards at a short distance from the Rôl, of which I occasionally caught sight, brought us to Defa Alláh's zeriba, known also by the names of Agahr and Ayak. We passed the settlements of the Bahra chiefs, Mbiti and Mena, whose territory is conterminous with the northern part of the Lési country. Here the east bank of the Rôl gradually rises to a continuous chain of low mountains, of which the most conspicuous is the Jebel Khartum, the Nyedi of the natives. Round about dwell the Sofi, Lamá, Damanyó and Brunió tribes, branches of the Mittus and Agārs, who in their turn belong to the great Dinka or Jangeh family.

Traversing the treeless depression of the Rôl overgrown with

[1] This is the *angolth*, عنقليب (*Sorghum saccharatum*), of the Sudanese.

grass and reeds five or six feet high, we reached the west bank of the river. At the Ayak zeriba the banks have a precipitous slope of nearly fourteen feet, and now at the end of July, that is, about the beginning of the rainy season, the water was very low, and from six to eight feet deep. I estimated the width of the channel proper at about 180 yards. Seen from the banks the turbid water looks yellowish, though really of a somewhat milky hue. As it was five feet deep at the ford, we made no attempt to cross, but encamped opposite the zeriba.

Since our arrival the tall Agārs, being good swimmers and also well acquainted with the river, were continually crossing over and associating on familiar terms with the expedition. They even volunteered to fetch a number of straw roofs for the huts which had to be built in the camp. The biggest of my little Makarakas I sent over for wood from the zeriba; but they showed such a childish fear of the water, that their demeanour gave rise to many comic scenes, accompanied by the loud laughter and ever ready wit of the native spectators. It was well that their *amour propre* was not very sensitive, else the by-play might perhaps have ended in a few broken heads.

At the same time I soon learnt from my own experience that despite a few elevations on the bed of the river, fording was no easy matter. In fact the swift current and sudden transitions from shallow to deeper water gave rise during the day to many mishaps, which would have ended fatally but for the timely aid of the active and skilful Agārs.

Soon after our arrival at this camping ground I was surprised by some unexpected, but agreeable tidings. People crossing over from Ayak reported that boxes from Ghâbeh Shambîl had come to my address, and what was still more important and welcome news that there was also a package of letters for me. So in my impatience I determined to cross to the zeriba at once, and removing all superfluous clothing I plunged in and swam on my back to the opposite side to the amazement and immense delight of the numerous native spectators.

In the zeriba I looked up a certain Greek dealer, Marco, who had been settled in the place for some time, and obtained my

package of letters from the divan of the superintendent, Defa Allâh. They had been sent forward by Emin Efendi together with the boxes of supplies that had been left behind in Ladó. Taking a few luxuries, such as some tea, coffee, and sugar, and carefully stowing away the precious roll of letters in my hat which had been brought after me by one of the natives, I swam back in the same way. But this time I was carried farther down by the swift current, and had much difficulty in getting ashore at a point a long way below the camp.

I spent the rest of the day poring over the correspondence, which after such a long silence had naturally an absorbing interest for me. Reading and re-reading the letters from distant friends I entirely forgot all about the *cuisine*, and was therefore not a little surprised when my servants with a few long-legged Dinkas made their appearance with an excellently cooked meal, which they brought over from the zeriba in wooden dishes.

The rain, which had fallen during the evening, had now ceased, and from the little door of my hut I contemplated a scene of rare charm and beauty. Rising above the dark masses of clouds, the moon came suddenly into full view, bathing in its yellow shimmering light the fantastic-looking palisaded zeriba on the opposite side of the Rôl. Close to my feet flowed the river itself, reflecting the pale orb in its silvery waters as they rolled away to the north. A magic picture, breathing peace and repose, as it seemed to me, but doubtless to me alone of the many hundreds who lay encamped round about. Neither negro nor Nubian has any eye for the charms of nature. As sings the poet:

> "A yellow primrose by the brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more!"

And so for them a wood is just a wood; a stream so much water, whether tumbling in foaming cataracts over reef and rock, or winding sluggishly away through the dreary treeless plains. It delights and fascinates the cultured wayfarer; it is valued as a source of food by the native. The negro is still too deeply absorbed in the daily struggle for material existence;

ENCAMPMENT ON THE RÔL OPPOSITE THE AYAK ZERIBA. (*From a drawing by Fr. Rheinfelder.*)

sentiment and thought have not yet freed him from the fetters forged by care for the most urgent wants; he is too engaged in the battle for life to be affected by the subtler influences of nature.

Even the Nubian shows for the most part a preference for places like the zeribas, which are destitute of all romantic charm, and which by the accumulated refuse are rendered repulsive to the ordinary traveller. There is no room for sentiment in the adventurous life led by those Nubians who have penetrated into the negro domain, a life in which plunder is their daily handiwork, in which they become habituated to deeds of violence and cruelty.

On July 31st, the sky still overcast and threatening, the expedition now numbering some 1,700 souls, effected the passage across the Rôl, whose waters had slightly subsided. Despite the great multitude and the quantities of *impedimenta*, all got safely over to the east side in a few hours. This was considered a sufficiently good day's work, and we encamped for the night at the zeriba.

I selected one of those dwellings raised on piles and stakes some eight or ten feet above the ground, which are characteristic of the Agâr settlements, and which lend their peculiar aspect to the zeribas of Ayak and Rumbek, so different from any of the other Egyptian stations in Negro Land.[1] These structures are arranged in somewhat arbitrary fashion along a common thoroughfare, each group of huts forming a "family residence," being for the most part separately enclosed by a bamboo fence. Some perfectly circular huts, with mud walls and straw roof, supported by a conic bamboo framework, and also usually with an open *requba* with lean-to roof, stand on a common platform, the floor of which is formed of clay beaten quite smooth.

Very few of the huts and *requbas* in the Ayak zeriba were built on the ground without this raised substructure, the *raison d'être* of which is partly the greater security thereby acquired

[1] Schweinfurth (*Heart of Africa*) gives a graphic description of these habitations, which he also found amongst the Lêsi people.

from sudden attack, and partly the facility which they afford of overlooking the plantations, where the Agār dwellings are scattered about, and not grouped in compact villages. The Khartum traders who settled in the Agār territory adopted the same pile system for their zeribas.

Ayak, as I prefer to call Defa Allâh's zeriba, the name being already introduced on the maps and derived from the Ayak sub-tribe of the Agārs, who are themselves a branch of the Dinkas, is one of the very oldest trading stations belonging to the Nubians. After changing masters several times it was purchased by the Egyptian government from the slave-trader Ghatta. Ayak, together with the neighbouring Rumbek, formerly Malzac, was from the first a chief bulwark of the slave trade, which under the ægis of the Khedival rule was in my time still carried on mainly by the Egyptian officials all along the line from the Mudîr Yussuf himself down to his humblest employee. On these dark doings a fierce side-light has been thrown by the later investigations of Emin Pasha.[1]

Before sunset the signal was given for a parade of all men in the expedition bearing firearms. The Makaraka contingent comprised the three following groups :—

1. The *Gahadiyeh*, or regulars, mainly light-coloured Egyptians armed with Remington rifles, and forming three companies of about thirty men each under a Mulâzim, as garrison troops for the three chief zeribas of Wandi, Little Makaraka and Kabayéndi.

2. The *Khoteriyeh*, or irregulars, recruited from the old Nubian forces of the ivory dealers, and commonly spoken of as *Danaqla* or Dongolans[2]; these were armed with percussion

[1] See his *Sammlung von Reisebriefen, &c.*

[2] So called from *Donqola* (*Dongola*), capital of Lower Nubia. In Eastern Sudan *Dongolan* and *Nubian* are practically synonymous terms, only the latter word is not now used by the Nubians themselves, who prefer being called *Barabra*. *Nubian*, or rather *Nuba*, has acquired the general meaning of *slave*, from the large number of slaves drawn from Dar-Nuba in South Kordofan, for many years the great hunting-ground of the slave traders. *Barabra* is the plural of *Berberi*, a native of Berber on the Nile, unless it has a much older origin, as some suppose.

guns and distributed in companies of from fifty to hundred amongst the large zeribas, and from five to ten amongst the smaller stations.

3. The so-called *Dragomans*, natives of various negro tribes, brought up in the zeribas and familiar with Sudanese and Arabic. Hence they serve as interpreters (Dragomans), and in emergencies as soldiers, being also armed like the irregulars with percussion guns. Each of the native tribes had contributed from twenty to forty of these to the expedition.

So now Bahit Agha passed his little army in review, at which the Bombeh and Makaraka spearmen, being summoned by bells, their recognized signal, presented themselves with shield and lance. The zeriba people, with many of the surrounding Agārs, had gathered to enjoy the rare spectacle. In fact, the parade was intended by Bahit Agha to serve the purpose of a display of strength, which might have a salutary effect especially on the somewhat refractory Agār natives.

Early on August 1st we continued our march in the direction of Rumbek. In about an hour, still going due north, we again struck the Rôl at a point where it could be forded ; but this time I crossed it in a dug-out. In the whole of the dreary treeless district of Ayak, subject to regular inundations, there is neither rock nor stone, nothing but a yellow sandy clay with hilly rising grounds and intervening swampy depressions full of mud and water.

Emerging from these depressions we entered a scrubby tract diversified with solitary tamarinds and other gigantic trees, followed by open cultivated ground such as I had not yet beheld during my African wanderings. As far as the eye could reach, and for hours and hours of continual marching, the boundless plains presented nothing but cornfields with intervening tracts under sesamum, ground-nuts (*Arachis hypogæa*), tobacco, and other cultivated plants. In the fields stood the Agār pile dwellings, not grouped together in hamlets, but scattered thickly over the land so that from any given point as many as a hundred or so would always be in sight.

The Agār farmstead is usually encircled by a mud wall about

a foot high, and immediately surrounded by a tobacco plantation. In the centre stands a withered tree, the "Magic tree," with two platforms on the right and left on which the sesamum is spread out to dry in the sun. Then comes a hut serving as a cow-house, where are kept a few of the hardy middle-sized humped cattle of the Dinka breed in company with perhaps two or three little dogs; beyond this on a four-foot high substructure stands the small low dwelling with a mat door and plastered with red ochre.

The land between Ayak and Rumbek is parcelled out in a series of districts to which the Nubians give the name of *helle*. We encamped at a group of water-holes, sunk in the clayey soil and exposed without the least protection to every kind of dirt and refuse. Incredible as it may appear, although the rainy season had already set in, we were obliged to deviate from the route and spend some time in looking for water. The lack of this primary necessity is here due to the perfectly level surface, which presented no fall for the water, and which was at the same time so porous that it absorbed all the precipitation unless it happened to be exceptionally copious. The consequence was that, although the ground was here more saturated with moisture than in most places hitherto traversed by the expedition, we found it difficult to procure a drop to drink.

Next day, August 2nd, after crossing a delightful strip of woodland, and some extensive durra fields, we entered Rumbek, passing the garden originally laid out by Malzac. Here amid the bananas were growing some fine date palms, a rare sight in these regions. From the garden we penetrated into the zeriba through very narrow lanes thickly lined on both sides by pile-buildings.

We had thus marched from Kabayéndi to the capital of the Rôl province in eighteen days, or in seventy hours, allowing for all the halts and delays in camp. This was at the average rate of about three miles an hour, which considering our numbers, including not a few women and the large quantity of baggage must be regarded as a very fair performance. The apparently disproportionate amount of time spent in camp or other halts

was unavoidable, being largely due to the question of supplies for nearly 2,000 persons.

Rumbek was the residence of the already mentioned provincial governor Yussuf Agha Shelláli, who afterwards played a prominent part in the war against Zibêr's son, Soliman, and again in that waged against the false Prophet, Mohammed Ahmed (the Mahdi). A long series of crimes must be laid to the charge of this satrap, who for many years carried on the slave-trade in the most shameless manner, not only as a private citizen under the eyes of the authorities but also as a public functionary, after selling his zeriba and entering the service of the Khedival government. This two-faced Nubian, who had in cold blood put to death the unfortunate king Munsa of Mangbattu Land, and carried his family into slavery, perished miserably with his whole Sudanese army of 3,000 men on July 7th, 1882, at the battle of Jebel Turra.

When we reached Rumbek Yussuf had already gone off with all his available forces, to join Ibrahîm Fauzi on the Bahr el-Ghazal. This place had been founded between 1857 and 1859 by the notorious Alphonse de Malzac, formerly an *attaché* of the French embassy at Athens, but since then it had changed owners several times, before it fell into the hands of the Egyptian government. In reference to Malzac Theodore von Heuglin wrote: "This person kept several hundred Barabras (Nubians) as slaves and marauders, paying them only with slaves; he plundered, wasted, consumed everything far and wide round his settlement, shooting down all who resisted him, and committing atrocities of all kinds."[1] His death and burial have been graphically described by Doctor Robert Hartmann.[2]

At the disposal of his estate in 1860 the Transylvanian merchant, Franz Binder, bought Malzac's zeriba of Rumbek for 2,500 thalers, say £500. From Binder it passed successively into the possession of Hallili (esh-Shami), Tohami Efendi, who was later head-writer (Bash-Kâtib) of Gordon Pasha, Harlussi,

[1] *Mittheilungen aus J. Perthes' Geographischer Anstalt.*

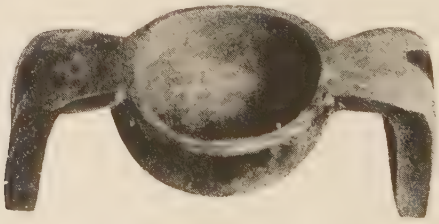
[2] Hartmann, *Reise des Freiherrn von Barrim, &c.*

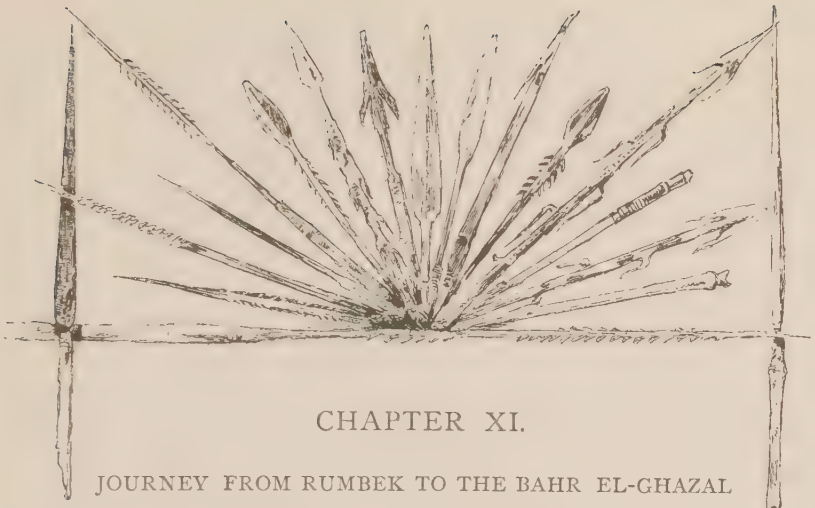
and Ghatta, the Kopt, from whom it was at last purchased by the Egyptian government, together with all the other stations and trading-places belonging to him.

Rumbek had formed a sort of *refugium peccatorum*, a safe retreat for the scum of the earth, all the Nubian desperadoes, who settled either in the zeriba or under its shelter amongst the surrounding Agārs, living with their wives and slaves at the cost of these unfortunate natives. Despite its unfavourable geographical position and its great distance from any large watercourse, Rumbek acquired great importance as the starting point of all expeditions going southwards into the remote Niam-Niam territory and of late years into Mangbattu Land, and returning to the same place with their ivory convoys. Hence it was also selected under the Egyptian administration as the residence of the head mudîr of the Rôl provinces.

But what a pig-stye! The houses on their platforms crowded so closely together that the inmates could mutually overlook each other, or at all events overhear their everlasting gossip, wranglings and rowdy language. Every dwelling full of slaves, who were nearly ten times more numerous than the free inhabitants of the place. Everywhere hopeless neglect, disorder and filth! Genuine Nubian households in all their repulsive unloveliness, such as everywhere characterises them throughout the length and breadth of Negro Land.

We were glad to turn our backs on this wretched hole, and continue our march north-westwards to the Bahr el-Ghazal.





CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEY FROM RUMBEK TO THE BAHR EL-GHAZAL MUDIRÎYEH AND THROUGH MITTÚ-MÁDI-LAND TO GOSÁ.

Journey from Rumbek—In the Land of the Gohk Negroes—On the Boundary of the Rôl and Bahr el-Ghazal Mudirîyehs—The Huts of the Gôks—Crossing the Tonj—The Zeriba Jur Ghattas—Jussuf Agha—Agha Shellali—The Cotton Tree—Zeriba Abû Qurûn—Zeriba Jur Auêt—The Jur or Geddi—The former model Zeriba Kuchuk Ali—The River Wau—Bilbil Carousal—From the Wau Westwards—Ibrahîm Fauzi—Dinka Chief, Kahu—The Mittús—Gosá.

WE set out on the 4th August. On the other side of Rumbek the Agār dwellings are scattered about clearings made in the wood. We crossed the district of Niáng to the territory of the Bêlis with the chief Matabôt. A large portion of this neighbourhood is overgrown with forest and jungle, amongst which the magnificent arak trees (Bassia) of the Agārs are conspicuous. The country is flat and monotonous, with an orange-coloured sand frequently cropping up in the beaten paths. The most striking feature is the huge ant-hills, in which cavities are excavated by the heavy rains, giving them the most grotesque and varied forms. The path leading to the north from Rumbek comes to an end in the Bubár district in the Gôk territory.

We halted at the Khor Gamrár after five hours' march, and on

the 5th August pushed on to the small zeriba of the Wekil Fáqi Mukhtar, commonly called Zeriba Jôt, lying in the Gôk territory on the borders of the Rôl and Bahr-el-Ghazal Mudiriyehs. Jôt or jôd is the name of a local chief. The little zeriba consists of a few dozen *tuqûl*, bamboo huts with very high pointed straw roofs, the regularity of plan and the cleanliness that reigned making a most pleasing impression. The huts of the Rôl territory, built on piles, cease here. A regularly made bamboo fence encloses the settlement. Sometimes two or three huts are cut off from their neighbours by a separate paling within the outer ring, and form a small farmstead. A partition is often found in the interior of the huts, behind which there is the sleeping place of the inmates, raised on piles, or a place for keeping household utensils.

Most of our people encamped outside the little zeriba, but I was lodged within it. After clearing a stock of pots out of the hut allotted to me, leaving where they were such things as were not in my way, several baskets, a Dinka shield, &c., I made some air-holes in the roof and shared this shelter for some hours with the rats who scuttled about very actively.

Just beyond the village the bush begins, with a good broad path leading through it; hard by a group of fine Borassus palms attract attention, but for the most part the trees are acacias, mimosas, baobabs, and ebony shrubs (Dalbergia). For some hours the way leads by the ruins of deserted negro dwellings on either hand. High grass now covers soil once under cultivation, and a wood is rising on the site of former dwellings, the inmates of which fled at the approach of the "Abu Turk" and his plunderers, and have founded new homes remote from the trodden way.

We halted for the night on the broad, grassy borders of the flooded district of the Bahro Jau in the territory of the negro tribe Ayell. On our sending messengers to the wekil of the zeriba on the other side of the river, he speedily appeared in our camp and helped with the crossing next day.

In order to reach the ford lying farther south over the Jau—a name unknown to the Dongolans, who call it Bahr-

DINKA NEGRO.

el-Ayell, the "river of the Ayell" (it is the Roah of earlier maps)—we had first to go south-east, skirting the district periodically flooded. The river flows round a small island, and in consequence of its wide-spread surface hardly reached breast-high, and the crossing was effected without any great delay. A cry raised by some timid person that he had seen a crocodile, caused a few minutes' confusion amongst the people who pressed to either side of the river. Some shots into the water and a few peremptory words gave heart to the more courageous, and the mass of the men and women crowded after them with evident misgivings.

The Jau here measures about 200 yards. The volume of water is greater than that of the Rôl at Cyak, for after five minutes over low lying ground, we crossed another arm of the Jau, about fifty yards broad and four feet deep. The banks are steep. Water-fowl, herons and geese possess a happy hunting ground here; whole flocks of them took flight at our approach.

On leaving the flood district we came again to wooded country, and beyond that to the Zeriba Gôk el-Hassan, the former Zeriba Sherifi of Schweinfurth's maps, surrounded by durra fields. The station is scattered over a large area. In the midst of it a carefully constructed building, a house rather than a hut, might almost aspire to rank with European buildings, or at least with those of Khartum. It is a large fine *dhá'hr' el-tôr*, and the four massive limestone walls even boast doors and windows. The long building was covered with a pretty roof of bamboo straw, leaving a space above the walls to afford a passage for the air. I was entertained by an Arab (Nubian) who inflicted his company on me for the rest of the day.

After traversing bush and meadows we came to a wide grassy level, without tree or shrub, stretching west of the Zeriba Hassan, and crossed a marsh river without any defined bed in the low-lying ground. Three and a half hours' march N.N.W. of Hassan's Zeriba brought us to two ponds called by the Nubians *biar beta 'aqaba*, the springs of the desert, forming the limit of Ghatta's raids. Our way lay for some hours through the *'aqaba* which, however, compared with the dry tracts crossed in

the preceding days, was well supplied with rain pools, and here our carriers at least had not to contend with thirst under the scorching rays of the sun.

About half way between the Roah (Bahr Jau) and the Bahr Tonj is a small settlement of a few huts formerly belonging to the Ghattas, in the district of the Meniaks, a sub-tribe of the Dinkas, their chief being Shuil. We pitched our camps in the open forest under the lofty Bassia trees. Here as elsewhere turtle doves abounded. The land from here to the Bahr Tonj is to a great extent under cultivation. We passed through wide durra fields with solitary Dinka huts, and negro boys were standing or sitting on platforms to scare away the swarms of estreldas and tailor birds from the crops, a custom prevalent in the Rôl and the Jau districts as well as on the Sobat. Then came another small zeriba, the inhabitants greeting us on our way. This settlement was called after the Dinka tribe Tonj. The huts were scattered about amongst the patches of durra. Game, antelopes, buffaloes and giraffes are said to abound in the neighbourhood, but the Dinkas of the district do not hunt them with spears or bows and arrows; in the dry season, when the sheltering grass, several yards high, is burnt down, they drive them with fire into an ambush, where the negroes are assembled in numbers to slaughter them.

The forest becomes less dense soon after leaving the zeriba, and leads by degrees to the broad, almost treeless, valley of the Tonj. The river, five feet deep and 150 yards across, with steep banks, was forded without delay, a tiny boat bringing us to the other side. A few shady trees, standing near the river, were instantly taken possession of by the first to cross, and the camp was pitched in the Tonj valley, as there was said to be no water farther on. I was fortunate enough to secure an old trunk with massive foliage for myself and my followers. Its dry branches afforded us firewood, but the branches for making the huts had to be fetched from a distance of half an hour. Plenty of luxuriant grass, however, was growing in the shade of the trees. I was destined to learn by oft-repeated experience how necessary the shelter of a hut is for

the traveller in the then prevailing wet season, for rain fell nearly every evening. It is only after being exposed to the full violence of a tropical rain and waiting in drenched clothes to get dry in the sun, that the shelter of these grass huts is properly appreciated. My concern was more for the cases and boxes and the baskets, ill protected against the rain, than for myself. This evening my supper consisted of rice. Of late this had frequently been the case, and I might think myself fortunate to have it. There was reason to fear that the time might come when even this would fail; I was unprepared for a journey lasting for months, having planned to go only as far as the Rôl. The carriers were already suffering from want of food; the scanty supply of durra they had received in Rumbek was consumed, and I hardly knew what the people lived on.

Our march next day lay for hours westwards, over meadows. A considerable herd of antelopes (*Antilope bubalis*) was grazing by the roadside, but scampered off before we got within range. Cultivated tracts occurred more and more frequently until at length we reached the large zeriba of Jur Ghattas on the morning of the 10th August. To my surprise I was here greeted by Jussuf Agha, governor of the Rôl Mudiriyeh. The march from Rumbek to the Zeriba Jur Ghattas had taken thirty-two hours thirty minutes: reckoning the average speed at about $2\frac{2}{3}$ miles an hour, the distance between the two places would be 85 miles.

At the first glance one could see that the zeriba was more important than any hitherto passed in this region. A goodly number of officials and Dongolans, many of the former being in Turkish dress, came out to welcome our procession and to satisfy their curiosity. The divan, in which official ceremonies, meetings and receptions take place, brought to mind the massive buildings of Khartum. It was cleared for my reception, and after the long deprivation I was able to rejoice once more in real windows with shutters, and doors to bolt. Our Makaraka carriers and my servants were quite overcome with admiration at this hitherto undreamt of magnificence!

From Yussuf, who was proceeding next day to Meshra with a quantity of ivory, and had only awaited our arrival, I heard that good tidings had arrived from Dar-Fôr, according to which Gordon Pasha had succeeded in quelling the tribes who had risen against the new order of things, and brought them into peaceful subjection. Zibêr's son, Soliman, however, who was staying in Shaqqa with his Basingers, would not submit to the new government; and troops and spearmen from the Rôl and Makaraka provinces were demanded to provide for either attack or defence. In about thirty of Zibêr's villages which had recently been, or were about to be, transferred to Egyptian rule, 2,000 *cantars* of ivory were said to be awaiting transport to Meshra for the Khartum market.

We had a whole day's rest at Jur Ghattas, which however was spoiled by the rain. I was thus prevented from making a close survey of this place, which is of great importance for the whole province, being by virtue of its position the key of the road to the port on the Bahr el-Ghazal. The Zeriba Ghattas had in addition an historical interest for me, my friend Schweinfurth having visited it before me; here it was that he had the great misfortune of losing everything he had been at such pains to collect in the course of his exploration, as well as his instruments and entire equipment, through his hut taking fire. I was shown the traces of the garden laid out by him, which Nubian indolence had of course allowed to fall into utter neglect. Three well grown specimens of the remarkable cotton tree, here called Rûm (*Eriodendron anfractuosum*, D.C.) remained to remind one of the pioneers to whom we owe so much. This cotton tree is widely spread throughout the west. The negroes said that these particular specimens had come from Niam-Niam, and one of them was about fifty feet in height with a diameter of two feet, though barely five years old. The leaves are large, spreading like a hand, and resemble our vine leaves. The green bark is set with thorns. The fruit, a capsule with five divisions and a multitude of seeds, contains the cotton, *i.e.*, the seeds covered thickly with pale yellow silky hairs, which are, however, too short to be spun. Here it is employed to fill cushions, and when these

cushions have been flattened by use, they are said to expand to their former size on being left in the sun.

I was rather perplexed as to what further plans to make. My journey had already extended far beyond the limit I had first set myself, the Rôl Mudiríyeh, but being now with the large expedition, I wished to go on with it as far as possible, and learn as much as I could of the negro countries. But I was quite unprepared for so long a journey, and only the greatest economy with the small quantity of provisions made it possible to keep my servants from want, which was already felt by the carriers of our party. As a proof of my excessive economy I may say that although I had not been able to procure three pounds of meat since leaving Kabayéndi, half the fowls brought from there still remained, and there were scarcely ten in all at first. Wherever Arab supplies were available I did not disdain them, however poor and unappetizing they might be.

The expedition was to proceed further west next day; I considered whether I should not go by Shaqqa or Háfret en-Nahâs and Dar-Fôr to Khartum if the road were sufficiently safe, and thus avoid a second journey to Makaraka, which would have been a loss of time. The still unsettled feuds with Zibêr's son made it however doubtful whether this plan could be carried through. After carefully weighing all the circumstances I determined to remain with the expedition and to confer with the Mudîr Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi as to how far I could count upon his aid; under the then existing conditions it was hardly possible to travel in these regions without the assistance of the Egyptian Government.

On the 12th of August, I therefore, started with the caravan for Abû Qurûn the zeriba of Abd er-Rahmân, three hours march. The zeriba bore the name of the "Father of the Horns," who had once been Petherick's servant, but it was no longer on the same spot as the trading station Al-Ual, founded by Alexandre Bayssière and named after the Jur chief who resided there at that time, and which was afterwards taken by the brave and enterprising Abd er-Rahmân and visited later by Schwein-

furth. My route therefore lay only partly over the same ground as that of my famous precursor.

The general conformation of the ground on either side of the large Zeriba Ghattas varies greatly. The tract of land between the river Rôl and the said zeriba is a wide plain over which the eye could travel without any break if the view were not interrupted by thicket and wood. The broad level valley through which the Jau (or Roa) and the Tonj flow northwards is the only break in the monotony of the neighbourhood ; water is scarce, and there is no perceptible difference of elevation. Even in the Kharif there are no streams, for the water is immediately absorbed by the ground, which yields mould plentifully. For this reason holes are dug at a distance from the river to catch the rain-water, but even in the rainy season they too often disappoint such hopes as are set on them. In the dry season travelling in the day time in the heat of the sun with troops of carriers is exceedingly difficult, and for this reason the moonlight nights are preferred.

To the west of the Tonj and the Zeriba Djur Ghattas there is a complete change. The more easterly part of this region is gently undulating, further west the variations are more marked, and eventually one comes to hilly country and even to mountains. The surface of the ground, formed of ironstone and rock, will not allow the water to trickle through ; it flows off and forms ponds, morasses, channels and brooks which are met with everywhere in this westerly district, through which the rivers Molmûl, Jur and Wau take their course.

In the zeriba of Abû Qurûn, surrounded by broad durra fields, I was again lodged in the solidly constructed divan. It was the first of that style that I had met with in these lands, and proved again that necessity is the mother of invention. The long rectangle was surrounded by a wall eight feet high and pierced by round loop-holes and the gateway. This space was covered by a thatched roof sloping on all sides, which however did not rest on the walls, but on posts two feet lower and placed outside. The inner room was thus lighted from above as well as by holes as large as a plate ; and in the pleasant twilight one could enjoy

here a comfortable nap during the heat of the day. The door of the divan led into a spacious *requba*, shut in above and on all sides by a long and broad basket work with large spaces through which the daylight and air found their way. This basket work, which occurs here to an extent unknown elsewhere, is very much used, and encloses whole farmsteads with a wall two to three yards high. Rain fell again on this day, bringing the prospect of sodden roads for our next day's march. By the light of the brilliant fire which I kept up in the middle of the large divan, I wrote many hours, accompanied by the snores of my three boys, who shared my quarters and lay huddled up in a heap, one on top of the other.

There was plenty of annoyance; almost every day I had to hold long conversations with the governors of the zeribas in order to procure a guide acquainted with the districts, from station to station. And in spite of all their promises and assurances, which found their expression in the ever-ready phrase: "Hadr, ya hawagheh" (At your service, sir), in spite of the humble obeisances and speeches of devotion, I was often obliged to set out on my way alone. This was the case on the 13th August when we left the Zeriba Abú Qurûn before sunrise. I and my boys joined Bahit Agha's train, but I could not make my carriers keep up with it. Something was found to delay their departure every day; this caused fresh annoyance and put my patience to the proof. Our way led by the fields and dwellings of the Jur negroes to the little Zeriba Auét, which, like the neighbouring station, had changed its site since Schweinfurth's journey. Euphorbia attracted my notice on the way; I had not seen any of these strangely formed plants since I was at A-uri on the Rôl, where a large specimen grew close to the place where I slept. Some fields of Fûl Kordofâni (Arachis) the favourite ground-nuts, afforded to the carriers a welcome feast.

Bitter disappointment and violent disagreements were occasioned by the refusal of the wekil of the Zeriba Jur Auét to give out any corn. However, after much dispute and uproar the barns were opened and the distribution began. Some of the carriers and other members of the expedition received durra for

four or five days. I will here relate an adventure which might have caused the loss of my little servant Morján, and proved that there is nothing the devout pack of thieves from Dar-Fôr and Kordofan will not do to obtain living ebony for commerce. After we had arrived and arranged our camp I sent the boys out as usual to fetch water and wood. Morján, who had gone for wood, did not return. Hours passed without any sign of him, and I began to think that he had been stolen by the Gallabûns. The wekil of the zeriba was absent. After four or five hours had elapsed I sent for his representative and made him understand that if he did not find the boy, I should make him responsible for the loss, and that disagreeable consequences would ensue for him. He was frightened, and sent a dragoman round to the neighbouring villages, in one of which the boy must have been detained. The evening came and then night, and still there was no Morján. At last when every one was asleep, and I was reading by the light of a lantern, he suddenly appeared accompanied by several of the servants of a Dongolan in the expedition. He was well known to every one as the Lilliputian of our troop of travellers, and as my servant, and the news that he had probably been stolen spread rapidly in the camp. He was much excited, and gave a lively account of his adventure in a jumble of a Negro-Sudanese-Arabic. He had been suddenly seized whilst gathering wood by a man in clothes, who had caught him by the throat with the words, "Háthab émsik dál-wágti mâ fish," *i.e.*, "There is no wood-gathering now," and taken him to some of the natives' huts close by. Morján was guarded in one of these, but when the people went to rest and the negro who was sleeping with him in the *tûqul* went out for a minute, he quickly made his escape. Our camp-fires showed him the way. The first hut he came to was that of the Dongolan, whose servants brought him to me. The small hero of this adventure had to repeat his story many times the next day; both young and old were interested. Whilst some rejoiced at his escape—and these were all negroes—the few Nubians who listened could not hide their vexation under the mask of indifference. They always look upon any interference of a European

in the slave-trade as an encroachment on their rights, even if only to make good claims justified by the customs introduced by the Dongolans themselves. There was no doubt about it, this rabble was annoyed because my boy had "escaped" from one of their people. I related the affair to Bahit Agha, expecting that he would do something to punish the robbers, or at least cause inquiry to be made; but Bahit thought that now the boy had returned the matter had better rest. Considering the disordered condition of the Mudiriyeh and the uncertainty how the affair with Zibêr would end, this was perhaps the best course.

On the 15th August we again resumed our march. We proposed to reach the Bahr Jur or Geddi and get as many of our people over as possible. The Jur, or Geddi, as my guide named it, unlike the Rôl, Jau and Tonj, has a narrow flood district, but its proper bed is wider and deeper. The rivers certainly get wider and deeper as one goes farther west. One could wade through the Rôl, the Jau, and the Tonj, but the Jur was nearly ten feet deep a short distance from the beach, although the steep banks rise fifteen to twenty feet above the surface of the water. I think the breadth was about 220 yards. A boat to hold thirty to forty persons was in readiness. As there were about 2,000 in our troop it could be taken for granted that the crossing would occupy more than one day. As soon as I saw how things were, I turned back with my people and encamped under the shady trees at some distance. Some of the columns grouped themselves round us as they came up, one after another, whilst others proceeded to cross at once. However, what with the hurry and want of order, and above all the panic amongst the women who lost their heads at the sight of the water, there was no lack of incidents attending the crossing, which were greeted with loud laughter and sarcastic remarks by the onlookers. After making the necessary arrangements in my quickly-constructed camp and settling down in comparative comfort, to which the steaming tea greatly assisted, I got out from the budget received at the Zeriba Ayak the papers which were still unread, and furthermore seven months old; and then lighting a cigarette which I was fortunately able to make with

the remains of the tobacco I had procured at Qedāref, I read until weariness drove me to my couch. I fell asleep with the howling of a *marafil* (hyæna) still sounding in my ears.

Next day, having a great longing for "Arab fare," *i.e.* for solid food and some scraps of meat, I would not wait any longer for the rest of the caravan to cross, but conducted the transport of my people and packages in two boatloads myself. Once on the opposite side we soon reached the border of the forest, where the Egyptian soldiers, the columns from Rimó and Mdirfi, &c., had again made huts. I went on without stopping, leading my train of carriers, and after an hour's march over hard, stony ground reached the Kuchuk Ali zeriba.

This zeriba, favourably mentioned by Dr. Schweinfurth as one of the new model settlements built by Khalīl, the wekil of that period, showed signs of having seen better days. In these countries, however, everything is of a transient nature: the Mussulman, true to the Arab nomad traditions, certainly constructs buildings, but never thinks of their preservation, and is too idle to keep those that exist in repair, so that the Kuchuk Ali zeriba was the picture of decay. I was the first of our expedition to arrive in the zeriba. Bahit Agha was superintending the crossing of the Jur, and reserved himself for the full effect of riding in with flying colours at the head of the complete troop. The wekil with the other officials and inhabitants of the zeriba remained the whole day in a state of expectation and active preparations for the reception of the Mudir Bahit Agha, which chiefly gave employment to the various cooks. In the afternoon the news came that the formal entry would take place towards evening. As is customary on such occasions, the Dongolans of the zeriba, the irregular troops, formed rank and file to welcome the new arrivals with a salute on hearing the signal of their approach. The irregular rattle of the muskets charged with ball, accompanied by the whistling of the bullets flying through the air in all directions, and the piercing shrieks of joy from the women and slaves, all decked out in their bravest attire, gave effect to the "salaam" rendered to the guests. The wekil was mounted on a beautiful, spirited steed,

on which he performed all manner of feats of horsemanship, the well-trained animal answering to every touch of the bridle. The rider, seated in the comfortable high saddle, his feet half encased in the stirrups, a universal custom in the East, controls the horse almost entirely with the bridle and very little with pressure from the thighs; he seconds his hand with words of encouragement which the noble animal understands quite well. I took my place amongst the spectators to witness the spectacle which I had already so often seen. Out of compliment to me, the governor of the zeriba in his many-coloured holiday dress

THE WEKIL OF KUCHUK ALI.

put his horse at a quick trot and came direct towards me at full speed, turning sharply aside just before reaching me. The graceful, beautifully-proportioned animal, with small head, fiery eyes, and smoking nostrils, which flew through the air like an arrow from a Saracen's bow; the crimson housings and tassels, and the picturesque though clumsy Nubians in their snow-white red-bordered garments thrown over the shoulder; the grey-green of the wide durra fields in the background, with the pale-gold points of the *tuqûls* rising above them; the whole fantastic crowd of Aghas, Efendis, pale-brown Egyptians, Aulad er-Rif

bronze Nubians, Dongelans, and Shaiqiehs, and deeply-dyed Nigritians, canopied by the intense blue of the sky, with the lofty palm trees standing out against it, made up a picture such as Horace Vernet loved to paint.

The armed Makarakas and Bombehs did not follow the mudîr till the next day, and built their huts outside the zeriba, for there was no room for so many people in the station. Our course was uncertain. Bahit Agha himself was in doubt whether to push on farther or to await tidings from Ibrahîm Efendi Fauzi. We were told that corn for the carriers and lancemen could not be supplied here, and the rations for ourselves—the "people of rank"—grew smaller and smaller: there were many mouths to fill. For my dinner I received a scanty dish of pumpkins, with some well-picked bones swimming in the watery liquid! I consoled myself in the evening with tea and *kisrā*. In the course of a walk I inspected the zeriba and its neighbourhood, the manner of building the huts, the divan, the distribution of the durra fields and of the miserable little vegetable gardens. Vast flocks of brilliant red-finches flew out of the high grass on the low ground before the zeriba, in their magnificent wedding array of deep velvet black and glowing red glittering like jewels and lighting up the fields and thickets with beauty. Guinea-fowls, geese, duck, and all sorts of birds abounded in the neighbourhood; but if one of these creatures showed itself, a Makaraka hunter was sure to be after it immediately with the view of filling a corner of his empty stomach, for all were hungry. Many in our expedition suffered from illness. Atrush Agha, who was growing old, constantly complained of some ailment or other; Bahit came for quinine—he feared an attack of fever—and there was no end to the coughing and wheezing in the camp at night. Here I met Ibrahîm Fauzi's *bashkâtib* (secretary) on a sick-bed suffering from the *ferentît*, water worm, a very prevalent disease on the Bahr el-Ghazal. I was annoyed with a troublesome irritation of the skin, but my general health was good, and I had reason to be satisfied.

During our stay in the Kuchuk Ali zeriba, several loads of ivory arrived, tusks of enormous length, which were to be sent

on to Meshra er-Rêq, and shipped there for Khartum. In addition to this, a large number of equally fine tusks were in the storehouse of the zeriba.

BAMBOO JUNGLE ON THE RIVER WAU.

When Bahit Agha again set out on the 20th August, a course he was obliged to take on account of the scarcity of corn in the

district of Kuchuk Ali. I again joined the numerous train with my servants and carriers. We took a north-westerly direction for two and a half hours, over a wide, elevated plateau, interspersed with ferruginous layers of stone, which occasionally cover large surfaces and form a natural pavement, until we reached the river Wau and its ferry. To my surprise I saw on the opposite bank a zeriba which I had expected from Dr. Schweinfurth's map to find farther inland. I learnt that this zeriba also had three years ago changed its site, and been brought nearer the river. For the moment, the only available craft was the hollowed trunk of a tree, which would carry six persons at the outside; a boat to hold thirty was injured and lay out of the water, but Bahit Agha had it repaired, and after some hours, they were able to begin the transport. The Wau was too deep to wade through at this time of the year. The steep banks were three or four yards high, and the river thirteen feet in depth. The aspect of the Wau banks differs from that of the above mentioned Bahr Jur, Tonj and Rôl. The flood district, which at the Jur had been considerably less in extent than that of the Tonj, Jau (Bahr Ayell) and Rôl, was entirely wanting in the case of the Wau. Its banks are wooded in these tracts. Magnificent trees overshadow the winding northerly course of its yellow-green waters. Cosy nooks are formed by the leafy branches of old trunks, the inundated bush and bamboo thickets. Crocodiles are said to be numerous, and the distinct traces of a hippopotamus under the tree I chose as my midday resting place, proved to me that this giant amongst the river creatures of Africa was to be met with here also.

As it was evident that the transport of all the people would take more than a day, a camp of grass huts was at once constructed on the right bank. Although it would have been far pleasanter to rest in my shady nook at midday, than to cross the river under the perpendicular rays of the sun, amidst the din and inevitable cries, and the threats and blows dealt by the carriers and servants, I did not hesitate to follow Bahit immediately to the zeriba, the *tuqûls* of which glittered invitingly amongst the trees in the golden sunshine, for I hoped

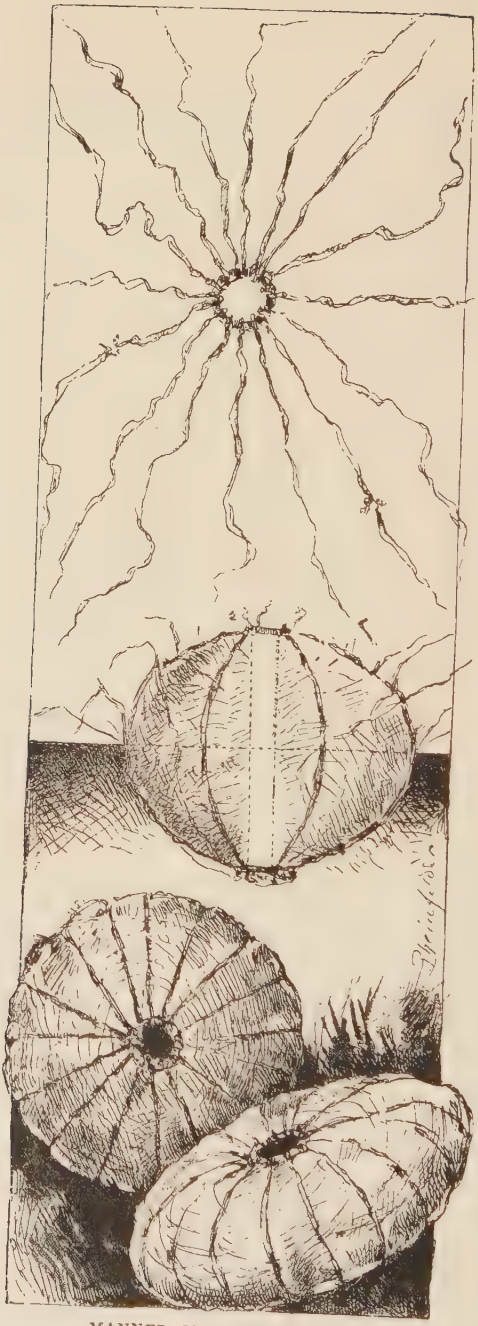
there to find something better to appease my hunger than I had obtained of late. The situation of the Zeriba Wau, about five minutes from the left bank of the river, was distinguished by the attention which had been given to the charms of the landscape. The Nubians, Ga'alīn, and other tribes of the Sudan, who form the greater part of the inhabitants of the zeribas in these districts, show, almost without exception, an entire want of appreciation of the beauties of nature. It was therefore the more surprising to see that the old trees within the zeriba enclosure had been preserved, and the *tuqûls* built in their shade, and that the strong wicker-work fence, over four yards high, and the roofs of the huts were adorned with luxuriant gourds and other creepers. The irregularity of the streets, the variety in the style of building, together with the surrounding bush and the trees within the enclosure, imparted an idyllic aspect to the zeriba. It was an infinite pity that this lovely retreat should belong to a rabble of drunken slave-dealers, who with barefaced impudence openly practised the worst of human vices.

This zeriba, as well as the Zeriba Auét, was owned at this time by a certain Mohammed Ali, who was absent, being engaged in taking a load of ivory to Meshra er-Rêq. This was a grave matter for the expedition; as it was of the utmost importance to obtain durra for the carriers, who had fasted several days. Bahit Agha had been confident that he would be able to obtain corn in the Zeriba Wau, and although people acquainted with the facts, openly said that here, as well as in the neighbouring settlements, there was plenty of durra, the wekil representing the owner met Bahit Agha's demands with a refusal or an equivocal reply. The owners of the zeribas always made difficulties about selling to the Egyptian government, or rather to the officials, because they knew by experience that they would have a long time to wait for the payment of the moderate price agreed upon. Bahit Agha gave free vent to his annoyance, and foolishly swore at the owners, and at the Dongolans in general. The total want of organization, indispensable for the supply of food to the thousands in the troop, had long surprised me. Bahit Agha had with culpable want of forethought left all these people to take their

chance ; if they found corn, well and good ; if not, they must go hungry. To him, living in comparative abundance, it mattered nothing, and as little was to be expected from his compassion or sense of duty as from that of the Dongolan slave-dealers.

Bahit wished to push on farther the next day without awaiting either news of the owner of the zeriba or his expected return. Ibrahim Gúrguru and Bahit Agha's secretary, who saw that a further march without supplies would inevitably end in disaster, came to me to intercede with Bahit, and to bring him to reason. They said a letter had already been dispatched to the owner of the zeriba, and it would be very ill-advised to continue the march in uncertainty ; the carriers, most of whom were still on the other side of the river, would certainly succumb to hunger. When Bahit called on me in the divan of the zeriba, I earnestly entreated him to have patience, and to wait at least for a few days. I even offered in case of necessity to buy grain at my own cost, and pay for it by draft payable in Khartum, or with ready money. He promised to wait, but did not keep his word. Early the next morning he sent to wake me, and invite me to continue the march. I refused, and then Bahit hesitated an hour, and finally set out with his secretary and a few Dongolans, leaving orders without any definite directions that the rest were to follow him. His precipitate departure roused the indignation of all the other members of the expedition. The difficulty in obtaining supplies occasioned universal anxiety, and was in the mouth of one and all. The chief members of the expedition, officers, clerks, and I myself, were provided once daily with *kisra* and boiled *bamiyeh* by Arab hospitality, but the poor carriers and their belongings had to go fasting. We were at a loss what step to take, and waited for the rest of the people to cross the river. I went down and watched the boat plying backwards and forwards.

During the sojourn in my temporary abode I was molested by innumerable visitors. It was like a dove-cot, as fast as one went another came ; now a sick man to be examined and get medicine, then others to borrow, one paper, another tobacco or tea, a third a needle and thread, and in the intervals much time



MANNER OF PACKING CORN.

was lost in bargaining for objects for the ethnographic collection. I was heartily glad when eventide brought me a few hours of peace. Our hopes of obtaining provisions were to be realized on the third day by the arrival of the owner of the zeriba, Mohammed Ali. We had ascertained in the meantime that corn was there, and, in fact, when he came he ordered the distribution of durra to begin. The depression of hunger soon gave place to a merriment which was heightened by a bilbil [1] carouse, given by the owner of the zeriba, in his house to which he invited some forty men. Mohammed, who had made me some most flattering remarks on his arrival, had included me in the invitation, and continued to press me till I accompanied him and took some glasses of the bitter-sweet intoxicating liquor. It did not in the least surprise me that in the end almost the whole party were tipsy ; these reckless people live only in the moment, and know no moderation when an opportunity for indulgence presents itself.

When the durra was distributed, I received two ardebs of corn for my servants and carriers, in all thirty strong. I reserved six loads, and the rest was distributed amongst my people. The manner of packing the corn to get over the scarcity of baskets, was novel and remarkable. A hole measuring one and a half to two feet across is made in the ground with lances, and in this strips of bark are laid crossing one another, their ends expanding beyond the edge of the opening, and where they cross there is a firmly woven bark ring two to three inches in diameter. On these is laid a piece of matting or leather, or the large waterproof leaves of some trees growing in the neighbourhood. This skeleton is lined to the edge with long

[1] Bilbil, or more correctly omm-bilbil, the mother of the nightingale, so called because those intoxicated by it sing. It is prepared from durra which is placed between the leaves of the omm 'oshur (*Calotropis procera*) in a dry place and allowed to sprout. Durra malt, dried in the sun, is ground on the *murhaka* (grinding-stone) and placed in a large earthen pot full of water over the fire. The ferment is generally boiled from six to eight hours and allowed to cool slowly. When yeast is added and allowed to ferment, merissa is produced, but if it is strained and boiled again before fermenting they get bilbil. J. Burckhardt (*Travels in Nubia*) compares bilbil with champagne that has turned sour.

bundles of grass, and the corn is then shaken in until it forms a heap. This is covered with more grass laid round and round to the top, and another bark ring forms the upper pole of the globular bundle. This is lifted out of the hole by the strips of bark which are drawn through the top ring, and more bark strips are added running from one ring to the other like the meridians on a globe from pole to pole. By thumping on the grass cover with their fists and tying strips round the middle, they give the whole package the form of a flattened sphere. Packed in this way the corn is secure from moisture, and forms a load convenient to carry.

On the 24th August, 1887, I left the Zeriba Wau after a stay of four days, and proceeded on my way westwards. In two hours we came to the place where the old zeriba visited by Dr. Schweinfurth had stood. A few old cornfields in which the durra grew half wild was all that was left to show the former existence of a settlement. Leaving some Jur farmsteads on the edge of a wide *'aqaba* behind us, we encamped early in the afternoon on the Khor el-Gamus (buffalo stream), where we remained for the night. Two buffaloes shot in the evening provided us with meat, which had been very scarce of late, and justified the name of the brook.

Before we had crossed the *'aqaba* next day our journey came to a sudden end. We had left behind the Khor Dabólo, the forsaken huts of Bahit Agha, who had passed this way some days previously, and those in which Ibrahîm Fauzi rested on his journey to the western zeribas, when we met a column of carriers belonging to Ibrahîm's troop, who brought word from him that he was on his way back and we were to await him there. We at once turned to the right about, and marching to Ibrahîm's old camp waited for him to come up. Having advanced twenty-eight miles W.S.W. of the Zeriba Wau, I was not this time to penetrate further to the west. I should gladly have gone on at least as far as the Zeriba Wod Defter.[1]

[1] Also called Dêm Idris, heard of in Gessi Pasha's war with Soliman, Zibêr's son. Near to it the Zeriba Ganda was built later.

In the first row of the carriers advancing towards us I saw a dozen or so negro boys bound with a cord from neck to neck. These were presents from officials, Dongolans, &c., who hope thus to gain the favour of the new authority, Gordon's adjutant. And Ibrahîm Fauzi was by no means a stickler to find presents of slaves incompatible with his principles, and position; on the contrary, the more he got the better he liked it. He was expected to arrive in our camp next day. Atrush Ali ordered out the Makaraka spearmen and the thirty-five men of the regular troops to receive the commander-in-chief—for Ibrahîm had the authority of one if not the title—and formed them into a double line through which Ibrahîm was to ride with his retinue. The soldiers who usually went half naked, the ragged remains of their clothes hardly covering them, had put on their carefully preserved white parade jackets and shoes, and presented quite a respectable appearance all at once. Surrounded by a whole troop of life-guards, amongst them Bahit Agha and his party, Fauzi appeared and taking his place on one of the *angarebs* prepared for the occasion, received the greetings of the officers and officials. True to oriental principles, the people endeavoured by giving him a higher style and by all manner of obsequious bowings and scrapings to ingratiate themselves with the rising power; they addressed Fauzi throughout as "Bey," although officially his title was simply "Efendi." So Fauzi "Bey" was very gracious, and in fact made a most favourable impression. Whilst refreshments were being handed round some Bombeh negroes performed a war song and dance, and this representation was followed by an A-Zandeh quartet. The air was skilfully played by two young fellows on four well-tuned iron bells, to an accompaniment on a long ivory horn and an iron bell over twenty-four inches high. My household was increased by two parrots, a present from Fauzi.

After a short halt in the old camp in the neighbourhood of which there was no water, I set out in front of the main body on my return journey to Zeriba Wau, where I was most hospitably entertained by the owner, the above-mentioned Mohammed. The troops of Fauzi, and of the Aghas, Bahit and

Atrush, marched on the old road by the Bahr Jur to Jur Ghattas. I separated from them and proceeded with my carriers and servants to the Zeriba Kuchuk Ali, where I remained some days as the guest of Haj[1] Ali Wekil.

The passage of the Jur detained the many hundred men several days on this side, there being but one boat. I waited until the last man had crossed. Messengers were sent from the zeriba to let me know how it was progressing. Haj Ali made mention of his little settlement on the other side of the Jur lying south of the road to Jur Ghattas. I arranged with him that he should furnish me with a guide thither.

On the 1st September, taking leave of the pilgrim Ali, I and my followers were put over the river, and after an hour's march from the last bank reached the Zeriba Surûr. The little Khor Lolshnal was the only thing worth remarking on the way; its banks are thickly lined with lofty trees washed by the river; very enticing was the retreat and rest their dim shade offered in the mid-day glare. In the zeriba I obtained half an ardeb of durra; this I distributed amongst my carriers who were thus guarded against hunger for a few days.

Here the addition of a marimba,[2] a musical instrument of the A-Zandehs, to the ethnographic collection I had made in my Bahr Ghazal journey gave me great pleasure. The keys of this instrument of hard polished wood in a wooden frame lie over hollowed pumpkins of different lengths which form the sounding board; when gently struck tones are produced which bring to mind the wooden instruments of Styria. Sometimes the marimba is large enough for several men to play on it at the same time. To my surprise a Makaraka amongst my bearers was able to perform on it with some skill. The instrument being unknown

[1] *Haj*, the Mekka pilgrim, a title of honour prefixed to the name of all Mohammedans who have made the pilgrimage to the holy cities of Islam, Mekka and Medina.

[2] Dr. Holub describes a similar instrument in his *Kulturskizze des Marutse-Mambunda Reiches*, which he called a "kalebass" piano; King Seppo, however, calls it a "Silimba" (Makalolo tongue). In Uganda a kind of marimba without the sounding-board, called a *madina*, occurs, and is usually played by boys. The marimba is known in South, West and Central Africa.

in Makaraka Land, I was unable to understand this, until he explained to me that his boyhood had been passed in the far west, in A-Zandeh Land, and that he had afterwards left it with the chief Bendue and wandered to Makaraka Land.

Our march to the Zeriba Danqa was impeded by the heavy morning dew. A small path, hardly perceptible, led through high grass, and in a short time boots, stockings and trousers were

BONGO NEGRO. (*After a sketch by Prof. Schweinfurth.*)

saturated by the dew, and we were soaked to the skin. Groups of trees, which in this region grow along all the larger streams, betrayed at some distance the course of a Khor called Nyeduka. On the way to Danqa we crossed the boundary of the Jur negroes, who spread northwards along the river Jur, and eastwards beyond the large Zeriba Ghattas. We were now on Bongo ground.

I passed the night in Danqa, which is situated four hours' march to the S.S.E. of the Zeriba Surûr, and next day instead of keeping to the direct route followed by Dr. Schweinfurth to Jur Ghattas, through Dûbor, chose one further to the south, through Guqqu to Dumuku. I reached Jur Ghattas with my followers on the morning of the 4th of September, and found Ibrahîm Fauzi and the other leaders of the troops, and the expedition still together. The question of providing for the many hundreds of men grew daily more pressing, and more difficult of solution. The utter want of forethought of all in charge was now avenged, but unfortunately on the innocent negroes who had been hurriedly brought from house and home, especially the natives of Makaraka. The troops, so rashly put in motion, had become superfluous and useless, and now Fauzi, with whom the mischief really originated, hurried on the homeward journey. The regular troops from Makaraka had already returned. I hesitated which route to choose in returning to Makaraka, whence it was necessary for me to fetch my luggage and collections left there, and determined first to consult with Ibrahîm Fauzi and find out whether he would give me official help. I wished to avoid the road already traversed over the Rôl to Gosa, and to take that called the Abd es-Ssamad road going through Mittúland. This route led to the zeribas of the celebrated Kenusian,[1] which at that time were in the possession of his nephews and stepsons. Fortune favoured me beyond all expectation, for I had hardly arrived in Jur Ghattas when I heard that some relations of Abd es-Ssamad had brought ivory from the southern stations and were still here. Fauzi at once granted my request, and sending for Abdúllahi Wod Abd es-Ssamad commissioned him to conduct me and my servants to Gosa by the route I desired, with his following and carriers. We were to set out in a few days. In the meantime, after duly celebrating the promotion of Ibrahîm Fauzi to *Qaîm-Maqâm* (lieutenant colonel) which had arrived by post, with salutes, congratulations and an *'Azûmeh*, the Makaraka caravan left the zeriba, under the

[1] That is, a native of Kenus in Lower Nubia. The Kenusians speak the Matokki Nubian dialect.

command of Bahit Agha. Now that the expedition had come to an end before it had really begun, two small bronze guns from Khartum arrived from Meshra er-Rèq. They were brought into requisition for the festival which precedes Ramadhân, the month of fasting.

On the evening of the 9th September the new moon of the "Hilâl" appeared, and was followed by the "L'eilet er-R'uiyeh," the night of watching, in which every orthodox Moslem, and the others as well—fortifies himself for the privations of the succeeding days by feasting, drinking, and general merry-making, for

STARVED CARRIERS.

during this month eating, drinking and smoking are prohibited from sunrise to sunset.

On September 10th I set out on the homeward way from the Bahr-Ghazal territory in company with Abd es-Ssamad's stepson. As usual we were delayed several hours on the first day; at last twenty Bongos hoisted my baggage on their shoulders, and our party was set in motion. At the last moment Ibrahim Fauzi sent me a cow so that I was not entirely dependent on vegetable food.

The very first day I was witness to a pitiable and loathsome

spectacle. On the road lay the corpses of negroes from Bahit Agha's caravan. The poor fellows, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, had met a miserable fate. I rode an ass, and at my approach dozens of vultures were driven from their horrible repast, loudly flapping their wings. The same sad scene was repeated next day in the *'aqaba* between the little Zeriba Ghattas (the chief of which was Shuil) where we slept and the zeriba of Hassan. Every hour I was subject to the sickening sight of the victims of ruthless negligence. This was but the outset of the return journey, what would it be further on? I was heartily glad when we quitted the gloomy highway.

From Gôk el-Hassan's large zeriba we took a southerly course, and halted in the little settlement Moaki in the Bongo territory which stretches south and west. Here a chief of this tribe named Boli presented himself to me. We made a fruitless attempt to cross the Bahr Jau at a spot to the S.E. of Moaki; the water was so high that we were obliged to turn back to the ford crossed on the outward journey, where the passage was effected without difficulty.

We pursued our march on the east bank of the Jau to a Dinka or Jangeh village built in the midst of broad grain fields on a clean gravel soil, the residence of the chief Kahu. He was sitting surrounded by his subjects in the shade of two large trees which adorned the village place. Kahu was a splendid example of the genuine Dinka. The men of this tribe are distinguished by stature far exceeding the ordinary height, and he towered full a head above the rest. On his head, which he carried nearly six feet six inches above the ground, was a white ostrich feather stuck upright in the woolly hair, and a gaily flowered chintz shirt covered the tall slender body. Once destined to the modest end of a curtain in a front parlour, the cheap cotton stuff had found its way to the distant Dinka village, and come to honour as the state robe of the chief. Kahu tried to increase the impression made by his imposing appearance, and taking from his servant a large hat entirely covered with black ostrich feathers stuck it on his head. His wife, tall and slim like

himself, wore a soft dressed goatskin hanging down back and front, the edge being hung by a multitude of small iron rings. The old way of life, the customs and manners of the time when the Jangehs were the free masters of their own land, have undergone much change since the inroads of the Khartum traders. Cattle-raising, their chief occupation and means of life, has almost entirely disappeared. The continuous raids on the herds

DINKA HAT ORNAMENTED WITH FEATHERS (UNDERNEATH).

made by Nubian intruders, who being better armed prevailed in spite of their small numbers, and drove away the oxen by thousands, had compelled the Dinkas living in reach of the zeribas to give up stock-breeding ; they now cultivated a little durra, just sufficient to keep them alive, and were protected by poverty from the insatiable greed of the inhabitants of the

zeribas. Where once thousands of oxen had grazed scarce a cow was now to be seen.

South of Kahu's village extended a wide uninhabited desert, which we were several days in crossing. Through thicket and high grass wound a footpath so small that we lost it several times. We therefore often followed the tracks of elephants which travel in hundreds, mostly from east to west, but occasionally in the direction of our march. The huge heavy feet of the trunked giants had trodden down everything, and positively made holes in the ground. Our course was hemmed by a branch of the Jau, an old channel. A trough-like depression, thirty yards across and covered with shrubs and trees had been flooded by the Jau. On investigation we discovered that for a few paces only the water reached above the heads of the people, but that in other parts it was hardly breast-high. Having made sure that the crossing was free from danger, the tallest carriers took the baggage, and on arriving at the place raised it into the air with their arms, and tightly closing eyes and mouth, took the few steps through the greatest depth, the water covering the crowns of their heads, and leaving only their forearms and hands with the burdens they bore visible. I watched this proceeding with some misgivings for the safety of my goods, but all went well, and I myself was carried over on my *angareb* without mishap. There was, however, no lack of ludicrous incidents, especially among the women who were drawn across on staves, and owing to their fright and never-ending chatter got mouth and nostrils full of water.

A few hours later the Zeriba Ungua opened its hospitable doors to us. It is the most northerly of Abdúllahi's trading stations, and but of small extent, and serves as a halting place for the caravans passing to and from the south. A few miles to the west stood formerly Sherifi's Zeriba Daggudu, which Dr. Schweinfurth had visited on his journey to Sabbi, Abd es-Sandé's head station, in 1870. The rain fell in such torrents during the day's halt I made in Ungua that I was obliged to have a fire in my hut all the time to keep off the damp. Our carriers made a bridge of tree-trunks and strips of bark over the river Rea, at

twenty minutes' march from the zeriba, by which the crossing was effected next day, not without some calls on a talent for tight-rope dancing. Abdúllahi, who was most courteous and attentive, made me a visit to shorten the time. I made inquiries as to the condition of affairs, and the commercial outlook, and he complained that the good times for trade vanished when the government began to monopolize the traffic in ivory, formerly entirely in the hands of private dealers or commercial companies, and commenced the administration of the provinces. The whole business was carried on with much risk of loss, and the profits had considerably diminished and were steadily declining. The traders were obliged to give "Backsheesh" to all the government officials, or they would have to contend with one difficulty after another, and be threatened with ruin. Abdúllahi assured me that on the last journey to Jur Ghattas he had taken thirty-five slaves, all of whom had been presented to the mudírs, to clerks and other officials. So that in the end the poor negroes had to pay the reckoning The traders gained less profits than formerly, but the negro was the luckless fowl, plucked of every feather.

Our course from the west bank of the Roa lay south till we reached its confluent, the Tuji, or Teju, which meets it near the Zeriba Ungua ; then we followed its left bank, which wound through a desolate waste. The former inhabitants had fallen under the rifles of the Nubian intruders, or been driven into slavery ; those were fortunate who had escaped by flight and founded a new home in the distance. Everywhere in these regions were the traces of pillage, kidnapping, and extermination. After a march of many hours we made our grass huts at a good place for fording the stream. The desolate wilderness stretched out dead and still in the falling night, oppressing even the blunt sensibilities of the people in our caravans with a feeling of uneasiness. Sitting at work in my hut by the light of a lantern, the deep bass tones, well known in the Baraka valley, of a lion fell on my ear, at a great distance certainly, but unmistakable. The others had also heard it. "*El Asad!*" I heard them cry. I awakened the sleeping servant and giving him strict injunctions to keep up the fire, laid myself to rest. Some time passed

quietly, and I had fallen asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by the roar of the peace-troubler near our camp; he well deserves his Arabic name, which is interpreted, the "fear-compellor;" for man and beast alike are scared by his voice. The whole camp was quickly on the alert, and the fires were stirred so that the flames lighted up the distance; every ear was strained to ascertain whether the terror of the night was coming nearer or calmly pursuing his path through the desert. We were not further troubled, the king of the forest went his way, and the silence of night again reigned in the surrounding *'aqaba*, unbroken but by the croaking of the bull frogs.

The Tuji was crossed in the same way as the Rôl. However, as the tree-trunks of the improvised bridge lay several feet below the surface of the water, I undressed and went in midstream, took a bath, and reached the other side swimming. The further bank was flooded for over 200 yards, and we had to wade over reeds and grass through two feet of water to firm land.

The march on the right bank of the Tuji to the Zeriba Boikó was one of the heaviest in my journey. No less than nine streams and marshes were crossed, the water generally reaching breast-high. I carried my waistcoat with the geodetical instruments on my head, and the servants did the like with the guns, saddles and holsters. The asses swam through the streams. No sooner had we reached dry land than another *khor*, or marsh, had to be crossed, for it was scarcely ever possible to get round them. At last we reached higher ground where the woods began again, and late in the afternoon came to the corn fields beyond which the points of the zeriba *tuqûls* were visible.

Boikó, a few hundred yards east of the Tuji, must not be confounded with the zeriba, visited in 1869, by Dr. Schweinfurth, which lies west of the river. There was as little trace of that settlement of Abd es-Ssamad as of Duqqa, Daguddur, Ssabbi, &c. The chief of the surrounding Bongos, one Bongola, lived in Boikó. The negroes were poor to a degree, and had barely enough to keep them alive from day to day. Even in the stores of the station there was no durra, the garrison lived on ground-nuts. The only animal food to be had consisted

of a few hens. Whereas up to this time in every zeriba the wekil had given me *kisrā*, I had here not only to provide for myself, but to help Abdúllahi to a basket of durra from my carefully economised stores. Our departure from this inhospitable place was delayed by the difficulties arising from a change of bearers, those who had come with us from Jur Ghattas having reached their homes in the neighbourhood of Boikó. A heavy rain also kept us within the *tuqûls*. I soon settled the question of carriers with a present to the chief Bongola. We left Boikó at midday keeping to the south as far as the Zeriba Ngáma. We halted for the night in the desert, at a spot where the old grass huts marked one of Abdúllahi's camps on his journey to Jur Ghattas.

Next day a steady and fatiguing march brought us to the left bank of the Roa, which we had left at Ungua to make a circuit by the Zeriba Boikó. In the middle of its course the river flows mainly towards the north. We had lost time in wading through the Khor Bomú with all its mud holes and reed islets ; but the Roa was bridged over by tree trunks secured to the branches of trees growing far in the river bed, so that the crossing was effected slowly but steadily. The bed of the river itself at this spot may have been about forty yards, but adjoining the banks thickly grown with trees and shrubs was a broad belt of reedy ground, now under water, which made the river appear much wider. There were still some marshy khors and several flooded depressions left by the Roa to get over before we made our quarters for the night in the *'aqaba*, tired and wet through. All around us was waste, not a dwelling or living soul to be seen.

Another seven hours' march on the 23rd September brought us to human abodes ; we entered the Zeriba Ngáma built some four miles south-east of the old settlement of that name. At Boikó we had left the last Bongo huts on our route ; separated from them by a two days' march were the Mittús in the Zeriba Ngáma.

The Mittús are quite distinct from the other tribes of the Nile districts, and differ considerably in language, manners, customs

and appearance from their neighbours, the Bongos, Dinkas, Morús and Makarakas. I had already passed through their land in the journey from Gosá to the Zeriba Defá Allâh (Ayak); the boundary where the Agārs, a sub-tribe of the Dinkas, touch on the Mittús lies to the south of this place. Speaking broadly, the Mittús occupy the land between the rivers Roa and Rôl-Yalo; the Sofis and Bêlis possess a piece of land on the east bank of the Rôl, and on the other side the territory of the Bêlis extends up to the Gôks. The Mittús are divided into a number of tribes differing but little from one another; they are the Bêlis, Lóris, Lêsis, Sofis, Geris, and the Mittú-Mádis. Although I travelled through almost the whole length of Mittúland I could find nothing of importance to bear out the glowing description of their characteristics for which we are indebted to Dr. Schweinfurth. True, I was but passing through their land, the first time pressing in haste with Bahit Agha's great expedition, and even the second time, under Abdúllahi's conduct, with but little leisure to linger, for I was obliged to ensure meeting Ringio, the Bombeh prince, from Kabayéndi in Gósa, in order to take measures for the further journey to Makaraka. Still my stay in Abdúllahi's zeribas sufficed to convince me of the changes which had come about in these lands since Dr. Schweinfurth travelled in them as Abd es Ssamad's guest. Nothing remained of the prosperity of the zeribas in those times, of their riches in durra, oxen and goats; everywhere I saw bitter want of bare necessities. Abd es-Ssamad's zeriba people and Wekils had so ruthlessly plundered the poor negroes that whole villages fled, some to seek protection with the powerful A-Zandeh Sultan, Mbio, others to the Loobas or the Abaká chief, Ansea. Mittúland was depopulated, agriculture ceased, and even the Nubians were unable to squeeze anything more out of the poor Mittús who remained.

The Babúkurs or Mabúquru were also on the road to complete destitution. Their land, the former storehouse of the trading caravans, being preyed on from all sides, the Babúkurs also took refuge with Sultan Mbio and established themselves in his kingdom. Later when Mbio after a long and brave resistance

was overpowered by the Egyptians, the Babúkurs fled to the territory between Mount Baginse and the Abakás. The Mabúqurus, who remained in their country were persecuted by Abdúllahi's people, and the desolation of this land also was advancing with the relentlessness of fate. Everywhere in negro territory the Nubians and other Mohammedans advance farther and farther into the heart of Africa, exterminating whole nations on their fatal way and laying waste the land foredoomed to slavery. Old traditions vanish that have probably been handed down through centuries from one generation to another, partly superseded by those of the strangers and partly because the observance of the ceremonies formerly accompanying births, deaths, marriages, &c., is rendered impossible in the desperate struggle for bare existence. If the negro had gained a few modest luxuries for his hut by his industry in smelting, pottery, carving, or basket weaving, the "Abú Turk" robbed him of that in which he had taken pride and which afforded him a certain amount of comfort. The Khartum merchants having found out that travellers hunted for articles in use by the negroes and would pay a good round sum for a rare and perfect specimen, the zeriba soldier stole anything he could lay his hands on from the negroes and disposed of it as a "curiosity" to the Dongolans about to return to Khartum. The negro, seeing that he was plundered not only of his herds and corn, but of the various articles in use in his poorly furnished hut, ceased to make anything, and the power being lost by want of practice many an old home manufacture thus died out. This gives the descriptions of older travellers a peculiar historical value. The Bongos, Jurs, Dinkas, &c., that Schweinfurth, Heuglin and Petherick saw in the full flower of national life, were threatened not only with the loss of their independence but of their very existence, their customs totally changed by the rude force they had to contend with and their national characteristics fast dying out.

On the 26th September I left Ngáma with my carriers under the conduct of Abdúllahi. A four hours' march almost due south in which we crossed some small khors and got

sight of Mount Uohba to the W.S.W. brought us to the banks of the Uohko, a territory of the Bahr Rôl. A granite rock marked the ford over its low lying bed. The river was twenty-two feet broad and about twenty inches deep. On the other side our way led through almost impenetrable jungles till we came again to higher ground with the rock appearing through it here and there. In this neighbourhood we came across a sad sight—a slave convoy of twenty boys and girls carrying corn, and linked to each other with thongs. The rain lasting several hours drenched us to the skin before we arrived at Zeriba Kéro, which lies eighteen miles south of Ngáma. We joyfully hailed the sight of the cornfields which announced the proximity of the zeriba. I longed to get once more into dry clothes. Just on entering the village we crossed the Uoko again.

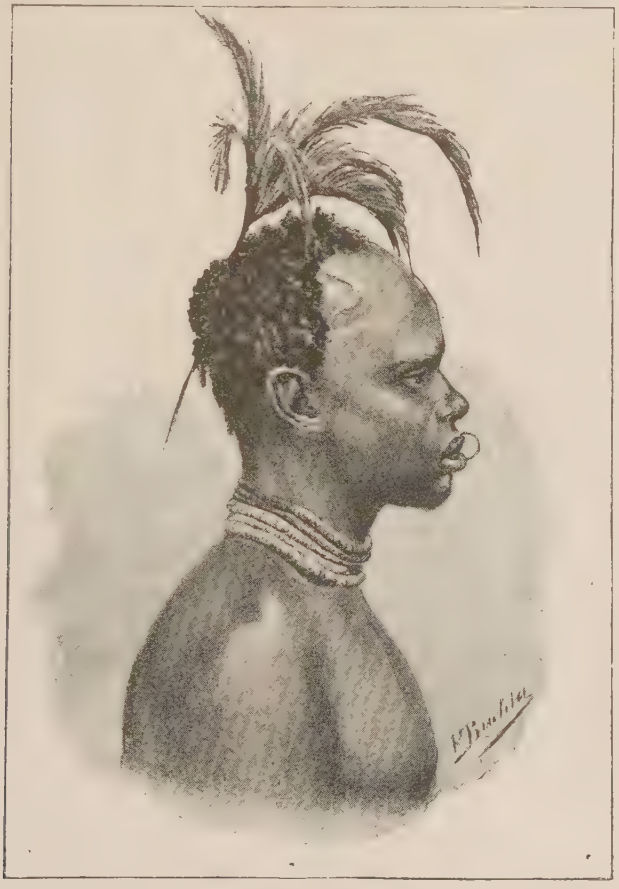
The surrounding negroes are Mittu-Mádis, who have wandered hither from the old Zeriba Kéro, and from Reggo, Jules and Ambroise Poncet's former settlement.

Messengers arrived in the evening from Sayyadîn, and announced to me that Bahit Agha had already left that station; there was no time to be lost in getting to Gosá. My intention had been to visit Abdúllah's largest zeriba, the newly built *qana'*,[1] near the former Mbómo, and to proceed from there to Gosá, but the loss of time already incurred would not admit of my making so great a circuit, and I was obliged to give it up. This was Abdúllahi's last station, and I should have been obliged to organize a caravan for my further journey, if Ibrahîm Fauzi had not given instructions in Jur Ghattas to my present guide to accompany me to Gosá. He provided me with carriers and I set out from the Zeriba Kéro on the last stage accompanied by Abdúllahi, some Gallubuns and several Dragomans, on September 28th.

Our march was greatly impeded by the high reeds and the necessity of crossing the Uoko three times. In addition to

[1] *Quana'*, the reed, bamboo, so called from a bamboo thicket growing near the settlement. This may serve as an example of the way in which places acquire their names in these countries.

this, we were exposed to the full rays of the sun, there being no shade on the way except for a few stretches under the thick canopy made by the luxuriant vegetation on the banks. A plateau is wedged in as it were between the Rôl and the



ABUKAYA NEGRO.

Uoko, forming the watershed of the two rivers. The way led up to it through bush and grass. In the river valley we repeatedly came across the tracks of elephants and buffaloes. Our night's rest in the wilderness in hastily made grass huts

was not only threatened with heavy rain, but disturbed by the howling of a hyæna. Breaking up our camp in the *'aqaba* betimes in the morning we hurried southwards to get to human habitations as soon as possible. To our astonishment in this unfriendly neighbourhood we saw, after many hours' marching, smoke rising up a little way off the road. It could only be hunters enjoying their booty. This proved to be the case. My carriers quickly set down their burdens by the roadside and hurried towards the column of smoke. I followed them, and in a short time we came upon a party of Nubians who had killed a buffalo, and were smoking his flesh cut in long slices on a broad frame over the fire, a simple and efficacious way of preserving meat for weeks in these lands. The hunters were Abdúllahi's, so they went shares with our caravan as a matter of course—a proceeding that was thoroughly appreciated by my carriers. After an hour's halt we set out again, descending almost imperceptibly to the Rôl, but it was not until the next day that we reached the eagerly looked-for fields and huts of Manduggu, by a path which resembled the track of some animal rather than a road traversed by men.

I had now seen all of Abdúllahi's stations with the exception of Qana'; out of Abd es-Ssamad's seventeen zeribas only six unimportant and commercial and military stations were left to his heirs, Ungua, Boikó, Ngáma, Kéro, Qaná and Manduggu. The smallness of their garrisons proved how inconsiderable they were; excepting Qaná, with a force of twenty-five men, not one of these zeribas could boast more than from five to seven Dongolan soldiers. I have indicated above the reason of this decline.

I was now separated from Gosá only by a march of an hour and a half, which I accomplished on the morning of October 1st. The Aire was crossed immediately on leaving Manduggu, and the way led direct south along its right bank. I then came to some Morú and Abukáya huts, and was soon at my destination. From Gosá my way lay over ground already trodden by me, and here Abdúllahi's mission was at an end. He had brought me here safe and sound, and done

everything that I could reasonably expect of him. My carriers and servants looked upon Gosá as the land flowing with milk and honey, and they were not far wrong. The rations of kisrā and red durra had been sparingly dealt out all the way from the Mudiriyeh Bahr el-Ghazal, here they found garners filled with *feterita*, fine white durra. For the first time for two months merissa was to be had. Abdúllahi's Dragomans could not resist this, and a *kungo* was soon in full swing. The Wekil Ahmed entertained all most hospitably, and I, too, having arrived safe and satisfied at the first station in Makaraka seized—not a glass—but a gourd of foaming *busa*. With all the heavy rains I returned in better health than if I had passed the time in the enervating and tedious monotony of life in the pestilential zeribas.

WOODEN STOOL OF THE BONGO NEGROES.

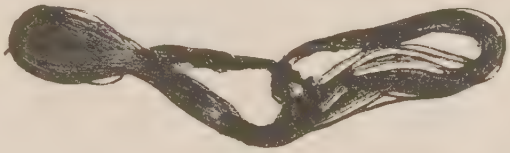
CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY FROM KUDÚRMA TO THE SILEI MOUNTAINS.

The Bombehs—From Kudúrma to Ansea—Ascent of Jebel Ngirua—The Baginse and the Silei Mountains—Jebel Nbirngo—Return to Kabayéndi.

OCTOBER 1877.—From the very first day of my sojourn in Makaraka I had been planning to carry out the journey which had been stopped by the intrigues of the Dongolans, who were with me in April (1877), when I first expressed a desire to the Abaká chief Ansea to be provided with a guide as far as the Baginse Mountain, or at least to the Silei; at length my wishes were to be realised. Ringio, head Chief of the Bombehs, to whom I had sent messengers from the Zeriba Ngáma and from Gosá, was awaiting me at the appointed time and place when I arrived here from Abdúllahi's zeribas in Mittúland, with an unexpectedly numerous following. Ringio, judging that the roads to the west were not free from danger, brought many of his sub-chiefs with him accompanied by their men; fine, powerful, active forms, genuine A-Zandehs. These men had a great variety of headdress, and many of them possessed

really refined and well-formed features, bespeaking manly self-confidence rather than savage rudeness. Many had donned small straw hats, decked with feathers, and secured to the carefully arranged headdress with wooden or ivory pins. These hats, well plaited in straw, were worn also by the women without the bunch of cock's feathers which adorned those of the men, and they then looked like baskets turned upside-down. The arms of the Bombeh warriors consist of lances, sword-knives (*populidi*) and shields. These latter of carefully woven basket work are raised in the middle so as to make room for the handle on the inside, consisting of a cross-piece over the hollow for the hand made in the hard wood ; on to this are fixed two or three javelins called *pinga* or *gangatâ* known in the Sudan as *trumbash*. The smallness of the handle is remarkable ; an ordinary European hand could hardly fit into it. The Bombeh shield, like that of the other



LOIN CLOTH OF PLAITED GIRAFFE HAIR. BOMBEH TRIBE.

A-Zandeh tribes is adorned on both sides with drawings, made by charring the basketwork : either light on a dark ground or *vice versâ*. One of the most popular ornamentations amongst the A-Zandeh is a cross covering the whole of the shield, resembling the cross of the Teutonic Order of Knights in shape. Squares and rhomboids complete the design. Some of the shields are lined with leopard skin, the javelins being secured in a conical iron case four to six inches in diameter, which, like the *trumbash* is often tastefully chased. The clothes, for the most part limited to loin-cloths, belong also to the military outfit. They are made of the hides of animals, the Shirr antelope, the genet, and the beautiful Guereza ape, and the effect is fantastic and picturesque.

I set out with this party on the 11th October, in joyful anticipation of a successful expedition to the Silei mountains, being accompanied by the Mundú chief, Kudúrma's contingent of

thirty carriers, and some Dragomans armed with guns. The little Mohammedan festival Bairam (el 'Id ssaghîr) had been celebrated just before by the Muslimîn and negroes with over-

MUNDÚ NEGRO. (*After a drawing by Richard Buchta.*)

flowing pots of merissa. Six hours' march brought us to the village of the Abaká chief Ansea. We crossed the Khor Aire and

several marshes and small khors, and forced our way through the thick growth of bamboos, the high stems of which waved with the slightest breath of wind and came to the first of the Abaká dwellings. On the way to Ansea, as from Konfó to Kudúrma, low conical grass-covered hills are unequally distributed over the country in which the bare stone sometimes crops out. The brooks flow in deep channels in which trees grow luxuriantly, whilst elsewhere thin bush is the characteristic growth. At Ansea's we halted for two days, as other carriers, armed Dragomans and corn, which had not yet arrived, were to proceed with us. Ansea himself was absent, procuring durra. I had learnt at Kudúrma from Ringio that a number of A-Zandehs, an embassy from the most powerful prince at that time, Mbio, were staying with Ansea. The reason of this embassy was very curious. A bush was said to grow on the little stream Assa which was nowhere to be found in Mbio's kingdom or its neighbourhood. The decoction from the leaves of this plant, called *Bengyeh* in the A-Zandeh dialect, plays an important part in the hen augury, the infallibility of which no Niam-Niam doubts. If the hen dies from the decoction, the person or undertaking concerned will come to an untimely end—about this there can be no doubt, and this superstition decides the weightiest questions.[1] To procure this shrub or herb—I could not learn for certain which it was—Mbio had sent an embassy to Ansea, as many times before, and gave fifteen loads of ivory for it. On hearing that these A-Zandehs were here, I did all I could to have an interview with them, for I wished to give them presents for Mbio, and if possible establish relations with him, and dispose him favourably towards me. For the moment my plans did not include a visit to Mbio, but I wished to take advantage of an opportunity which I might sooner or later turn to account. On my asking Ringio to bring these people to me, he said that Mbio looked on him as an enemy, and that these people being afraid of him would take flight on our arrival. I succeeded in bringing about the interview I so much desired. When the embassy was announced I

[1] Cf. Schweinfurth, *Im Herzen von Afrika.*

assembled the subjects of the Bombehs and many others belonging to my caravan in my roomy hut, fetched the presents destined for Mbio and had the six A-Zandehs belonging to this prince ushered in. They arranged themselves in a semi-circle before me and Ringio who acted as interpreter. A solemn silence followed. Mbio's people could not conceal a suppressed feeling of anxiety. After a long pause, their leader took a step forward, and began a long speech in a low voice, which however gathered strength and animation as he went on, and his gestures were so expressive, that, although unable to understand the language, I could make out the meaning of his discourse, which reminded me of a monologue correctly delivered by a good actor. It is truly astonishing to watch the graceful gestures of these negroes, that have not a trace of the awkwardness and rudeness of an uneducated people. Not a sound disturbed the orator although the hut was crowded ; all listened with fixed attention ; Ringio sat there looking very attentive and serious, and the discourse was serious too, that was clear enough. At last the orator unfastened a block of wood hanging round his neck and threw it behind him, and therewith ended his speech. Before the chief had retired another A-Zandeh rose to take his place and began a long-winded discourse with heaving breast ; he was followed in turn by the others, until all had had their say. The meaning of the whole, as translated by Ringio, was that Mbio's people had feared their lives were in danger ; they had feared that Ringio would treat them as foes, ill use and kill them. Being the weaker party they had hung the logs round their necks, in token that they submitted and surrendered at discretion ; but having regained confidence, and being no longer in fear of their lives they threw the logs away. This very solemn ceremonial was founded on a custom observed throughout the A-Zandeh kingdom. As soon as it was over a general and very lively conversation commenced. In consequence of my long travels the presents for Mbio had dwindled down and consisted only of articles of small value. Amongst these two boxes of matches and a candle caused much astonishment. My looking glass was handed round, and the A-Zandeh chief looked into it with an expression at first timid, then confused, and

contemplated his reflection like a bashful girl. Ringio and the Dongolans also took advantage of the opportunity and regarded themselves with much complacency. When the visitors left my hut every one was in a good humour. Only the merissa pots were wanting to seal this new friendship, and they remained empty because Ansea had not yet returned. At my suggestion Ringio took measures to entertain Mbio's people, who with some late arrivals and their carriers amounted to thirty. I was present at the general feast. Large dishes of *lúqme*[1] were set before the stranger chief who helped the rest. Covering his hand with the leaves, he baled out the porridge on to the leaves and making a hole with his finger poured sauce into it out of a second dish, and soon every one was served. It was surprising to see how daintily and cleanly the negro helped each to his share. The feast ended with improvised songs in honour of Mbio, the verses sung by each in turn celebrated his power, the multitude of his people, &c., and all joined in the chorus.

On the 14th October I left Ansea's village with Ringio and his numerous retinue, and after traversing the watershed between the Aire and the Roa (Bahr Jau), or Meriddi as it is called in its upper course, we stopped the night with the chief Bándura.

The next day after barely twenty minutes' march from the huts, we crossed the little Khor Lángolo, the high banks of which are clothed on both sides with magnificent woods. The Abaká chief Bellédi, who had heard of our expedition, came to meet us and guided us to his village; on our way we crossed the watershed of the Roa and Issu, the upper part of the Tonj. Bellédi showed us great hospitality, and his Abaká brought *lúqme* and *mulakh* for the numerous Bombehs in my caravan, and I received a large piece of boar's flesh. Near the village the peak of Ngírua rose up 400 feet (relative height). I determined to climb it and get a view of the surrounding hills and mountains by which to direct my further course, and carried out this plan the next

[1] *Lúqme*, literally a mouthful. In Egypt bread is thus designated, and in the Sudan a thick porridge made of durra, or dukhn grain, over which is poured a sauce prepared of a decoction of thick Uekah sap mixed with dry grated meat and a great deal of red pepper, *filfil akhmar*.

morning accompanied by Bellédi, Ringio, and a number of Abakás and Bombehs. We reached the summit after half an hour's climb from the Khor Tosso, and through durra fields. Bellédi had had the grass cleared, and a path made for the last few hundred yards. The whole group of mountains stretched out before me, clearly outlined against the sky, so clearly indeed that I could recognise them from Dr. Schweinfurth's map without the help of my guide's extensive knowledge of the locality. I was able to recognise Jebel Baginse quite easily, although twenty-eight to thirty miles distant, and I at once measured and noted the angle. I had therefore satisfied my ambition of seeing the mountain which formed the furthest point of the south-east reached by my celebrated leader, and had ascertained its position. Unfortunately it was not possible to push on to the Baginse itself, for the chief Bellédi said that on the other side of the Abakás, whose western boundary was near the Silei mountains, lay an inhospitable desert, and the neighbourhood of the Baginse had been very dangerous since the death of Abd es-Ssamad. This statement was supported by his own people and the A-Zandehs. Besides this I had no right to take the people out of the territory subject to Egypt. And the prospect of marching in the pathless *'aqaba* overgrown with high grass, combined with the necessity of following in the elephants' tracks, was none of the most inviting; so I was forced to abandon my plan.

We returned to the chief Bellédi, and leaving him next day, marched south-east by east, and approached the mountain chain running from south-east to north-west, with the peaks Nbirngo Malappa, and Mongúa. We followed the winding path up to the ridge between Nbirngo and Malappa, and encamped on the other side of it by a little mountain stream. My men were enticed to the chase by a number of buffalo tracks, and some hours later a Bombeh really brought back a buffalo calf which he took from its mother's side regardless of the danger, stopping its cries by squeezing its neck and muzzle; its flesh when roasted was excellent. When the animal was cut up I saw a Bombeh devour the inside with great relish—even the

CAPTURE OF A BUFFALO CALF ON THE NBIRNGO MOUNTAINS. (*After a drawing by Fr. Rheinländer.*)

lining of the stomach. I spent a pleasant evening in the mountains, listening to the cheerful songs of the negroes by the glowing fireside.

Looking to the north the Malappa seemed to form a continuation of the Nbirngo chain, and further still lay the Mongúa. Seen from a distance these three mountains appeared as a continuous chain. The summit of the Nbirngo, to which I ascended on the next day, is a dome, flattened at the top, without any sharply outlined rocks, but with high grass, and loose stones and trees growing thickly between. The other elevations which rise to a moderate height in this undulating region and can be seen from the top of Nbirngo, have a similar character. Even the summit of Silei, the highest of these mountains except the distant Baginse, is accessible to the elephants, as was proved by the following incident. Shortly before my arrival at Bellédi's village, the negroes were watching some vultures and other carrion birds constantly hovering over the top of Silei and calculating that there must be the carcase of some animal there. My experiences in the wilderness, on the second journey, had shown me that the negroes will dispute the carrion with the vultures in order to get some meat. Some Abakás, attracted by the booty, ascended the mountain, and to their astonishment found a dead elephant at the top, the tusks of which they brought back. Why the animal had chosen this place to die remained a mystery.

From Jebel Nbirngo I had a magnificent view into the Eju (Issu) Valley. The dark green foliage of the trees growing luxuriantly along the course of the rivers forms a contrast to the pale tints of the plain, and in this way the smallest rivers can be recognized at a considerable distance.

After a cool rainy night we left the mountains on the 19th October, and marched eastwards to the villages of Bederi, a Mundú chief, which are on the other side of a brook called Kaúa. Our next point was to gain the huts of the chief Kinberaúa, which were only an hour's march away. To my great annoyance we were kept there for two days by the flight of Kinberaúa's people, who endeavoured thus to escape carrying

the loads. This delay caused by our having to await the arrival of each single negro, after whom there was a regular chase, was in some degree compensated by a wondrously beautiful play of light and colour at sunset, such as I had never before seen. The day had been thundery, heavy banks of clouds covered the sky, broken only at intervals by a ray of sunlight. Towards evening blue-black cloud masses heaped themselves together threateningly in the north ; but the expected storm did not break, and the clouds drifted to the west, stretching from zenith to horizon and completely hiding the setting sun. The greater part of the sky had quite cleared, save where a few cumulus clouds were scudding to the east. The edges of the rain-clouds were dyed pink, and the light mist rising from the ground near us veiled the display of colour. The charm of this splendid evening light was reflected on Silei, seen in the north-west ; it glowed like an Alpine glacier, and the edges appeared transparent as if made of ice. The whole scene was beautiful beyond description, and I stayed gazing at it in speechless wonder, filled with the desire to fix it on my mind. Soon a fiery glow spread over the whole sky and quickly gave place to the evening twilight and nightfall.

From Kinberaúa we returned to Ansea. The chief had come back in the meantime. I gave a free tongue to my displeasure, and rated him soundly for the lies with which he had deceived me six months before, causing my journey to the Silei mountains to collapse. I told him he was a rascal, and had no right to call himself a chief, and that he ought to be ashamed of his lying tongue! He had nothing to say for himself beyond admitting that the Dongolans had induced him to deceive me.

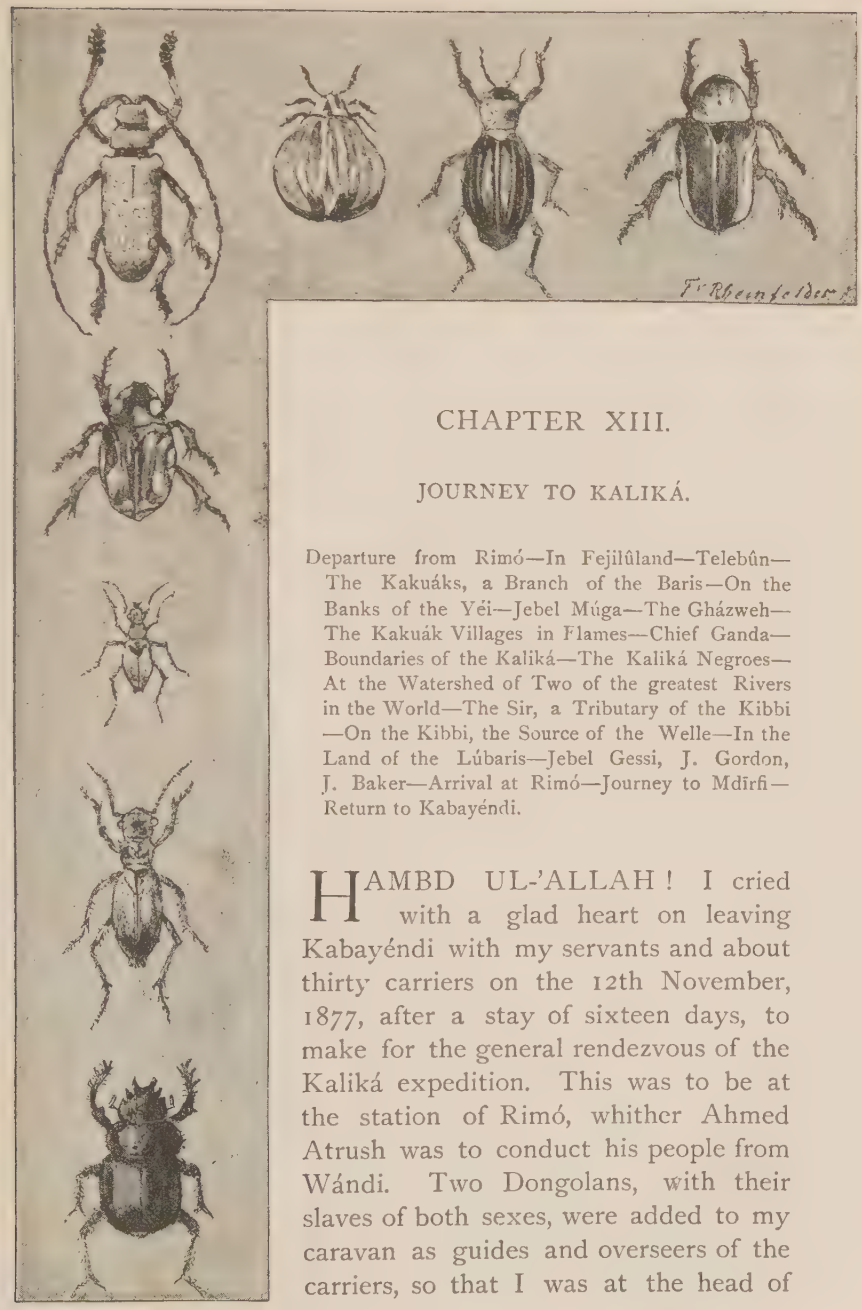
Next day we had a heavy march through rivers and marshes in heavy, stormy rain to the little Zeriba Hassan, near the residence of the chief Tomaya. Here we received news from Ladó, that the Lango negroes had revolted at Mruli, and that the mudîr Kuku Agha had been killed in the struggle. The Makarakas were again summoned to join the army ; each chief was to bring thirty men. Ringio did not conceal from me that the fresh demands made continually by the Egyptian government caused considerable disaffection amongst the negroes.

Within a year the mudiriyeh had been obliged to supply, not only many hundred carriers for the transport of ivory to Ladó, out of which number many men had perished of dysentery on the return journey to Makaraka, as well as from the results of bad nourishment, and in warfare with the Baris; but in addition to this there was the expedition to Kaliká, and another to Ladó, and the great levy for the Bahr Ghazal, all entailing a heavy loss of life, especially the useless march to Jur Ghattas, which brought such terrible misery on the poor Makarakas on their return. A great loss was also occasioned by the transport

of heavy steamboats to Dufilé by order of Gordon Pasha, which was effected solely by the Makaraka carriers. It is easy to understand the reason why the chiefs strove to prevent their men from being sent out of the country to perform duties, by which the population which had been by no means numerous before, was decimated. The regulations of the head officials of the provinces of Ladó and Makaraka, made it impossible to raise the new levy; instead of the march to Bahr el-Jebel a raid on Kaliká was organised. I had procured directions from Ibrahîm Fauzi at

Jur Ghattas to the Makaraka officials, who could no longer prevent my joining the expedition. And this journey too, thanks to my exertions, I succeeded in carrying out.

From Tomaya, where I obtained fresh carriers, I hastened along the well-known roads to my head-quarters at Kabayéndi, where I allowed myself a short respite after the hardships of an absence of over three months.



CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNEY TO KALIKÁ.

Departure from Rimó—In Fejilûland—Telebûn—The Kakuáks, a Branch of the Baris—On the Banks of the Yéi—Jebel Múga—The Gházweh—The Kakuák Villages in Flames—Chief Ganda—Boundaries of the Kaliká—The Kaliká Negroes—At the Watershed of Two of the greatest Rivers in the World—The Sir, a Tributary of the Kibbi—On the Kibbi, the Source of the Welle—In the Land of the Lúbaris—Jebel Gessi, J. Gordon, J. Baker—Arrival at Rimó—Journey to Mdîrfi—Return to Kabayéndi.

HAMBD UL-'ALLAH! I cried with a glad heart on leaving Kabayéndi with my servants and about thirty carriers on the 12th November, 1877, after a stay of sixteen days, to make for the general rendezvous of the Kaliká expedition. This was to be at the station of Rimó, whither Ahmed Atrush was to conduct his people from Wándi. Two Dongolans, with their slaves of both sexes, were added to my caravan as guides and overseers of the carriers, so that I was at the head of

quite a considerable procession. Rimó was very noisy, every hour bringing fresh arrivals, Egyptian soldiers, Nubians and Dragomans armed with guns, whole troops of carriers from all the tribes in the Mudirîyeh. Ahmed Atrush was at the head of the whole expedition of 1000 men, 400 carrying firearms, not counting the thirty Jehadieh, regular troops, under the command of Ahmed Agha, the officer from Little Makaraka. Abd 'Allâh Abû Sēd, the Nâzir of Rimó, was second in command and Atrush's representative; he was well acquainted with the country which was to be the scene of the raid. The object of the expedition was admittedly to plunder the independent tribes in the south of the province Makaraka. The most important object was to procure ivory, which grew scarcer from day to day in the territories subject to Egyptian rule; its high commercial value would cover the expenses of the Government. In addition, the province was to be provided with cattle which were hardly to be found throughout the land, the rascally Nubians and Dongolans having stripped the negroes of the last of their herds years before. But whenever the cattle stolen in the *gházweh* from the independent negroes could be exchanged for ivory, it was invariably done, for this was almost the only way of obtaining it. Taught by experience, the negroes having learnt the value of the elephants' tusks, carefully buried them, and only by rare chance did they fall into the hands of the robbers under the Egyptian flag. It was not so easy for the negroes to hide their herds of cattle and goats. These raids were soon organised into a regular system which the leaders of the expedition strictly enforced. In recounting my journey to Kaliká there will be several opportunities of describing the way in which these raids are conducted. It was customary in such expeditions for the servants of the officials who remained behind in the stations, to accompany the troops and plunder for their masters. With the exception of ivory and cattle, which were Government property, *beta el miri*, all the rest, *i.e.* goats, sheep, poultry, women, tobacco, hardware, &c., belonged to those taking part in the *gházweh*. It will easily be understood that every one wanted to take part in each expedi-

tion, and in order that they might have some share in the general booty, those left behind were in the habit of sending their slaves.

The Zeriba Rimó was, so to say, situated in the middle of an ethnographic map of the province of Makaraka. To the north and the south-west were the Fejilús; to the west the Mundús; the Kakuáks, a branch of the Baris, were in the south, and some Marshias had taken up their abode in Rimó itself.

The large expedition was set in motion at daybreak on the 20th November, when the march southwards began. The signal for departure was given by the war-cry of the Bombehs, as had also been the daily custom on the expedition to the Bahr Ghazal. The way lay southwards through the Fejilú villages, standing some distance apart, with the smallest huts I ever saw amongst the negroes; and the poverty of the dwellers, as well as the state of agriculture, bore witness to the absence of culture amongst this tribe. We had left behind us the beautiful durra fields of the Idió (Makaraka) with their long stalks and heavy ears of corn, and in their place found only *telebûn* (*Eleusine coracana*), a poor kind of corn with a hard thick husk producing a very sour *kisrā*, to which travellers only accustom themselves with difficulty. The reason for the cultivation of *telebûn* may be due to the poverty of the soil in Fejilúland; the dampness prevents the growth of durra. We encamped next day on the boundary between the Fejilús and the Kakuáks and the work of building the huts, which never failed to interest me, set hundreds of powerful arms in motion. The camp was not far from the huts of the Chief Kanjeri, who was nominally in subjection to the Egyptians, but took care not to show himself, and probably with good reason. A detachment of fifty men was sent on to a neighbouring village of the Kakuáks, where we were to halt next day to arrest the chief, because he had for some trifling reason surprised and killed another chief. Such an occurrence always gave the Egyptian authorities a welcome opportunity of using force against the negroes under the cloak of justice, and this line of action was usually profitable, the goods of the criminal being forfeited to

them. The Chief Dumuntu, the person concerned in this case, had been prudent enough to escape, hiding or carrying away with him everything he could; but a few head of cattle fell to the share of the "Abû Turk." We traversed the ground between our halting place on the first night and this village in a little over three hours. The expedition encamped in the cornfields surrounding the settlement of the fugitive chief, which was built on the gentle slope of a slight depression. The wide spreading fields of sesame, telebûn, and red durra were ruthlessly plundered by the troops, the huts broken up, the roofs taken to supply straw for the beds, and what remained was destroyed and burnt.

The work of destruction, in which our people were to show themselves past masters, thus commenced before we had reached hostile ground.

The Kakuáks, whose territory we were marching through during the next few days southwards, are like their neighbours on the north, the Fejilús a tribe of the Baris.[1]

The similarity of language, the characteristic build, the shape of the head, the colour of the skin, beyond all doubt prove their common origin, although some of the customs have been influenced by the people, amidst whom the Fejilús and the Kakuáks live. For instance, the leathern aprons of the women, the national dress, has given place to the foreign aprons made of leaves. A Kakuák concerned in the massacre of the Chief Dumuntu, was forced to go as our guide over the next tract with his head in the yoke of a *shebba*. He showed his good nature under the persecution of the Dongolans by the willingness with which he gave me information about the country, and the many mountains and hills, brooks, and khors to which I could have given no name without his help. The names given by the Khartum people and the negro soldiers in their service are very misleading, and thus travellers often record imaginary names which have their origin only in the brain of some fanciful

[1] Emin Pasha divides the Baris into eight large families: 1, Baris (east and west of the Bahr el-Jebel); 2, Fejilús; 3, Kakuáks; 4, Marshias; 5, Niambaras; 6, Liggis; 7, Mandaris (Mădār); 8, Shir (Chīr).

Nubian, and these find their way into the maps of Africa, and sometimes hold their own for decades, despite all the efforts of later research.

From the table-land which is traversed in many places by brooks on their way eastwards to the River Yei, and which we crossed in a south-easterly direction, we descended into the river valley. Our huts were raised on the wooded banks of the Yei; the number of persons in the expedition retarded our march, and the officers who never exert themselves unnecessarily, readily acquiesced in this. From the slope we had several good points of view which enabled me to gain a very good idea of the country before us. The Bahr Yei, twenty-five to thirty yards from side to side, with a strong current, brawls noisily along its shallow channel, over rocks which make rapids in it. The roar of the water reached our camp, which was pitched near the fields of the Chief Bakoyaki, and sent me to sleep like a lullaby.

Our people, seeing some deserted huts on the east side of the river, waded breast-high through it to get the conical straw roofs for our huts, a plan which was pursued wherever possible on this Kaliká expedition. The passage was not easy, and many of them lost their stolen burdens in the strong current the water whirling them swiftly away out of reach. Later in the evening a carrier was drowned in the river. The multitude of men in the caravan crossing the Yei next day, the 23rd of November, made a strange and animated picture. The breadth of the river as measured was sixty-six feet, and its depth about three and a half feet, but on either side of the ford were numbers of holes where many of the negroes narrowly escaped drowning. Under the pretence that the Chief Uóhka who dwelt a mile from the Yei was ill-affected to the Miri, viz: to the Egyptian Government, the entire harvest standing in his fields was laid waste. On the way to the principal Kakuák Chief Ganda, who lived on the southern boundary of the tract inhabited by his race, about fifty-six miles from the Zeriba Rimó, we passed hard by the western slope of the Jebel Múga. We gradually ascended this mountain, through the ravines of which noisy brooks hurried to the Yei. Jebel Múga stretches southwards

and ends in low hills, between which the Khor Lotopio has cut its channel. On our approach the natives had withdrawn to the terraces of the outlying hills, and anxiously watched our long procession advancing. We encamped south of the Múga where we had a fine view of the distance. The land gradually descends to a wide plain bounded afar by hills and mountains, conspicuous amongst which rises Mount Uádo, on whose gentle northern slope stand many Kakúak settlements. The chiefs of this neighbourhood had been hostile to former expeditions, and they were now to be punished by fire. Fearing that their huts would be burnt, the negroes had removed the round pointed thatches and hidden them in the high grass before flying with their cattle and other goods. The roof was the most valuable part of their modest dwelling, and the most troublesome to make, and this was the reason of their precaution. But they had not set about it very cleverly, for our people soon found the straw roofs, which we also prized, and promptly used them for the camp. To guard against the possible onset of the natives the camp was arranged in a circle round a space fifty yards broad, in the midst of which were the three huts for me, Ahmed Atrush, and the officer of the regulars. The huts of the men, the Dongolans, &c. were ranged round this space in which, if necessary, the women, slaves, cattle, &c. were to take refuge. There was very little danger of an attack from the negroes, for they had a horror of firearms and could not act in a body; indeed there were often traitors amongst them who, for the sake of a trifling reward or a revenge on some neighbour, would show the "Abû Turk" the way to secluded villages, in which rich plunder was to be found. While the huts were being made, a few dozen Dragomans with guns, and a troop of Makarakas armed with lances marched to the nearest hamlets behind a hill to the north to fetch corn. The report of guns reached us and showed us that they had come across some herds of cattle. The negroes leave their barns to the enemy without any attempt at defence, but do all they can to save the cattle which form their chief wealth. The natives are put to flight at once, when two or three men are shot down, and even by the mere rattle of the

muskets, and the herds fall an easy prey to the robbers. In his despair at seeing the cattle, to which he is strongly attached, and which form the most valuable part of his goods, fall into the hands of the hated intruders who bring ruin in their wake, the negro kills or wounds the best animals in the herd in order to lessen the value of the booty for the robbers. The column returned in the evening, descending the mountain in a long line, bearing baskets of *telebún* on their backs or heads, and the bleating of the goats could be plainly heard. They had taken more than fifty from the Kakuáks.

Early next morning I was awakened by the tramping of the troops who were going in three divisions by different roads to the *gházweh*. The regular troops and Dongolans, altogether about two hundred rifles, remained to protect the camp. I was surprised to see that the men taking part in the *gházweh* Dragomans and spearmen, literally killing and robbing the independent blacks, were themselves all negroes; the people of Khartum well understood how to make use of the oppressed blacks.

To obtain an exact view of the *gházweh* I ascended a mountain of moderate height north-east of the camp, accompanied by Ahmed Agha and five soldiers. We could recognize the dwellings of the Kakuáks by the fields surrounding them, which made green patches against the dark soil. They were scattered over the plain and on the slopes of the mountains stretching from east to west, about two hours away. From where I stood I could plainly see columns of smoke ascending one after another from the distant settlements, and with a field glass I could see flames blazing up, which showed quite distinctly the track of the plunderers pressing to the highest terraces of the mountain. Seeing that the returning companies were bearing wounded with them, I hurried down to give what aid I could. For the next two hours I was busy bandaging arrow wounds; twelve men had been wounded mostly with poisoned arrows, and the wounds differed considerably. An arrow had gone right through the calf of one of Ringio's men, and this wound proved to be the most serious; the man succumbed to it a week afterwards.

The others, amongst them a boy with the skin of his stomach pierced, recovered. In many cases the arrow had been bent by the bones. The large proportion of casualties was occasioned by the rashness of the men in falling upon some herds of goats apparently deserted by the Kakuáks, this portion of the plunder falling to the share of the men, whilst oxen were reserved for the government of the provinces. The Kakuáks, however, were lying in ambush and a hail of arrows was showered on our men which, however, did not save the herds. I reckoned about 500 head brought in up to nightfall. There had been no hope of finding oxen, the Kakuáks having been robbed of these years before. The Kakuák goats are small with short, smooth hair; their hides are of all colours, the prevailing being mahogany, black and white, and drab with a dark stripe running along the back.

On the third morning after our arrival at Mount Múga one of the carriers brought me a hyæna (*H. crocuta*), which had been shot in the night by a sentinel who took it for a native. We halted at the village of the Chief Kayi, who had made peace some time before with the Egyptians and gave his support to the raid. To prevent his fields being destroyed by the unmanageable troops, Atrush Agha had the camp pitched in the wood half an hour from the chief's hamlet. The inhabitants of the few huts we passed had fled, though their alarm was on this occasion without ground. The Chief Kayi, however, followed our camp, and by a present of a long blue shirt I won his services as a guide. The territory from Mount Múga to Kayi is covered with mountains, the greatest elevations Kordoko, Koloá, Karanja, &c. lying east of the line drawn from N.N.W. to S.S.E. Our road lay through hilly country at the relative height of 200 to 400 feet. In some places broad valleys ran eastwards and the chiefs Uáni and Ganda resided in some of these valleys. The latter was at the time the most important of the Kakuák Shuyukhs, and had been for years on good terms with the Egyptians, bartering ivory for oxen.

Crossing the watershed between the Yei and the Bahr el-Jebel we descended into the lovely valley of the Kinde, in

a branch of which, the valley of the Korós, Ganda's huts are situated. The Khor Kinde and a number of smaller khors here take an easterly course, whilst the brooks we had come across hitherto flowed west and north-west. The Kinde waters a deep lying valley (the aneroid standing 8 mm. lower than on the top of the watershed) with luxuriant vegetation, and the date-palms (*Phœnix spinosa*) on their long stems wave over the beautiful green of lofty acacia trees with their dense foliage. *Kigilia spathodæ* and the giant leaves filled with sap of the *Musa ensete* joined to form a natural park in which I should gladly have lingered long. But the expedition went on; I had thrown in my lot with it, and was obliged to keep with it on its way to the deeds of violence, robbery, fire and destruction.

We stayed two days with the Chief Ganda. His village was the last on the road where the Egyptians could leave their sick and wounded, and the animals were also given in charge of the Chief until the return of the expedition. Several hundred goats, branded with special marks by their new masters, were entrusted to him. A few years after my journey, the Egyptians secured their position here by building a military station, garrisoned with Dongolans and Dragomans, which formed the centre of their expeditions in Kaliká Land.

Besides the crops universally cultivated by the Kakuáks, eleusine and sesame, red durra was found here as well as the banana (*Musa sapientum*, L.) which according to Atrush had been introduced from Makaraka. The last-named thrives very well, as I saw from a bunch of extraordinary size sent to me by the Chief Ganda. The palings of the *tuqûls* were entirely covered by the leaves of a creeping bean, the long flat pods of which contain large violet beans of a delicious flavour.

Ganda's hunting ground is the limit of Kakuák territory, and the boundary of Kaliká Land was soon crossed. The road gradually descends along the far side of the Kinde valley and the tableland south of it, but soon again rises to a high plateau. The view to the east is bounded by two high conical mountains: Kodófe and Kinuafo. The little brooks run mostly to the east and north-east, and so belong to the basin of the Bahr el-Jebel.

The northern boundary of the Kalikás is marked by abrupt rocky ground ; a kind of tree euphorbia hitherto unknown to me grows on the bare rocks, which are otherwise almost devoid of vegetation. This with a trunk six to ten inches in diameter and a thick regular head of foliage differs essentially in its manner of growth from the *Kandelaber euphorbium* found in the Jur country on the Bahr el-Ghazal and other places. The milky juice of the fleshy leaves is used by the Kalikás as an arrow poison more deadly than that found in other negro

EUPHORBIA.

territories. On the banks of the little Khor Haro with their luxuriant vegetation I came across the characteristic plant of these avenues of trees, the peculiar form of which would attract the attention even of the unobservant. It is a kind of fern, growing by preference in the angles where the branches join old tree trunks, called by Professor Schweinfurth "elephant's ear," the *Platycerium elephantotis*. It looks like a saddle on the trunk or bough ; the stalks, with their fronds nearly two feet in length

and covered on the underside with spores resembling Swedish glove leather in appearance, hang down like enormous bows in an old woman's cap, whilst the brown seedless fronds stand upwards like a wreath. Even my negro-boys, who are quite destitute of any interest for natural phenomena, pointed to the unknown plant.

On the other side of the first hamlets in Kaliká Land, in the neighbourhood of which red durra is cultivated for some hours' march, the traveller comes to a steppe-like country with numerous little streams. To the trees, bush, and high grass of Kakuák territory succeeds farther south bare open country. Only by the brooks the trees grew together and formed a wood. In Kaliká Land the materials for making the huts, wood and high grass, were wanting ; to provide for this the light thatched roofs of the natives were brought by hundreds from near and far to our camping place. The Kalikás, especially in the more southern districts, are energetic agriculturists and raisers of cattle. In the course of the journey one frequently crosses durra fields, too wide to see across, and the cattle tracks gave evidence of riches in stock such as I had seen in no other negro land. In some places these well-trodden tracks were like our broad high roads, so that the men could march abreast in broad ranks instead of in single file as in other places. The whole scene was one of peaceful African prosperity in which our predatory expedition was entirely out of place. Broad cornfields, their stalks, amongst which the natives hid themselves, growing above a man's height, smaller patches sown with lupins, various kinds of beans, gourds, sweet potatoes, &c., pasture meadows on the gentle slopes traversed by small streams, brooks and deep water channels, the luxuriant belts of trees growing along their edge showing like dark green ribbons against the landscape, little copses rising here and there out of the fields with but a few dozen trees, and shrubs and creepers growing in between, small hamlets clustering round single giant trees which take the place of our village limes and afford a welcome shadow by day, the lofty beautiful deleb (*Borassus flabelleformis*) a magnificent fan palm and the bananas standing out alone, all this gave the first view of Kaliká Land the aspect of a cultivated region in Europe.

On the 2nd December we came to the southern edge of the plateau which forms the watershed of the two largest rivers of the continent; here the tributaries of the "sacred" Nile, the longest river in Africa, are separated from those of the Congo which carries the greatest amount of water. A wide view over the Kibbi valley lay before us, only bounded in the far south-east by a faint blue line of hills which mingled with the sky.

Our inroad made a terrible contrast to the peace-breathing influence of nature. Wherever the news of our approach spread the people took flight, and I did not get sight of a single native. Empty huts and deserted cornfields bore witness to the terror which preceded our expedition. Descending from the watershed we crossed a few khors, bordered by the woods already described, and made halt at some hamlets thickly crowded together, to provide the men with supplies for the next two days' march over uninhabited country at the expense of the scattered inmates. The men went out in troops to plunder the fields and brought back *telebûn*, half-ripe durra, sesame and some beans.

A Kaliká who was left behind fell a victim to the shot of one of the Dragomans. Atrush, to whom this was announced, having expressed some doubt, the pride of the Dragoman as a marksman was touched, and as positive proof of his exploit he brought the head of the negro hanging on a cord drawn through the cartilage of the ears in front of my hut. There was no gainsaying this!

About this time a terrible outbreak of small-pox made great ravages amongst the men in the expedition. I saw many of its victims being carried on hurdles, a spectacle of utter misery. However hardened I might be by the daily recurring sight of human suffering, I could not ride by these sick men wearily dragging themselves along without emotion.

On our way to the Chief Lemihn, whose village lies about thirty-eight miles due south of Ganda, we crossed the Sir, the most important tributary of the Kibbi; and later on the Kaliká journey I again came upon the brooks forming its source. At the place where I first crossed it, it is eight yards

broad, and here flows between high banks in a small rapid over a rocky bed. On either bank stood the deserted hamlets of the natives in the midst of large fields. A few steps farther we came upon a child two or three years old lying on its face in the road and feebly moving its head from side to side ; the blood was trickling from a recent spear-thrust in its back. Probably the inmates of the hamlet had been surprised by our approach and only just fled, and a negress had been unable to carry the poor little child farther and left it on the road. Who had been

SUFFERERS FROM SMALLPOX ON THE MARCH.

guilty of the atrocious act of wounding it, a shameful evidence of brutal cruelty, it was impossible to discover.

In the course of the day we reached Lemihn's territory, and encamped for some days not far from his huts. A traitor to his race, this selfish, mean-spirited chief had ensured the safety of his own possessions by promising to show the way to other chiefs, rich in cattle. Some of his neighbours had taken advantage of this and given their goats and cattle in his charge, for which they were, of course, obliged to recompense him.

Only a few chiefs among the Kalikás were allowed this exceptional position by the leaders of the raid, for, according to the *gházweh* system, it was evident that there was no advantage in having the alliance of many of the chiefs ; for instance, if the whole country had submitted to the Egyptian government, the rich plunder in cattle would have been diminished, as the subject negroes could not have been officially robbed, at least to any extent. When the Kalikás had once come to the same pass as the Mittús, the Jangehs, and in recent years also the Kakuáks, who had previously been so rich in cattle, *i.e.*, when once they were completely stripped, their land could be annexed. This was the policy of the Egyptian mudîrs and administrators, men like Bahit, Atrush and others.

The day after our arrival at Lemihn's, the men marched early in the morning to the *gházweh* which proved very successful. The noise and tumult in the camp after the return of the men was augmented after sunset almost to the point of alarm by a heavy thunderstorm. For hours the rain poured down and the night was pitch-dark. From time to time the gloom was lighted up by dazzling pillars of fire which seemed to unite heaven and earth. Deafening thunder-peals followed the vivid lightning, overpowering the loud swearing of those whose huts had fallen about their ears, and who were calling for the lazy slaves and servants. With this tumult and the raging of nature were mingled the bellowing of cows that had been carried off from the negroes and placed in a separate enclosure, and the yelling of the men appointed to guard them. The hours of this night were among the most agitated of my life, for if, even under ordinary circumstances, there is something terrible in a tropical thunderstorm, when all the sluices of the heavens are opened, the anxiety is redoubled in an enemy's country when one remembers that the natives might use the opportunity to make an attack on us in which, if they acted in concert, all the advantages would be on their side. With the incorrigible negligence of the Nubians and all zeriba soldiers, there would then be hardly a sentinel at his post, not half the guns would go off in the streaming rain, and not one shot in twenty would

CAMP AND CATTLE-ZERIBA IN KALIKÁ. (*After a drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

take effect in the dark night unless it were in the camp itself. The spears and darts of the natives would be more effective and the robbers would get their deserts. But the dread the natives have of powder and shot, and the absence of unity amongst them, bring poverty and ruin upon them.

The huts of Atrush and Ahmed Agha which were close to mine had been demolished in the storm. Atrush accepted my hospitality whilst another hut was being made for him. Under the small thatch which my men had procured for me there was room only for the *angareb*, the table and a chair.

The chief Lemihn appeared in our camp next day, complaining that in yesterday's *gházweh* his territory had also suffered, and that goats especially had been stolen. He was accompanied by several lesser chiefs, and was already degraded by the so-called Arab refinement to the extent of wearing as a state dress an old shirt, which at some remote period had been white. To me he seemed less dressed than ever. One of his companions complained that he had been robbed of his wife and child. A long palaver ensued, and finally Atrush gave the chief some cords as an indemnity for the goats and other losses; the other Kaliká was conducted by a Dragoman round the camp in search for his lost family which he discovered and received back again. Afterwards I had all the Kalikás brought before my *túqul*, and gave them all, the woman and child included, some beads. Lemihn received a blue tirqa shirt and a tarbush. For the first time I saw a smile on the sad features of these poor creatures, and had the satisfaction of having afforded them a little pleasure.

On the 8th December we again set ourselves in motion under Lemihn's guidance towards new territory, as yet unvisited by any expedition, where the cattle plunder was said to be very fruitful. From grassy levels and low bush we came after crossing a little Khor Ananshoa flowing into the Kibbi, to a beautiful wooded tract. The Kibbi itself was too deep to admit of our wading through it, so we encamped near the bank while waiting for the river swollen by the rains to subside. The abundance of wood round about enabled us to make our huts large and con-

venient, and in the middle of the camp a zeriba was made for the herds of cows, sheep and goats we brought with us. These speedily increased in numbers, for the negroes had brought their cattle to the solitary woods for safety, and thanks to Lemihn's treachery they were soon discovered and driven to the camp.

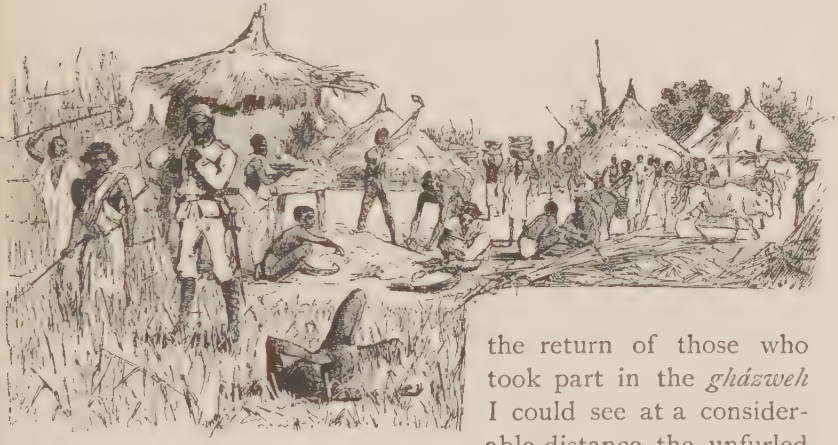
I had reached the Kibbi, the source of the Welle, and thus accomplished the object I had so long steadily pursued ; to me it was given to penetrate into regions hitherto untrodden by any white man, and to extend our knowledge of Africa. Yet I could not take pleasure in my successful journey. The constantly recurring scenes of savage brutality, the floggings liberally dispensed every day to the slaves and servants, the sick and wounded, the dread of fire, for hardly a day passed without one or two huts being burnt; my indignation at the robbers, the Nubians being the worst, pity for the poor plundered negroes—all this added to the possibility of an attack in the dark, and the heavy storms every night with deafening thunder-peals and deluges of rain, made it impossible to feel peace or comfort or satisfaction.

On the 10th December our expedition crossed the Kibbi in several places and collected on its west bank. Here it is a swift stream flowing over a rocky bed fifteen yards wide and nearly two feet in depth. In our march we came across several deserted hamlets and unmistakable tracks of large herds of cattle. We arrived in the territory of the Chief Liki, and made a halt of several days to pursue the sad business of robbing and plundering.

The camp, towards the construction of which the *tuqúls* of the fugitive Kalikás contributed their roofs, numbered close on four hundred huts. To protect mine from the large herds of cattle, I had a thorn-hedge made round it, and was thus quite cut off from the rest. Half of the armed force went out every day on the raid. The strength of the robber troops lay in the so-called Dragomans, who were armed with guns, and displayed wonderful endurance of hardships, perseverance in the chase and swift running, and were quite the trackers and hounds of the expedition. I had repeated opportunities of convincing myself

that they are also good shots. Being courageous and rendered confident by their superior arms, three or four of them together will attack whole troops of the natives, and generally put them to flight. The Dragomans are accompanied by slave boys who have to collect the booty.

With the Dragomans are associated the Bombeh-Makarakas and other spearmen, and the negroes armed with bows and arrows. The Nubians generally remain behind to protect the camp, accompanying the others only on special occasions when flags and ammunition are brought into requisition. At Liki's, the booty even on the first day was very great. On



RAID IN KALIKÁ.

the return of those who took part in the *gházweh* I could see at a considerable distance the unfurled red flag, a sign that they were bringing cattle—about one thousand herd had fallen into their hands. Our men came off in the raid without a single wound, so that the result was highly satisfactory.

These raids were continued during the whole month of December; as soon as the territory of one chief was completely plundered we marched to the next hamlets. The wretched natives rarely resisted, and when they did it was with arrow-shots from safe ambush; these wounded many, but only resulted in one death. The Chief Liki alone, enraged by the loss of his herds and the spoiling of his fields, marched with the courage of

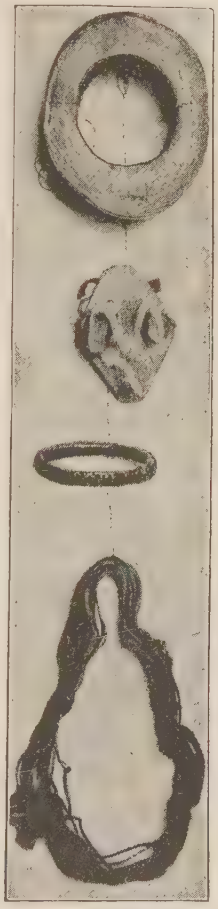
despair openly against his foes. His sudden appearance close to our camp, towards which he had approached unnoticed caused a great commotion, for every one thought that the natives were attacking us in great numbers, but he was alone and quickly shot off several arrows. A ball then shattered his arm above the elbow and our Bombeh soldiers fell on him, mutilating his corpse and cutting off his head, which was given to me and prepared for my collection.

From Liki's district we directed our course first southwards then eastwards, and finally through the land already traversed near Lemihn's. The western district belongs to the Kalikás, who are said to extend for some distance in this direction; the eastern district on which we touched is inhabited by the Lúbaris. From the most southerly point of this expedition, which was also the most southerly reached by me on my first inland African journey, the territories of the chiefs Lea, Lenga, and Abudá, I saw from several places in our camp a mountain range rising up in the far south, in which probably the sources of the Kibbi-Kebali-Welle are to be found. It may have been twenty to twenty-five miles distant. Through the telescope I could perceive trees growing on some of the heights. These mountains are rounded in form, but beyond them I discovered still more distant mountain peaks.

In Lubari Land I came nearer to the mountains to the east already seen and measured. Here they no longer looked like isolated crests but a continuous mountain range. In some directions I noticed chains of mountains lying one behind the other. The three highest peaks I named Jebel Gessi, Jebel Gordon, and Jebel Baker. The most distinct was Jebel Gordon; the ground gradually ascends to the lower hills before it. Other ranges lie to the south of the two highest peaks of Jebel Gordon, beyond which is the group Jebel Baker. To the north of Jebel Gordon, the Jebel Gessi, a high conical rock on the mountain ridge, can be easily recognised.

During the three days' great Mohammedan feast, the Îd-el-Kebir of the Arabs and Kurban bairam of the Turks, beginning on the 15th December, according to our calendar,

and the 7th day of the Arab month Dsu'l-Higgeh, peace was maintained, and the natives were not persecuted with raids. On the third day on which the chief festival in memory of Ibrahim's (Abraham's) sacrifice is held, Atrush Agha had seventy-five of the 2,500 oxen that had been taken, killed, and the meat distributed to the whole camp. Several of the strictest Nubians bought some of the plundered oxen of the government of the province which in accordance with the ritual were unmaimed in eye or ear, or any other member. After a long search only twelve were found that fulfilled these requirements. Swearing is also forbidden in these days ; it cost Atrush no little effort to restrain his habit of blasphemous cursing at every tenth word. The slaves, male and female, profited most by the feast, during which they enjoyed a respite from the lash.



RINGS AND GIRDLES OF THE KALIKAS.

As soon as it was over the raids were continued. At cockcrow the camp was all alive and the men told off for the *gházweh* set out. The many voices in the early concert bore witness to a large community of fowls. There could not have been less than a thousand of these stolen birds ; Atrush alone had eighty, and all the officers and Nubian soldiers had their poultry yard.

To the losses of the natives in oxen, goats, and sheep, to the wasting of their fields, and destruction of their huts, was added the theft of women and children. In the hunt for slaves neither age nor sex is spared. Whatever fell into the hands of the robbers was driven to the camp, and of course the men were able to get away much more easily than the women and children. The Makarakas were not above taking even the old women from their homes, so long as they were capable of working in

the fields, but those who were disabled or too weak were set at liberty again. Many of these Kaliká women were ransomed by their husbands with ivory. Although the zeribas and their administration had been for years in the hands of the Egyptian government, there had been no alteration in the old system of kidnapping. God is high above and the Pasha a long way off, thought the mudîrs, who not only permitted kidnapping but enriched themselves with it. The full-grown men alone were set apart as recruits for the government, and all the rest remained to the officers, Dongolans, and soldiers engaged in the expedition. In the course of the Kaliká expedition, I saw the sufferings inflicted by the heavy *shebba* on the captives destined for further transport to Ladó. In this instance the torture was increased by their right hands being fastened to the yoke. Torn for ever from his hearth, from his family, from his possessions, the lot of the persecuted negro is harder than that of the cattle stolen with him.

Though in the camp I was spared many scenes of intense misery, heartlessness, and brute force, on the march I saw atrocities and horrors which roused my anger and made me seize my stick. The treatment of the poor slave children was shameful. Many of the little ones from three to five years old fell under the feet of the adults in the crowd whilst crossing a river ; they were left wailing pitifully, the others pressed on, and the march passed over them without care or compassion. One day I noticed four little children hardly four years old, trotting alongside of a person in the procession. One of them stumbled and fell, it got up crying and was about to run on when a negress gave it a kick in the back in passing and knocked it down in the grass again. I could no longer restrain my anger, and belaboured the broad back of the vixen. Those suffering from small-pox dragged themselves painfully along on two sticks, thankful if they could reach the next halting place. On one side I saw a poor wretch whose whole side was one great wound ; the red flesh without any skin was a terrible sight. I turned away shuddering and saw just in front of me an *angareb* on which some of the wounded were being carried. This journey was no joyful one, God knows!

In order that nothing might be wanting in the work of destruction, the stragglers always set fire to the camp on leaving it; my intercession with Atrush against this wanton cruelty, which destroyed the roofs "lent" perforce by the natives, was without result. His only answer was a shrug of the shoulders. The Christmas festival of 1877 passed sadly by, amidst the continual raids and scenes of misery. "This evening, and yesterday also, several reports were heard, and a negress trying to make her escape was shot," is one of the entries of my journal at this time;

BURNING OF A DESERTED CAMP.

and next day, "This evening again an escaped slave was shot in the dark."

Our march southwards was closed at the end of the year, and the object of the expedition accomplished; for in addition to the many goats and fowls, and countless baskets and jars with corn, oil, butter, &c., about 4,000 head of cattle had been taken. On the 1st January began the return march northwards, through Lúbari to Lemihn's, and thence over the road already traversed to Ganda, where we remained from the 12th to the 14th January. The small-pox made fearful ravages amongst our people. Sick

and dying were seen daily on the march back from Kaliká ; words hardly suffice to describe the full extent of the misery I witnessed without interruption, day after day. On the return journey from the Bahr el-Ghazal district, hundreds had fallen a prey to the terrible death from starvation and complete exhaustion. On the return journey from Kaliká it was the small-pox that took off our men without mercy. Of course I did not know how far the sickness spread in the region we left behind, but it followed our train, devastating the regions to the north and east, and later on in my journey to Ladó, I was witness of the misery brought on Niambara land by famine and the terrible small-pox scourge. Famine and disease are the chief causes of the depopulation of Central Africa ; in comparison with these the export of slaves is but a small item.

These sad events had a very unfavourable influence on the otherwise prosperous Makaraka Land, the best of the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces. Apart from the great sacrifice of human life caused by the military expeditions and raids, and by overburdening the carriers when they were underfed, a large part of the male population was, for nearly half the year, kept in public service, far from home and wife and child. This could not but nourish the hatred of the population for their oppressors, and if it did not break into open rebellion, it was only because of the indolence of the negroes, their sad habit of patient endurance in slavery, and their states being split up, thus preventing unity of action. But that the long-suffering Makarakas also were with good reason dissatisfied, and tired of the abuses of the Egyptian, I heard from the mouth of the Bombeh chief Ringio, who repeatedly complained to me that it was just the Makaraka district that was being rapidly depopulated, because their men being better at all kinds of work, and more willing than those of the other districts, were therefore taken in preference by the government for service in war or as carriers. Although he had grown up in the service of the Arabs he was rendered sad and discontented by this misgovernment, and begged me to say a word in the right place to put an end to this overpressure. It may appear strange that this state of

things could exist at a time when Gordon, after a long period of fatiguing service in the Equatorial Provinces, ruled the Sudan as Governor-General. This shows how low was the tone of public opinion, and how difficult it was to establish good government and remove long-existing abuses with the old staff of officials. The abuses which still existed prove that the efforts and philanthropy, even of a Gordon, were without effect. Gordon was aware of the almost insuperable difficulties which prevented the success of his endeavours; if he did not recognize its full extent, he knew in part, of all the opposition which fettered and hindered his efforts. But the knowledge that he was unable to remedy many of the abuses, could not have sufficed to a man accustomed to success, and was the cause of those measures which called forth, on many sides, such unfavourable comment owing either to want of knowledge, or of consideration of the then existing circumstances. The long delay in the attainment of his efforts at last made Gordon dissatisfied with his position.

So long as our way back from Kaliká lay through the enemy's country the different columns were obliged to keep together in close ranks, bearing in mind that the deeply injured negroes might still make an attack on the expedition, In Kakuák territory, however, where the chiefs allied with us, had joined us with their people on the journey out, the different divisions began to disperse. The nearer we came to Rimó the more they were scattered, each leader as he thought well, taking the shortest road home with his people. The cattle, driven in two large divisions, were in charge of some Barís who had accompanied us specially for this purpose; for excepting the Niambaras, none of the other tribes understood tending cattle, least of all the Makarakas and Bombehs. The governors of the different stations, however, managed to obtain illegally a larger or smaller number of cows; the goats remained, as already stated, in the possession of those who had taken them or were transferred to their masters. Once in Kakuák territory, the sick and disabled could take comfort in the thought that, in the case of their being left behind, they would not inevitably fall a prey to

the death which certainly overtook all stragglers in the enemy's country. As long as ever his feet will carry him, the negro endeavours to keep up with the caravan, however ill he may be, for he well knows what privations he will otherwise have to endure, and how much his life is worth to those who, if not his enemies, do not belong to the same tribe as himself. To the honour of the Arabs (Nubians, Dongolans), be it said that when one of their servants or slaves falls ill, he is left with a chief to be nursed, and corn, &c., given to provide him with food. That self-interest has more to do with this than goodness of heart can hardly be doubted.

We returned to Rimó by the same road as we had left it, excepting for a short stretch to the west. I reached the village with Ahmed Atrush, the wekil Abd' Allâh Abû Sēd having preceded us thither the day before to prepare for our reception. Our welcome was hearty, and we were hospitably entertained. Our expedition, or rather our raid, had been attended with success, so that some of the stores left at home, of which we were deprived on the journey, could be expended. The returning wanderers diligently plied the merissa and corn-spirit bowls. The troops, soldiers, dragomans, and carriers from the northern stations and their neighbourhood had hastened from Rimó to their villages. Here, also, I separated from Atrush, who, after a short stay, followed his men to Wandi.

The expedition to Kaliká had completed my journey round Makaraka Land, and I now thought of my return to Europe. But months were to go by before I set foot on my native soil. A little gap remained to be filled up in my knowledge of the lands I had traversed in all directions during the year 1877, before turning my back on Makaraka, as I then believed, for ever. I had not yet seen the little station of Mdīrfi, to the south-west of Rimó. Instead, therefore, of taking the direct route to Kabayéndi, I went round by Mdīrfi to complete my observations for the map of Makaraka Land.

A day's journey brought me from Rimó to the little station.

I found but few settlements on the way, which lay through light bush penetrated by the sun's rays. My arrival in Mdīrfi was expected. The head Dragoman of the zeriba, Tomé, a stout portly negro, had been with us in Kaliká, and I had told him of my intention of visiting Mdīrfi on my journey. The wekil of the station was absent at the time, but Tomé had made the necessary preparations for my reception, and, in anticipation of a present, was most officious. In his zeal he made one blunder after another, and injured the natives without doing me any good. Amongst other things I had expressed a wish for new-laid eggs. Tomé sent the soldiers of the station out in all directions with injunctions to bring back all the eggs they could procure. In a few hours the good-natured blockhead came to me beaming with delight, and to my astonishment had two large baskets with hundreds of eggs placed in front of me. In the greater number of them the process of hatching was more or less advanced. I much regretted having been the cause of this foolish destruction of the natives' property, and administered a severe reproof to Tomé instead of the anticipated reward. The negroes in my service derived the benefit of this incident, or after carefully sorting the eggs, the best of which I had reserved for my use, they divided all the rest amongst them. The most stupid of my servants, Abû Homer, already introduced to the reader, devoured with relish even the half-hatched chickens.

From Mdīrfi I could overlook the mountain land to the south, and mark some of the elevations in the map. As often occurs in Makaraka Land, the population was mixed, the Fejilús being the dominant element. After a short stay in Mdīrfi, I hastened without further interruption to my head-quarters in Kabayéndi. The first part of the country between the two places was new to me, but there was nothing remarkable, the one advantage for me being that I became acquainted with the network of little streams in this district.

At the completion of my journey I could boast that in my itinerary of the negro countries not a single day had been omitted, and the work was uninterrupted. Throughout the

whole march I daily recorded the incline, every five, ten, or fifteen minutes, according to our direction and the conformation of the ground. This survey was ended when I reached Kabayéndi at the end of January, 1878, for I returned to Ladó by roads with which I was already acquainted.

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT ON THE NILE.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST RESIDENCE IN KABAYÉNDI AND WANDI. RETURN JOURNEY TO LADÓ.

To Wandi—New Station—Delay in Starting for Ladó—Murder of the Chief Dáli—Number of the Population in the Province of Makaraka—The Niambara Valley—Gházweh at Jebel Kunúfi—Arrival at Ladó.

FORESEEING a long stay at Kabayéndi, I settled myself there as comfortably as possible. Some days after my arrival were spent in reading and looking through the magazines and newspapers that had come from Europe in my absence. After the fatigues and excitement of the last months the rest in my temporary home was delicious, and I gladly gave myself up to sweet repose, broken only by occasional reading. The quiet easy life in the station, however, was, as I had already often experienced, prejudicial to my health, and in the beginning of February a fever lasting several days completely disabled me. The concern for my own health was of short duration, and I was soon restored to my full strength. On the other hand great anxiety awaited me on account

of others: I had soon losses to mourn in my immediate neighbourhood. Many who had taken part in the expedition, and had arrived at Kabayéndi in good health, were now taken ill. I saw my house turned into a hospital, so that the time before my departure for Ladó was spent in trouble and anxiety. I busied myself with packing my collections and recommenced my literary work, arranging my journal, mapping out my surveys, and writing the reports and correspondence for Khartum and Europe, which were carried to Ladó by the messenger post of the governors in Makaraka.

In this way the first half of February was passed, and thereon followed the careful cleaning, airing and packing of my extensive collections. The birdskins and eggs and a number of the smaller mammalia prepared by Kopp, who had since died, were stowed away in several tin boxes. Specimens preserved in spirits and natural objects of all kinds required to be carefully looked through once more; many that were spoilt had to be thrown away. I had no suitable case for any bulky articles, and made shift with some of the large baskets of the natives covered with cowhides. Antelope, buffalo and other horns were covered with grass and matting, and tied up with strips of cow-hide in separate bundles. The same was done with the native spears, shields, wooden articles, specimens of negro industry and a large number of skins. I still think with grief of the moment when I again saw my beautiful leopard skins, a year later, in St. Petersburg. Not one of them could be used. The ethnological collection had considerably increased in the course of time; for not only the scenes of my travels were represented, but also the western A-Zandehs and the Mangbáttus, and there were a number of typical skulls of different negro races. Many of the things I had brought from Europe and no longer required I got rid of by distributing them as presents amongst the overseers, officers, and other officials who had showed me civility.

I received intelligence from Wandi that the departure for Ladó was to take place at the end of the month, and that this time also the caravan would be very numerous. My luggage

was all ready to go, so I set out for Wandi on the 20th February. Ahmed was to follow with the remaining luggage. The day before our departure from Kabayéndi, a great sensation was made by the tidings that the popular and renowned Makaraka chief Dáli Soghaïr, the black Falstaff I called Abû Merissa, and whom I had repeatedly visited in the zeriba, had been murdered. This occasioned an unwelcome postponement of our journey to Ladó. Half way to Wandi I enjoyed, for the last time, the hospitality of the wekil of Little Makaraka, Ahmed Agha Akhúan in his house where every one was at home. Even in his absence open table with excellent fare was kept for passing guests. He most certainly deserved the highest praise for the garden and orchard cultivation in Makaraka. He was a severe master to his numerous male and female slaves ; I was assured that many of his servants had died in consequence of excessive flogging. He and Atrush were among the oldest settlers in Makaraka.

I arrived at Wandi on the 21st February, but no longer found the old station as I had known it. Some time before Bahit, who had since received the rank and title of "Bey," had told me of his intention of removing the station. The new station I found built in the angle formed by the conjunction of the river Torre with the Yei-Nsoro (Makaraka name for the Yei) about fifteen minutes' walk from the old site. All the building materials which could be employed had been taken from the old station, and the remainder burnt on the spot, so that hardly a trace remained of the former huts, especially as their site was already covered by newly-sprung grass. Only the mud walls of two large white plastered *tuqûl* were standing ; I passed them on my way to the new station, and thought with sorrow of my companion Kopp who had found an early death in one of those huts the preceding year.

Atrush had remained in his own separate zeriba with its many huts, in the midst of bananas and fruit trees, not wishing to give up the old gardens and the home that had become dear to him. Bahit, who had been informed of my arrival, made preparations for receiving me and my things. I settled myself

down again for a long stay in Wandi, for apparently the time for starting to Ladó had not yet arrived. The zeriba life did not suit my health any better here ; a few days afterwards I had a slight attack of fever which was renewed almost daily for some time. Some doses of quinine did not fail to render their usual service ; in order to guard against destroying the effect of this remedy by too frequent use, I only took it when absolutely necessary, and it thus proved efficacious on every occasion.

The month of February came to an end, and I had still to bridle my impatience, for it was evident that our departure would be delayed for weeks. I was obliged to give up the idea of making the journey to Ladó alone with a small guard, for all of the officials refused—and very prudently—to be answerable for my safety. The roads in the Niambara territory, as well as through the still unsubjugated Bari tribes near Mount Kunúfi, were at that time very dangerous for small caravans. The frequent raids of passing expeditions had excited extreme resentment amongst the negroes. The officials had no intention of subjugating them once and for all, for it was impossible to rob the friendly negroes ruthlessly as they did the hostile tribes. The *gházweh* system offered to the leaders of the expeditions the advantage of feeding the troops on the march and providing themselves with abundant supplies for some time.

In spite of the strict prohibition of Gordon, who was always endeavouring to restrain this evil, the raids were continued as before. On this account the journey from Makaraka to Ladó would still have been a rash undertaking for a small caravan. The natives had, in many instances, taken a bloody revenge on the government officials. As the large ivory caravan had to be sent sooner or later, it was the more impossible for me to request a numerous armed escort for my journey.

The tedium of waiting was relieved by writing, which I again took up, by the occasional perusal of letters and newspapers brought by special messengers from Ladó, and by visits to Bahit and my old friend Atrush, who, like Bahit, had been

nominated Bey. Atrush had always plenty to relate, and I am indebted to his accounts for my acquaintance with many matters in the Equatorial Provinces, of which I should otherwise hardly have learnt anything. Being intimately acquainted with the inhabitants, manners and customs of this country, in which he had spent a great number of years, he was able also to give me valuable information on past times. Bahit, the Nuba negro, liked, as already described, to assemble the natives about him and be generous at the expense of the government. The official authority of a mudír or wekil (deputy) in these countries is very great, and allows free scope for deception and dishonesty. It is only necessary for the superior and his secretary, who keeps the accounts, to go hand in hand, which in their mutual interest they invariably do. The Arabs, Egyptians and Turks in negro lands do not like associating in any way with the native ; in him they see only a born slave on whom they seldom bestow a kind word ; hence their intercourse with the natives is restricted entirely to official matters. The higher officials of negro origin, on the contrary, associate with the natives, who can more easily gain access to them, and therefore of course have more affection for them. The fundamental difference of views and opinions has made the relations between the pale (Arab-Turk) and the black officials and officers very strained. Amongst the lower classes, the irregular Nubian soldiers (*Khoterieh*) and the drilled line troops (*Gehadieh*) this coolness between the superiors is augmented to envy and hatred, as was plainly demonstrated in the struggle with the Mahdi in Emin Pasha's province.

In the meantime we had entered on the second half of March, and I was still awaiting the longed-for departure. The chief cause of the delay was the above-mentioned murder of Dáli ; this had excited the people and the mudír was afraid of a bloody contest between the Fejilús, to whose tribe the murderers belonged, and the Makarakas and Bombehs, who were thirsting for revenge. The motive of the murder of the chief, who had been attacked by three Fejilús in his own zeriba and received deadly spear wounds, was uncertain, but lay perhaps in the proverb "cherchez la femme." Some women, who had been stolen and

demanded back but not restored, were probably the cause of Dáli's death. Fortunately the three Fejilús had been secured after the deed, and this circumstance probably prevented the immediate commencement of a bloody revenge. The murderers paid the debt of blood on the gallows. Notwithstanding this, Bahit Bey feared further complications, and desired some time to elapse before leaving Makaraka, especially as the caravan to Ladó would be again accompanied by a large number of troops. As several of the governors and of the native leaders of the columns were also to accompany us, it was necessary to wait until the people had quieted down. Several weeks had passed; but Bahit at last had begun the preparations for our departure. In the yards and kitchens the negro women were seen steadily at work, getting ready the supplies for their masters and the servants. Here one could see the corn sifted, there it was being pounded in wooden mortars or ground to flour on the Murhaka. Women and girls sang at their work till late in the night. *Kisrā* was baked in great quantities, spread out on mats to dry in the sun and the *abré* prepared in this manner put into goat-skin bottles. I also was busy packing the latest additions to the ethnographical collection. My servant Ahmed who had remained with the luggage in Kabayéndi until shortly before we started, now joined me.

Before concluding my account of Makaraka, I will give some particulars of the population, the result of a census of the bondsmen of all the Makaraka and Bombeh chiefs. The remarkably low numbers show that we are here dealing only with the dwindled down residue of the tribes, and that the large number of chiefs is out of proportion to their few followers. I have already said that the Makaraka and Bombehs belong to the great A-Zandeh nation, as do also the Appágumbe and Bamindá tribes which have almost died out. In the time of the last generation but one, all these races from the far west were driven by wars of succession and political disturbances from their country in the territory of the Sultan Kipa- to their present abodes. The name Makaraka was given to the tribe calling itself Idió by the original negroes inhabiting what was

afterwards the Mudiriyeh Makaraka. It signifies "Man-eater" and "Flesh-eater." It was adopted by the immigrants from Nubia and Khartum and afterwards universally employed to denote the Idiós and the country inhabited by them. Ringio, the principal chief of the Bombehs and Makarakas, and the head Dragoman of the province, was the son of a renowned A-Zandeh prince Ngerria. He was captured in his boyhood and taken as a slave to Khartum. Here he entered the household of John Petherick, the English vice-consul, in whose service he remained many years. Having heard from a Makaraka woman, a fellow slave, of the new territory acquired by the Idiós he resolved to join them; Petherick gave his consent and sent him to his zeriba, Neangara. Ringio was well received by the Makarakas and Bombehs and was acknowledged as Ngerria's son and their chief. At his suggestion, the late Fadl Allâh came as governor of Petherick's zeribas to Makaraka Land, and was followed by Ahmed Agha Atrush and Ahmed Agha Akhúan. The independence of the negroes quickly came to an end, and the heavy yoke of the Khartum traders depopulated the previously thickly inhabited land. I received the following statistics of the population in 1878.

I. In the district of the station Kabayéndi (*a*) Makarakas (counting the men only) about 750. These were divided under the chief Dáli Soghaïr, Dali Kebîr, Fongo, Bánsala, Barafío, Bambáya, Gigo, Bakríngio, Báqi, Longri, Kidibá, Bénsiko and Amuseí.

(*b*) Bombehs (men only) about 200. The chiefs of these were Abdimbé Kebîr, Abdimbé Soghaïr, Báro, Nduku, Sebólo, Ngása, Búku, Madibba and Depélli.

The Bombehs living in the Béndo district on the way to Mangbúttu, and the Appágumbes and Bamindás (these two amounting to about 100); the former living in the neighbourhood of Mt. Baginse on the Nbia Báso, and the latter a day's journey to the west of the chief Gabologgo, are, however, not included.

II. In the district of the Makaraka Soghair station Makarakas (men only) about 500.

The chiefs are: Bándua, Básso, Bótu, Bambiko, Mánda, Tabálla, Nbáno, Mbeliká and Sumbá.

Makaraka and Bombeh negroes together 1,500.

These are so divided amongst the chiefs that the less important have from ten to fifty, and the greater up to 100 subjects. To the male population must be added four times, perhaps five times, the number of women besides the children. The chiefs have most children, as they have the greatest number of wives ; *e.g.* Barafío had forty wives and sixty children. There are no Makarakas or Bombehs living in the stations of Wandi, Rimó and Mdīrfi.

With these may be compared the estimated numbers of the other races inhabiting Makaraka Land :—

Mundús ... ... about	1,250
Fejilús (about half the Makarakas and Bombehs)..	750
Liggis ... ... about	1,000
Abukáya oisilas and Abukáya oigigas ... ,,	6,500
Morús near Wándi ... . ,,	1,500
Total	11,000
Makarakas and Bombehs	1,500
Total of the Male Inhabitants..	12,500

Of the Morús, only the Morú jiogirra living in the Wandi district are included ; the Morú missa on the river Yei, the Morú elrumbá on the Niambara frontier, the Morú wádi in the neighbourhood of the Mittú-Mádis and the Morú kudrû are for the most part independent tribes.

Already the day before our departure there was a great stir in Wandi and its immediate neighbourhood. The time for the return journey to Ladó, which had been put off from week to week, and impatiently awaited by me from day to day, was at length fixed for the 20th of March. The caravan, which was very large and numbered many persons, took the road already described in this book that had been traversed by me a year before ; even the old camps were used as our quarters at night. There were the same incidents, the same varied life and bustle, the same busy crowd of different races, of men and women, carriers and soldiers as I had enjoyed a year before, and again on the journey to Bahr el-Ghazal and on the expedition to Kaliká a few months previously. But the charm of novelty had passed and weakened the susceptibility to the experiences and

varied impressions of the last year. Still on this, the last journey I made for some time in negro lands, I saw enough that kept its hold on my memory. Unfortunately it was for the most part scenes of the greatest imaginable human misery and distress.

On the other side of the Rego mountains, I amused myself in the camp by watching our Makaraka negroes. In some half dried-up ponds, which in the rainy season are connected with the khors flowing northwards, they had been looking for fish, and found instead young crocodiles. Two of the reptiles, over a yard long, were caught. As I had already observed in Khartum, the men protect themselves from the sharp dangerous bite of the young creatures by winding bast tightly round the long projecting snout. This rare and unexpected haul was brought amidst laughter and joking in triumph to the camp. Later, a large Vara lizard, resembling a crocodile, was caught in the thick jungle along the banks. This discovery was so far important to me that it was a sure proof that the torrents in the Regó mountains belong to the basin of the Yei and that in the rainy season the crocodiles travel far up the small streams also. Cases are known of old crocodiles burying themselves deep in sandy river beds and remaining for months in a kind of hybernation.

In the Niambara valley, on the way to the zeriba of the same name, I witnessed a terrible example of the misery which is inflicted on the natives. The numbers of skeletons and human bones lying near the road on the march through the valley had already shown what had taken place there. Death had reaped a rich harvest. Famine had allied itself to the small-pox. But in the immediate neighbourhood of the zeriba bleached skulls and skeletons, and dried uninjured human corpses or parts of them, lay about in dozens. Starvation could be plainly read on many of the completely mummified bodies. The poor negroes were literally reduced to skin and bone, and the skin had been tanned to leather by the tropical sun. The hyænas and vultures must have had a plentiful repast, for they had left a number of corpses untouched. Driven by hunger even the hostile natives from the mountains had come to the zeriba seeking help, and had there found death instead of the durra they had hoped for

The garrison of the station itself had to contend with severe privations, and had to be supplied with the necessary corn from Makaraka.

Next morning we left this sad spot. Melancholy reflections and pity for the poor negroes driven to misery by the Egyptians long kept me company. Crossing the second range of Niambara Land, the Mire mountains, we pitched our camp that night on the Khor Kadabi, and on the next near the Khor Kóda. In Bari Land, which we had now reached, Mount Kunúfi, which is visible far around, served as a landmark We encamped a few hours' march from it. Next morning the camp was broken up exceptionally early, and we pressed onwards while it was still dark. I found myself in the van of the caravan. The morning light had begun to prevail when some armed Dragomans and soldiers rushed past me joined by members of the caravan. Half mechanically I followed them at a quick trot with my servants, leaving the carriers behind. The troop hurrying on in front turned from the road to the right hand at a constantly increasing pace. Soon after I heard a succession of shots. I followed the sound and those behind came quickly up. A few minutes later I reached the end of the bush which excluded the view. A flat open country extended before me with durra fields and scattered groups of huts, near which some splendid *kigelias*, with thick shady crowns, were growing. The pleasant picture was enhanced by Mount Kunúfi, which rose immediately beyond. Between the mountain and the settlements the serpentine line of the broad bed of the Luxit, now dry, curved northwards. The first rays of the morning sun appeared as I neared these peaceful, happy-looking huts. A harmonious idyll! But alas! here again were death and destruction. Already at the sounds of the shots in the distance I foreboded evil, and on coming closer to the picture of seeming prosperity so joyfully greeted by me, I found that it was stained with the blood of a negro stretched in the grass. Just afterward I saw another dead man. The poor wretches had been surprised by the soldiers before they could take to flight. Probably they had tried to save

GHAZWEH ON A BARÍ VILLAGE, NEAR JEBEL KUNÚFI. (*After a drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

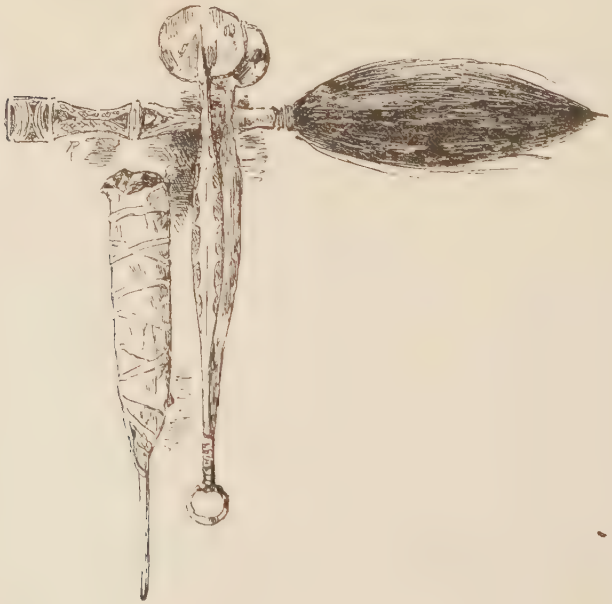
some of their possessions and their goats. Search was now made for these by the troops amongst the huts, and they were driven together. They could search and plunder the huts undisturbed by the poor Baris who had fled, and whom I saw climbing the slopes of the Kunúfi on the other side of the Luxit.

Bahit Bey, who, in the meantime, had come up to the scene of the *gházweh*, commanded a short halt, and looked smiling at a few dozen goats that had been driven towards him without showing the least feeling or comprehension of the wrong that had been committed. "These negroes are stubborn and ungovernable," he said, turning to me, no doubt trying to justify the order given for the *gházweh*. After resting a few minutes we turned back to the main body of the caravan. The plundered negroes might help themselves in their agony as best they could, not one in our company troubled himself about the groans of those thus wantonly laid low!

During the last halt, before reaching Ladó, our rest was disturbed by an incident which illustrates the cowardly, foolish fear of the negro. The camp had been arranged as usual. The leaders of the expedition, the zeriba governors, the officers occupied the centre, the outer circle being formed by the soldiers and Dragomans, and between them the carriers, and the Bombehs and Makarakas, armed with spears and shields, kept up their fire. The prospect of a speedy arrival in Ladó, and their satisfaction over the booty of tobacco had made the men merry, and there was life in the camp until a late hour. Gradually it became quieter, here and there the fire was dying down. Fatigue had lulled me to sleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a terrific scream from several hundred throats, and I sprang hurriedly from my couch. In the semi-darkness that prevailed, I saw that half the members of the caravan were pressing towards the middle of the camp overturning everything in their way, and were wildly taking flight. In the mad tumult, one heard only the piercing cry, "*Oh, oh, abid, abid!*" (negroes, negroes!). I, too, thought we were attacked by the Baris. The mistake was soon discovered, and I joined with Bahit and the officers in trying to restrain and pacify

those who were trying to escape. Cries of joy succeeded the ungovernable panic, and the men returned laughing and joking to the camp. I did not learn the reason of the sudden alarm; probably some negro had called out in his sleep, and his white-livered neighbours had taken the cry for a sign of danger. Six years afterwards I witnessed a similar scene in the same neighbourhood, and such occurrences serve to show what little reliance can be placed on such men in real danger.

We arrived at Ladó on the 29th March. I had prepared a surprise for my carriers and a little pleasure for myself before the entry into Ladó, which was made in regular columns. At our last halting place I distributed amongst them new white loin cloths which I had cut up in Wandi from the last piece of calico in my possession. My little suite of servants put on their best clothes. So I marched into the station at the head of about sixty carriers, followed by my negroes. As on my first stay in Ladó the main body of the caravan remained outside the zeriba and encamped there.



PART OF A HORSE'S TRAPPINGS FROM DAR-FÔR.

CHAPTER XV.

RESIDENCE IN LADÓ AND RETURN JOURNEY TO KHARTUM.

Further Delay on the Journey—Changes in the Officials and at the Station of Ladó—Scarcity of Corn and Rise in Price—Gustav Eberle—Dr. Emin's Return from Uganda—His Personal Appearance—My Intercourse with him—Ethnographic Collections—Fetishes and Penates—Sudden Arrival of a Steamer from Khartum—System of Payment of the Egyptian Officials in the Equatorial Provinces—Slave Trade and Exportation—Departure from Ladó—Nile Journey and Arrival in Khartum.

On my return to Ladó I received the disagreeable intelligence that the steamer had returned to Khartum a few days before. Here again, therefore, I was obliged to submit to an unwelcome delay. An order certainly existed that communication between Khartum, the Upper White Nile and Ladó should be maintained by a monthly service of boats; but, like many others, it was not carried into effect. Intercommunication was and remained very irregular. In spite of this I did not anticipate being obliged to remain in Ladó until the month of June. Had I been able to foresee this, I should have set out immediately for the southern military stations Regáf, Keri, Muggi, &c. posted by Gordon Pasha on the Nile, a scheme which the state of affairs had prevented my carrying out during my first stay in Ladó. I therefore resigned myself to circumstances, trusting that I should not have to wait very long.

During my travels in Makaraka and Kaliká, some changes had taken place in Ladó which affected the administration of the whole province. Gordon Pasha, who had governed the Equatorial Provinces independently since the year 1874, being answerable only to the ministry in Cairo, had been appointed Hokmdar of the whole of the Sudan, and had taken up his residence in Khartum; he was destined never to see Ladó again. His successor there for a short time was the American Prout Bey, who is known in connection with the vice-regal explorations in Kordofan and Dar-Fôr. He was succeeded by Mason Bey, another American and Egyptian field-officer. In addition to the prominent part he took in the survey and mapping out of Dar-Fôr, we have to thank Mason for the first and only good map of the Mvutan (Albert Nyanza) which we at present possess. After R. Gessi had completed the first voyage made by a European round this lake in April 1876, Mason undertook a reconnoitring expedition from the 14th to the 19th June 1877, and the map appeared as the result.[1] He also however soon returned to Egypt. To my astonishment, I met Ibrahîm Fauzi in Ladó, in the place of Mudîr Amûm, Governor of the Upper Nile Provinces. Thanks to Gordon's confidence in him, which he shamefully abused, Ibrahîm had been advanced from the rank of an insignificant lieutenant, as which I had first known him, to that of major, and he now filled a position of high authority, which a man of his stamp was sure to know how to turn to account. He was not long to enjoy possession of it. The Mudîr Kuku Agha, whose acquaintance I had made during my first visit to Ladó, had been transferred to a station on the Somerset Nile, where he had been killed with the garrison in an attack by the Lango negroes.

No great changes had been attempted in the Zeriba Ladó. The only new building was a spacious divan, which had been constructed of bricks burnt in Ladó itself. My former servant Eberle, whom I had been obliged to send back to Khartum on

[1] In the *Bulletin de la Société Khédiviale de Géogr. du Caire*, No. 5, May 1877 to February 1878.

account of sickness, had come to Ladó as a trader on recovering his health. The profit of from 100 to 200 per cent. which is to be made on the sale of rice, sugar, coffee and other articles of consumption, especially spirits, from Egypt and Europe, had induced him to devote his savings and his energies to commerce. He had disposed of nearly all his stock, and what was left I took. As it proved later, his health suffered again severely from the climate of the Upper Nile provinces ; his enterprise brought him to the grave.

After settling down in the farm appointed as my residence, cleaning, airing and ordering my baggage and collections, I fell back into the tedious zeriba life which I knew so well by experience. On the 5th April, all the inhabitants of Makaraka able to bear arms, marched southwards under the command of Bahit Bey to revenge the death of Kuku Agha and his soldiers upon the Lango negroes. They were to be joined by auxiliary troops at the southern stations. It was very still now in Ladó, especially when Ibrahim Fauzi had left with his retinue. On the 7th April began the first rains, harbingers of a copious *kharîf*.

The month of April passed without bringing the steamer that I awaited so impatiently. But fever broke out, as was usual, I may here say, after a long unbroken stay in the same station. The number of members in my household varied considerably. To it was here added a cook engaged by Dr. Emin in Khartum, who had since been awaiting the arrival of his master in Ladó. In the meantime I took the cook into my service, and was very much pleased with him. Belâl, one of the three negro boys I had brought with me from Makaraka ran away, in order, it was supposed, to return with four others to Makaraka. Judging by what his companions said, the silly fellows had decided to fly on account of a superstition which prevailed amongst the slaves that the red colour of the Turkish caps (*tarabîsh*) in Khartum was produced by negroes' blood. Little Morján took the place of nurse in the house of Hassan Efendi, the apothecary ; Farag Allâh, the third servant, was to come with me to Europe.

The first rains and the artificial irrigation of some gardens

SWORDS, DAGGERS, AND CLUBS, FROM DAR-FÔR. (*Dr. W. Junker's collection.*)

lying outside the boundaries of the station had brought on an early crop of many kinds of vegetables, which made a pleasant change in our modest bill of fare. The scarcity of corn, however, became very serious, and the rations allotted to me grew so small that I had to eke them out by the purchase of some old broken biscuits which were still procurable. I was obliged to give twenty times their value, paying ten Maria Theresa thalers for a basketful. The rice which I had previously bought at a very high price helped me over the worst of the famine. The garrison of the station was for a long time obliged to do altogether without grain, and had to depend entirely on animal food. Nur Bey undertook a raid to the South Fejilú country in order to provide Ladó with oxen, and brought back about three hundred head.

My former servant, Eberle, caused me great anxiety through an attack of dysentery lasting a week. In addition to this, he was, through his own fault, entirely without supplies. He had rashly and without any consideration of circumstances sold the whole of his wares, even to the rice he was dependent on for his own consumption, and in spite of his gains in money, was reduced to beggary. I helped him as well as I could over the worst pinch. But there was no improvement in his health.

A letter from Dr. Emin which arrived in Ladó about this time, announced his speedy arrival. I could now indulge the hope of seeing him before my departure. To my great pleasure he arrived on the 22nd May. I was again able to enjoy intercourse with a European of culture. This was the third time I had met Dr. Emin since making his acquaintance in Ladó in November, 1876. Soon afterwards he went to Khartum, whence he returned to Ladó in January 1877.

Dr. Emin had come up the Nile to Khartum in the year 1875. There he had for some time practised as a physician, and then proceeded to Ladó, whence he undertook his first journey to Uganda as Gordon's emissary. In the second half of 1877 he again visited King Mtésa, and from this journey he had now returned. He arrived in a skiff which brought him from the station of Regáf to Ladó. Here he was received with the

honours due to an official of high position. The small garrison stood at arms on the bank of the Nile. I had joined the party to welcome him. Dr. Emin walked past the soldiers, exchanging greetings with Mudir Nur Bey and some others, and proceeded to the newly built divan followed by us. After the endless ceremonies attending the Arab reception with the inevitable coffee, sherbet and the constantly repeated inquiries after one's health, &c., Dr. Emin came towards me with great heartiness and said: "Now that the demands of ceremony have been satisfied I give you greeting in German; at last we can talk German to one another."

Dr. Emin is a slender, almost spare man, rather above the middle height, with a thin face surrounded by a dark beard and deep-set eyes which look observingly through his spectacles. The shortness of his sight compels him to strain his eyes and concentrate them on the person before him, and this imparts a hard and at times almost furtive expression to his gaze. The picturesque head gives unmistakable promise of great intelligence, and betrays in nothing a German origin; its undeniably oriental stamp was of considerable assistance to Dr. Emin in the *rôle* of Turk, which he had assumed in his relations with the official circles and the people, and which he by preference constantly maintained in the first years of his residence in the Sudan and the negro territories. Every Friday he was seen to visit the mosque, where he repeated the prayers enjoined. His whole bearing and every movement expresses a deliberation calculated to give the impression of dignity and self-possession. This was especially noticeable in Dr. Emin's intercourse with his subordinates, in his capacity of an Egyptian official. His outer man betrayed an almost painful punctiliousness and great care in his dress. I accepted Dr. Emin's invitation and followed him to his dwelling, where we discussed our several experiences of the last year. He told me of his stay in Uganda and the circumstances existing there, and I communicated to him the observations I had made in Makaraka. The time passed very quickly in the exchange of thought during our daily intercourse. Emin had brought with him interesting ethnographic objects from the

southern districts of the province as well as from Unyoro and Uganda. He was kind enough to let me have a large number of duplicates for the greater completeness of my collection.

I used the unwelcome delay in Ladó to add in every possible way to my collection, which was already very extensive. I procured for it many fine specimens from Latúka, the country of the Southern Mádis, the Shulis, from soldiers or officials returning from the *gházwehs*. Through personal acquaintance with several Barí Dragomans I was able to acquire objects belonging to their tribe which had hitherto been wanting, and some new specimens were added to the curious carved wooden figures already in my possession, and which I only met with amongst the Barís and tribes related to them. These might be mistaken for fetishes, symbols of religious worship, in accordance with the customs of some tribes on the west coast of Africa, who set up carved images in sacred places. It appears to me doubtful whether the many carvings from Africa, marked as fetishes in various museums have really any connection with religious ceremonies or customs. I am inclined to think that many of these figures are endowed with this meaning by the ignorance or credulity of the collectors. The extent of the fetish worship and sects is very much exaggerated.[1] The right interpretation of the religious views of savages is the traveller's most difficult problem. The wooden figures of the Barís, which are barely twelve to sixteen inches high, are undoubtedly representations of deceased persons, "Penates" hung under the roof in memory of those who have passed away.

On the 3rd June, in the afternoon, the well-known signal whistle of a steamer was suddenly heard, at first at some distance, then close at hand; and immediately afterwards the joyfully welcomed ship rounded the last point which hid it from view and in a few minutes cast anchor. It was a complete surprise, for this time the ship had not been announced before its arrival at the station, as was usually the case. Owing to the

[1] The best account of fetish worship, about which the most erroneous ideas are prevalent, will be found in Major A. B. Ellis's *Tshi-speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast*, London, 1887.

extent of completely level country bordering the Nile to the north the quick eyes of the negro are able to detect the least column of smoke ascending from the river and recognise with a great degree of certainty the smoke of a steamer, so that this is often announced long before its arrival at the station.

On every journey of the steamers from Khartum to Ladó the crew drives a brisk petty trade in articles of consumption and of dress, as well as in stuffs and the smaller household utensils; such things as were absolutely necessary for the officials and soldiers, provisions, cloth and articles for barter with the negroes, to be exchanged for ivory for instance, were provided by the government and kept in the stores at every station. On the arrival of a ship, the officials received at the discretion of the mudirs and governors something in lieu of pay, in proportion to the available goods or to the wealth of the recipient, and his account was charged with the value set by the government upon the goods received. It was invariably higher than the market value in Khartum. As the government never sent a sufficient supply of wares into the negro districts, the demands of the officials could never be fully met. The Sudan officials were forced to acquiesce in a running system of part payments, the government remaining a permanent debtor. It was the order of the day to bribe the clerks, and the sub-officials, being in their hands, were overreached by them. The mudîr or wekil and the katib worked mostly hand in hand and took every opportunity of enriching themselves. According to the ebb and flow in the government coffers at Khartum (the ebb being of far more frequent occurrence), and at very irregular intervals, specie found its way to Ladó, and was distributed amongst the men in proportion to their salaries. In fact the government was often in debt for years for the salaries of some of the officials in the more distant stations, who were enabled to meet their immediate wants by fleecing the neighbouring negroes without any interference on the part of their superiors. Those few Europeans in the Sudan who were in the Egyptian service knew better how to come by their own; they had representatives in Khartum to receive their salaries every month.

For the soldiers ready-made suits of Dongolan cotton, *dammûr*, boots and red caps (*tarabîsh*) were sent into the provinces from Khartum. Corn, which formed the staple of the food supplies, was given out in regular rations to the soldiers from the stores at each station; the officials received, when feasible, a corresponding amount of meat every day, and the soldiers every second, fourth or sixth day according to the number of cattle at disposal. In none of the stations of the Upper Nile provinces was corn grown by the villagers to any extent. When the tribute of the dependent negroes (nominally a fixed one) was insufficient, the quantity was made up by plundering the free negroes. At times there were 1,000 to 1,500 ardeb of durra in the stores at Ladó, enough to cover the government rations for from three to five months, but far from sufficient for the whole consumption of many households, which counted their servants and slaves by the dozen, whereas the head of the house received only his own personal share. So the bare necessities had to be raised by other means, often by retail trade. In the provincial stations—Ladó being regarded as the centre—the state of affairs was mostly more satisfactory. How would it have been otherwise possible for a Fadl Allâh, an Atrush and Bahit Bey and many another to feed their numerous servants?

In the course of time many of the government officials had succeeded in making themselves independent as regarded the food question, by adopting the system of the negro chiefs, who calculate their wealth by the number of women and dependants in their service. Fields and gardens were cultivated by a great number of the inhabitants of the Makaraka stations, the only honest means of meeting their wants where trade was still in its infancy.

The cultivation of fields and gardens is the first firm foundation of trade; it is the best method of attempting the moral development of the negroes, and the method that they most easily comprehend. Now, although the Arabs (Egyptians) have on the whole sinned heavily against the negroes, yet they created the conditions in Makaraka which made the advance

DAR-FÓR HEAD-DRESSES. (*Dr. W. Junker's Collection.*)

of civilization possible, and which procured for the land the benefits of a form of government, uniting the remnants of the many peoples under one firm rule.

The merit of imposing on the negroes the necessity of keeping peace with the neighbouring tribes, of remaining as much as possible at their homesteads and cultivating the fields, belongs to the much-abused Mohammedans and must not be undervalued. It is to the credit of the Egyptian government that the negro country has been brought under its authority, thus laying the way for further civilization. For however hard the pressure of a foreign yoke may be, it is always preferable in the interests of the negro to the sway of his native despots, which entails an unceasing war of extermination with one another.

The system introduced by the Sudan administration of part payment in kind, by the distribution of wares and provisions amongst the officials and the soldiers, necessitated a host of clerks to keep the accounts in order. Besides those in Ladó, the seat of the chief Mudîr of the Equatorial Provinces, four or five or more *kutâb*[1] (clerks) were often to be found in each station. Everywhere in every expedition and at the departure of every steamer they were to be seen following their calling, not always an honest one. In the larger provincial districts, a chief clerk or chief cashier (*bashkâtib*) was placed over them. The authority and influence of a *bashkâtib* is so great that, even in Khartum, he was reckoned amongst the most important personages after the Governor-General. All these circumstances were a thorn in the flesh to Gordon Pasha, and he did his best to abolish them; but time and a regular revenue were required to pay not only current expenses, but also arrears of several years' standing to the officials. A steadily increasing want of money was added to the many difficulties with which Gordon had to contend. The annual accounts of the finance department nearly always showed a deficit. It was much debated whether permission should be given to the Khartum traders to make a business journey to Ladó. In order to keep down the slave-trade and to prevent the

[1] Plural of كاتب, writer, scribe, notary, clerk.

officials incurring debts and liabilities, this was only granted in certain special cases and at considerable intervals. However, when the trade in ivory and ostrich feathers had become a government monopoly, the Khartum merchants showed no great desire to make a journey to the White Nile because they could not bring back merchandise as well as take it, and the increased vigilance of the government made it almost impossible to bring slaves with them, and in any case very difficult and expensive. Further, the importation of articles required in large quantities was in the hands of the government, leaving to the traders only the small and less profitable wares. Several Greek tradesmen, and in my time a German also, received permission to make a journey to Ladó with various goods. Gustav Eberle had also obtained this concession, and, as already stated, disposed of the whole of his imports. Then again, not only the whole crew from captain downwards, but every one on board, whether officer, government official, clerk or servant did a little trade on his own account.

The slave-trade was forbidden by the Egyptian government and was even punishable with death. The great slave transports which in former years had been openly carried on on the Nile, were now rendered all but impossible by the watchfulness of a few Europeans charged with the control of the river traffic. On the several routes from Bahr Ghazal to Dar-Fôr and Kordofan, and thence through the steppes and deserts to Upper Egypt on the contrary, and also from the Nile through Sennaar to the lands bordering the Red Sea, the trade in human flesh remained brisk as heretofore and was hardly checked at all by the new law. Amongst all the numerous civil servants, whether Egyptians, Turks or Sudanese, there was certainly not one who condemned slavery on principle, or who held the traffic in slaves to be criminal. They only knew that the prohibition had been made a law by the action of the viceroy, the infringement of which was sometimes attended by the most severe penalties.

But instances occurred every day to show that the dread of punishment was not sufficiently strong to put an end to the

deeply-rooted abuses. Was not Ibrahîm Fauzi himself a slave-dealer, although his position demanded that he should take vigorous measures to suppress the trade in human beings? Certainly where their own interests were not involved, the higher officers publicly enforced the law in the most severe manner, so as to give themselves the appearance of zeal in the matter; but in reality it was of the utmost importance to them whether the export of slaves to Khartum existed or not. To such of the higher officials as were either benefited by, or actually engaged in the slave-trade,—to their honour be it said this was not the case with all of them—the new law was a most inconvenient measure, and one to be evaded in every possible way.

The character in which negroes were brought into Khartum was as personal property or household slaves. Nearly every clerk was ready to enter the slaves in question on the list of steamship passengers as male or female servants. Where the control was exercised by the lesser officials who lived and depended on the amount of baksheesh they received, the regulations issued by the Governor-General could be easily evaded. But as on arriving at Khartum the examination of in-coming steamers was more strict and the captain was personally responsible for the observation of the regulations, the ships, before entering the Blue Nile, lay to at some place agreed on, on the banks of the White Nile. Surplus slaves, viz., all above the number of male and female servants allowed by the government to each free subject, could have been objected to on the official search of the ship, and were therefore landed and brought by stealth to Khartum. It was a difficult matter to fix the number of servants allowed by law; the position of each passenger had necessarily to be taken into consideration. It is evident that an officer or official of high rank would be entitled to more servants than a simple Dongolan for instance, so there was plenty of room for an evasion of the provisions in question. It was even more difficult to determine the number of female slaves who might be allowed to travel from Ladó to Khartum, especially as—according to one of the rules—every slave about

to become a mother might follow her master wherever he might be going.

It was with feelings of the highest satisfaction that I spent the next days in making energetic preparations for my departure, after so long a delay. Amongst my possessions I continually came upon many things for which I no longer had any use. I was glad to be able to leave some instruments for scientific observations and a few books behind with Dr. Emin. A short time before the departure of the vessel, the Governor Ibrahim Fauzi returned to Ladó from the southern stations. The journey was however delayed a few days by some amount of tedious writing which had been previously neglected. At length on the 11th of June all was ready; the large quantities of ivory destined for Khartum were stowed away and all the passengers on board, and after taking a hearty leave of Dr. Emin who had accompanied me on board, I set out on the return journey with Eberle, who was very ill. I took him with me on the advice of Dr. Emin, who thought that the change of air would be beneficial to him, as he was still weak from the attack of dysentery. Before weighing anchor I had to wait for several hours whilst the clumsy and punctilious clerks weighed and taxed my luggage, and finally decided the fares to be paid for me and my servants Ahmed and Farag 'Allâh. After a long computation they charged me 162 thalers.

There was nothing specially deserving of notice on the return journey to Khartum; this was now the fourth time I had journeyed between the stations of Sobat and Khartum. I took care to make all observations which should give me a more intimate knowledge of the river and make me better acquainted with the peculiarities which distinguish it from all other rivers, without which it is impossible to understand the formation of the grass-bars, or *sudd*, which at times completely close the Upper Nile. In 1874 the removal of the *sudd* had taken up the entire energies of Ismail Pasha Ejûb, and his men were at work there for months, after Sir Samuel Baker had in 1870 been forced by the grass-bars to make his way very laboriously to Gondokoro by the Giraffe River, Bahr el-Zerâf, a branch of the

Bahr el-Jebel. A year after my departure from Ladó, the Equatorial Provinces were cut off from communication with Khartum for nearly two years, 1878 to 1880, by a series of extensive grass-bars which completely blocked the river. The *sudd* was the cause of a fearful famine, causing the death of several hundred men whom Gessi Pasha tried to bring from Meshra er-Rêq to Khartum in September 1880, the flotilla, which was insufficiently provisioned, being blocked up for months, until Ernst Marno appeared on board a strongly built steamer to rescue those who were still living.

But my thoughts took a more cheerful turn, for each hour brought me nearer to the home I was eagerly longing for. My happy frame of mind was only disturbed by Eberle's condition which gradually became hopeless. We put in at Bôr and remained outside the station one night; the next stoppage was made at Ghâbeh Shambíl. In the night of the 18th June we crossed the Moqren el-Bahûr (confluence of the Bahr el-Jebel and Bahr el-Ghazal), which resembles a lake, and before sunrise landed on the shore near the Zeriba Sobat. Here I had a sad duty to perform. Gustav Eberle, the second European who had been in my service, had succumbed to his sufferings two hours before our arrival at the station. Here I had his grave made for him. He was carried to it shrouded in the coverlet on the *angareb* on which he had died and quietly laid in the earth. The murderous climate of Central Africa had one more victim.

The 19th June was occupied in taking in wood in the neighbourhood of Sobat; the following day we reached Fashoda, and on the evening of the 21st Hellet Kaka. On the 25th June, before noon, we passed by the double-peaked mountain of Jebelên, and in the afternoon landed at a wharf where we met some passing Baqara Bedouins, of whom we bought a few trifles. At sunset we proceeded further, but in a few minutes the vessel ran fast on a sandbank, and it was only after many hours of exhausting work that they got her afloat next day.

Owing to the dearth of wood in the neighbourhood of Khartum, the captains of the vessels are required to bring with

them at least half a ship's load. For this reason we remained one day at the wood station at Kawa. Strong winds forced us to cast anchor at Quetena and interrupted our journey for a night. After a journey of eighteen days, we reached Khartum again on the 29th June, 1878.

TÁBAQA (DISH COVER) FROM DAR-FÛR.

GOATSUCKERS.

CHAPTER XVI.

SECOND VISIT TO KHARTUM AND RETURN.

At Consul Rosset's House—Romola Gessi and the Expedition to the Sobat Country—Gordon Pasha—His Administration—Gordon and Dr. Emin—Ibrahîm Fauzi in Irons—The Rebellion of Soliman Zibêr—Departure from Khartum—Journey through the Bayuda Steppes—The Kababish Bedouins—From Dabbeh to Donqola—Through Assuan to Assiut and Cairo.

I GLADLY accepted the kind invitation of Consul Rosset and took up my abode in his house. I was welcomed by his wife, a small and pretty Maltese, and by my old friend Gessi; and hereupon Herr Giegler and Consul Hansal joined our friendly circle.

The house of the German Consul Rosset, which was built by his father-in-law Debono, a dealer in ivory, was a wide spreading building; the two-storied front and a large room like a hall

overlooking the open space in front of the house, and the adjoining rooms were occupied by the consul and his family. In the large room opening on to two balconies he kept open table every day for his guests. At that time I shared his hospitality with Romolo Gessi and Richard Buchta.

The extensive neatly-kept courtyard was surrounded on all sides by a row of rooms, one story high, in which the guests found ample accommodation. My spacious airy room looked out over the large garden which stretched away behind the house as far as the Blue Nile. Place was also found for the collections I had made before my departure to the Equatorial Provinces and which Mr. Rosset had taken charge of.

I was no longer bound to time or by any other considerations as to my return to Europe, and wished to remain a few weeks longer in Khartum in order carefully to pack my luggage which was considerable, consisting for the most part of the collections already so often mentioned.

The first night after my arrival an unaccustomed pleasure, a feeling of the greatest comfort attended my repose; after the lapse of so long a time I was able once more to lay myself on a good comfortable bed and rest at ease on a soft pillow. During my travels a Sudan *angareb*, with a small rug for a covering, had served as my nightly couch.

In Khartum also there had been many changes since my departure to the south, both as regards general affairs and individuals. Gessi had been to Italy and had raised the money for a journey of exploration to Kaffa. On account of the difficulties, however, with which he met at Fazoql, he was obliged to turn back and give up the execution of his plan. He had returned to Khartum and had been there some time. Gordon Pasha, who was very well disposed towards Gessi, had endeavoured to put him in the way of getting an income, the more because he was the father of a family, which he had left behind him in Europe. The Pasha had entered into a compact with Gessi, according to which the latter was to lead an expedition to the unexplored and independent river districts of the Sobat to get ivory. The expedition was to be quite unofficial and a

private venture of Gessi's. As the opening up of those rich ivory districts would in time be very profitable, Gordon granted the support of the government to the enterprise, and promised Gessi a certain share of the proceeds. When I reached Khartum preparations were being made for the speedy departure of the expedition, and I found Gessi in full activity. About 200 Dongolans had been already engaged.

Gordon Pasha himself had been constantly travelling from one end to the other of the immense domains of the Sudan since he had been appointed Governor-General; to satisfy himself with his own eyes as to the prevailing state of affairs, the requirements and the distress of the populace, and the abuses of the officials. He had only been quite a short time in his official quarters. I was very glad of his presence, and for some time we were in constant intercourse with one another. Before I had been able to call on him and express my thanks for the facilities he had afforded me in my travels, he surprised me by a short visit himself. He came to me in the yard with a tobacco jar under his arm, without which this inveterate smoker was never to be seen. I was in my shirt sleeves opening cases, and he came towards me in a frank and hearty manner, inquiring after my health with evident interest and showing sincere pleasure at the success of my journey. His kind invitation to visit him often, every day indeed, and to take my meals with him, led to a freedom of intercourse which grew daily more intimate, and in the course of which I learnt Gordon's real worth. I might look upon it as a special honour to be invited to share his meals, for whilst fulfilling his official duties at Ladó and in the Equatorial Provinces the Pasha had been very reserved, and hardly any one was allowed to see him at meals, much less to sit down at table with him. As Governor-General at Khartum Gordon was the most cordial and gracious of hosts to his familiar friends, and in spite of the insipid conversation of his guests, the Egyptian Pashas, at his evening receptions in the palace, which were the greatest trial to his patience, he always maintained the spirit of a true gentleman.

I was permitted to spend hours with him every day. In

DR. WILHELM JUNKER ON HIS ARRIVAL AT KHARTUM, 1878.

Gordon I met with a man of noble self-denying character whose goal was always the best and highest. The knowledge bought by three years' devoted activity in the Sudan forced upon him the conviction that his will and energy were insufficient to acquire for the land those benefits which he endeavoured to gain for it, and made him feel bitterly his powerlessness to cope with the abuses of high and low. In the past he had been accustomed to rapid and unusual successes, but to overcome the obstacles and difficulties which opposed a just and humane government in the Sudan was a labour of Sisyphus, even for Gordon. His slight and long delayed success was an insufficient reward for the employment of all his energies and the consequent depression constantly showed itself. His innate goodness of heart, and his extreme kindness to all those in sympathy with him, led him to quickly place a confidence in the abilities and trustworthiness of his officials which was too often abused, and bore evidence to Gordon's want of knowledge of human nature. He saw himself shamefully deceived by the men whom he had most trusted, and he lost all hope of effecting any satisfactory result and of cleansing the Augean stable under the existing circumstances and with the body of officials at his command. On accepting his appointment from the Khedive he had taken with him to the Sudan a staff of picked European officials, chiefly Englishmen; they were to work with him in carrying out the great project of civilization to which he felt so strong a call that he believed it to be a mission from Heaven. He set upon his task with the fire and zeal of a religious enthusiast, but death speedily thinned the ranks of those who were to have stood by him and aided him in the work, and the survivors were driven home by sickness. Hardly a year had passed when he saw himself left almost alone, and thenceforth he had contented himself with taking into the Egyptian service the few Europeans whom he had found holding other positions in the Sudan, who had become acclimatised and showed that they would suit his requirements. The impulsive endeavours of his restless spirit to check abuses without delay often led him to issue orders, which he himself afterwards recognised to be unadvisable and was

obliged to withdraw or cancel. The charge of indecision often made against him was certainly not quite without ground, but arose from a high motive. His kindness of heart and the truly Christian forbearance which he imposed on his somewhat vehement temper, when he revoked the merited punishment of some subordinate, was misunderstood and falsely interpreted, often intentionally. The want of decision in his proclamations and measures of government was founded in his zealous endeavour to come quickly to the right and most fitting decision. His measures and their result can only be judged by taking into consideration all the difficulties with which he had to contend. These difficulties, of which the suppression of the slave-trade was not the least, and which are unknown, and one may say incomprehensible to any one at a distance, were the cause of Gordon's not having advanced beyond the experimental stage even at the end of his activity as Hokmdar. Day and night he was considering how to stop the present oppression of the people and to master the abuses which had crept in. Doubts as to the success of his mission sometimes discouraged him, and as he often complained to me, made his residence in the Sudan a burden. On the other hand he would not withdraw from his self-imposed task, and leave the fate of the inhabitants at the mercy of the old form of Satrap government which he abhorred with his whole heart.

It was Gordon's endeavour to free himself from national prejudices and to judge men from a cosmopolitan standpoint ; but he was nevertheless a thorough Englishman, and many peculiarities which cannot be denied can be traced to his English education. His trust in God and his firm belief in the Bible, as well as his courage in battle, call to mind Oliver Cromwell's inflexible Roundheads. No one could be more disinterested and unselfish ; he spent a large part of his income on others. No one left him empty-handed, he rejoiced in giving pleasure ; in a word, a man such as is seldom found, firm in faith, with the highest ideals and motives, with a good heart shining out of his beautiful blue eyes.

At his nightly receptions, after the Egyptian officials had retired, Gordon Pasha enjoyed, conversing on the business matters

of the government and hearing the opinions of the Europeans present. He soon manifested his confidence in me, but I avoided on principle, talking of the matters on which I was informed unless directly appealed to. Any questions which were directed to me I answered candidly and without reserve, for precaution on my part was unnecessary. Knowing the enormous difficulties which beset the government of the Sudan, I refrained from complaining of the abuses practised by the officials. Gordon thought very highly of me for this attitude. He expressed himself to me: "I am very glad to see that you do not bring to my notice complaints concerning men and matters of which you have gained an intimate knowledge, and the difficulties of removing which you fully appreciate. Tell me the means of remedying these abuses and I shall be thankful to you." I was obliged to leave this unanswered, for neither did I know any remedy. Matters of administration were often talked over on such evenings. Gordon had a pencil and paper lying before him and often wrote down the answers to his questions. Grave charges had been brought against Ibrahîm Fauzi. Gordon had decided on his recall and banishment to the station of Sobat, where he was put in irons, and this order was signed. The Governor General was so angry, that he wrote to me later, "Fauzi est à Fashoda et sera fusillé!" However, he pardoned him and sent him back to Cairo. Some one else had now to be found to fill the post of Chief Mudîr of the Equatorial Provinces which had been occupied by Ibrahîm Fauzi. On Gordon's asking me to suggest some one, I proposed Dr. Emin Efendi. Gordon certainly raised objections, but in the end agreed with me and appointed Dr. Emin, "Mudîr amum beta Khath el-Estiwa," with the title of Bey.

Simultaneously with my arrival in Khartum came the news that Soliman, Zibêr's son, who had already threatened to raise an armed rebellion the year before, had now revolted and overrun the eastern zeribas in the Bahr el-Ghazal province. Gordon was greatly perplexed, almost at his wits' end, to know to whom he should entrust the task of quelling the insurrection. Speedy action was of the utmost necessity in order to prevent

the increase of Soliman's faction. The only man whose success could be vouched for as commander of the troops to be dispatched was Gessi. At first, however, he would not hear of it, and held to the agreement made with Gordon as to the expedition to the Sobat territory. Jussuf Shellāli, Mudîr of the Rôl province, who was at that time at Khartum, had to make a hasty return in order to collect and organise the forces at his disposal. Indeed at this critical period for Gordon Gessi avoided every meeting with him, and discontinued his customary visits to the palace. Gordon, on the other hand, would not risk a refusal by proposing to Gessi that he should postpone the Sobat expedition and take the command in the Bahr el-Ghazal territory. So of my own accord I took upon myself to intervene, and tried my powers of persuasion with Gessi. Gessi positively declined, but at the end of a week he gave way to my continued solicitations, and accepted a task which after many dangers and incredible exertions gained him the victory over the enemy, and an honourable place in the history of the Sudan.

An event connected with Soliman's insurrection occurred during my residence at Khartum. A vessel was captured on the Nile with a number of Turkish saddles, richly embroidered in gold, and many valuable sabres on board. They were sent by Zibêr from Cairo as presents for the principal chiefs in Dar-Fôr. Zibêr's intentions were unmistakable. Gordon sold the saddles to the highest bidders, and the weapons my friend Rosset, the newly appointed Governor of Dar-Fôr, was charged by the Government to take with him for the chief officials in Dar-Fôr.

A few days after my arrival at Khartum, the customary visits having been made and returned, I again set about the arrangement of my collections, the first part of which, as already mentioned, had been left behind in Rosset's house. Besides the numerous articles I had brought from Makaraka and Ladó, there was another collection of ethnographical specimens, made by some one else, which I had acquired by purchase. When all was arranged Gordon Pasha looked over my collections. The good impression they made on him was sufficiently strong to induce him, a few days later, to surprise me with a valuable present, en-

riching me with some specially valuable objects from Dar-Fôr; and one of the last evenings I spent with Gordon, he said to me: "I have received a collection of ethnographical specimens from Shaqqa. The things are still unpacked; I don't know what the boxes contain. Would it interest you to look at them? I will have them unpacked. Come to-morrow." On the following day I found the very extensive collection spread out on the divan and tables. I examined it piece by piece with unconcealed astonishment and vivid interest. Gordon, who was watching me turned to me and said: "If you would like to have any of them make your choice." But when he saw that I had a difficulty in choosing, he proceeded in a quick succession of sentences: "Would you like to have the whole collection? What will you do with it, and with all your collections? I won't send anything more to Cairo. The things are left in their cases and grow mildewed. My acquaintances have treated me badly too. Things are sent off that they express a wish for, and one does not even hear that they have been received. But your boxes have been despatched [as was already the case]; will you have time to pack these things before your departure? Your journey must not be delayed by it." Agreeably surprised at the valuable present, I expressed my warmest thanks to Gordon. I could accept the collection the more readily as it was destined, with my own, for the museums of my country.

I had already carefully packed the ethnographical and the zoological specimens in thirty cases and delivered them to a French merchant, settled in Khartum, named Marquet, to be forwarded to Europe. Only a portion was destined to reach St. Petersburg in a serviceable condition. The cases were thoroughly soaked through in Berber, and a good many had to be repacked. I have never been able to get to the bottom of the real circumstances and cause of the accident. It was stated that the Nile, swollen by the heavy rains, had suddenly overflowed and flooded Marquet's depôt. On opening the cases in St Petersburg half a year afterwards, I saw to my extreme sorrow that all the hides and skins were spoilt, and the pottery and all fragile articles smashed. The severe frosts in the winter had

frozen the contents of the cases with the water that had got through into one mass of ice. Luckily the ethnographical collection was for the most part intact. I presented it to the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, and it was exhibited in the museum. I handed over a smaller portion to the Ethnographical Museum in Berlin.

During the last few weeks of my Khartum visit there was much life in Consul Rosset's house, for no less than four travellers were preparing for journeys to all quarters of the globe. Rosset himself was the first to leave, and we accompanied him to the vessel which was to take him up the White Nile to Tirra-el-hadra, whence he was to go by land through Kordofan to El-Fasher. He started in high spirits and full of bright hopes. None of us were to see him again, for shortly after his arrival in Dar-Fôr he died in a mysterious manner, probably from poison. The second to turn his back on Khartum was Gessi. He was depressed when he left, not anticipating the success he was to meet with.

Two months later Richard Buchta left Khartum with three English missionaries—Pearson, Litchfield, and Dr. Felkin, who were going to Uganda.

The month of July had passed, and the day of my departure arrived. Besides hurriedly packing the collection I had received from Gordon Pasha, I had to lay in the provisions necessary for the approaching journey in the desert and to settle several little matters of business. I had dismissed my servant Ahmed on my arrival at Khartum. I took Farag 'Allâh, the negro boy, back with me to Europe. Mr. Naquet having undertaken to forward my collections, my luggage had dwindled down to a small residuum. I left everything I could at all dispense with behind. An ass was soon found, and on the morning of the 17th July I put my luggage, servant, and ass betimes on board the steamer specially chartered for me. The evening before I was with Mr. Giegler and Consul Hansal at Gordon Pasha's. I never saw him again. When Gordon, on his last ride to Khartum, came in the Nubian desert across Bohndorff, who had been my companion on my second African journey he immediately inquired,

"And where is Dr. Junker?" On Bohndorff answering "He has remained behind in the Bahr Ghazal territory," he replied, "I shall send steamers to fetch him and save him." We were at that time cut off from Khartum by the followers of the Mahdi. Poor Gordon! You did not foresee that in Khartum, which you had entered in triumph, death was lying in wait for you.

My journey was delayed till midday. Camels had been ordered at Kerreri for the 28th July. The voyage thither in the steamer lasted two hours and a half. Situated on the west bank of the Nile, this place forms the starting point for caravans going to Dongola. The traders have sometimes to wait here for weeks before they can get the camels for the transport of their goods, chiefly consisting of gum arabic. Even then the sacks of gum had been lying for months on the shore. Thatched huts and awnings afforded the merchants and their wares a doubtful shelter. There was a very unpleasant surprise in store for me also. I had ordered the necessary camels at the mudirîyeh in Khartum and had paid forty thalers for their hire as far as Debbeh, so I was not a little surprised to learn from the Bedouin sheikh at Kerren that he knew nothing about the matter. However, he declared himself ready to procure the few camels which I needed for ready money. Undoubtedly the negligence of a Khartum official was again at fault. However, I was obliged to remain one day at Kerreri, and should probably not have succeeded in getting away even then if the Bedouin sheikh had not known that a message had been speedily despatched to Khartum. Fear of punishment made him take prompt action. On the morning of the 29th of July the camels stood ready after I had paid the forty thalers a second time. I was heartily glad to begin the march towards the Bayúda steppe. During the first three weeks of the wearisome journey on camels the country passed through is almost exclusively inhabited by an Arab-speaking population, chiefly Bedouins. The landscape, the conformation of the ground, the people and their customs reminded me in many respects of tracts already travelled through and described by me. The Bayúda steppe, inclosed by a large curve of the Nile eastwards, frequently calls to mind the land east of the Nile, where

the Hadéndoas, Bishāris, Shukuries, and others have their pastures. There doubtless occur a few tracts where corn may be grown ; but on the other hand there is some of the most barren land imaginable, such as I have only seen in certain parts of the Libyan desert. The water, which is to be found at all seasons of the year in the rainpools, supports small stretches of pasturage for the camels in the wide desert country. The sparse vegetation is dependent on the rare rains, and the nomad existence of the great Kababish race inhabiting the Bayúda steppe is a necessary consequence of the peculiar conditions of vegetation. According to the time of year sowing and reaping is pursued in the rain basins (*wâdi*). One of the most important sources of income for the Bedouins of the Egyptian Sudan is letting out camels for the transport of goods along the caravan routes.

The road from Khartum to Dongola leaves the Nile at Kerreri and touches it again at Debbeh. The great bend which the river makes from Wâdi Bishār past Berber and Abu Hammed northwards, and from there past Abu Dom to the south-east is thus cut off by this direct road. Moreover, owing to the numerous rapids, this part of the river cannot be navigated at all in some places, and in others is only passable when the water is very high. The road, in stretches or throughout its whole course, runs nearer to or further from the Nile, according to the time of year or rather to the amount of water in the wells. I estimated the distance to be eighty hours' march and accomplished it in eleven days. A short time before Gordon Pasha had traversed the route in eight days. *Requbas* had been erected for him wherever a halt had to be made, and these also afforded me shelter at midday and under some of them I took my repose at night. The places chosen for the night's halt, near which there is generally water and a little pasturage for the camels, are often characterised by some particular kind of shrub or tree which gives its name to the locality.

On August 8th I entered Debbeh and went the same evening on board the vessel which Gordon had ordered to be in readiness for me, and which sailed away next morning down the river. We had to contend with strong contrary winds, and had to lie

THE CATARACTS OF THE NILE AT WADI-HALFA. (*After a drawing by L. H. Fischer.*)

to several times. I did not reach el 'Ordhe (New Dongola) until the evening of August 10th.

Next day the camels on which we were to continue the journey were brought over to the right bank of the river, for the caravan route lies east of the Nile. On the evening of August 11th I again set out. I was eagerly longing for the end of my journey of which I was already weary. My power of endurance was rapidly being exhausted. It is true I could not complain of any definite physical ailment, but I had had little nourishment of late, and my nerves were in a highly strung condition.

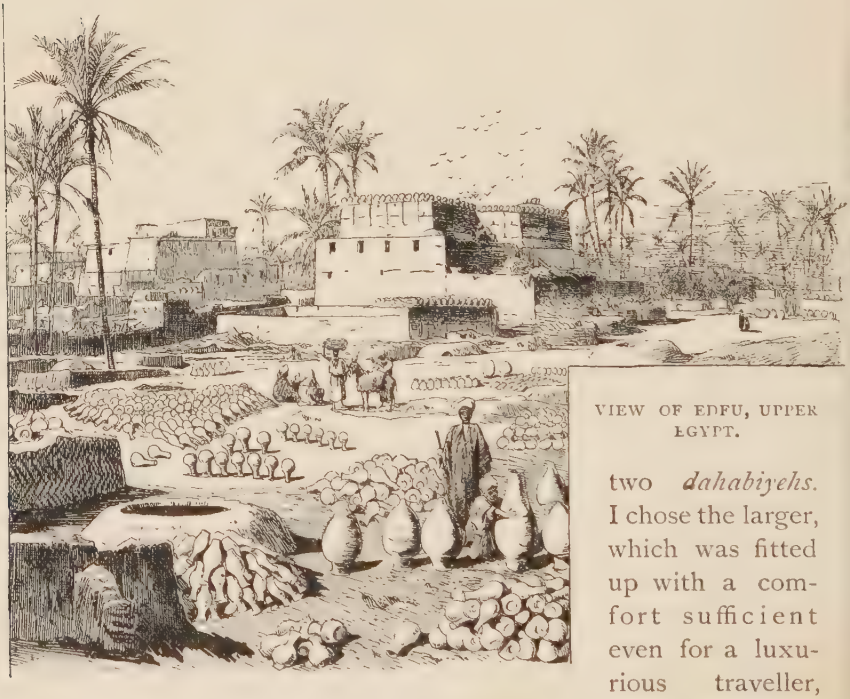
The fact of my having always ridden an ass instead of a camel throughout my travels, even in the Arabian Sudan, may have caused the great fatigue and exhaustion of the late marches. On long journeys the camel is undoubtedly preferable to the ass.

The road between Dongola and Wâdi-Halfa has this great advantage over the one from Kerreri to Debbeh, that the midday halt and nightly rest can be made in the villages on the Nile. Every day I could rejoice in the sight of human dwellings. The road proper leads through a desolate and stony waste lying beyond the cultivated land, which is confined to a narrow strip along the banks of the river, which is the artery of these boundless tracts. It alone makes the land habitable and supplies the means of subsistence to the natives, to whom the date palm yields food and comparative wealth. In Dâr-Sukkot we found ourselves in the happy land where even the camels are fed on dates. Frequent communication with the small places on the Nile opened to me a new field of observation and gave my return journey a fresh interest. By buying milk, eggs, and now and then fresh meat, I was able to procure the necessary change of diet.

The distance from Dongola to Sarâs, where the railway round the Wâdi-Halfa cataracts commences, is eighty-three hours' journey by canal and took us ten days, but my impatience to reach Cairo made the journey doubly tedious. Often during the night I could hardly keep my seat on the ass for fatigue, and

got off and walked by the side of the caravan to keep up my spirits.

On the 20th August we at last reached Sarās in the early morning, and this put an end to my discomfort and weariness. Soon an engine got up steam, and I was carried to Wâdi-Halfa, where Gordon's kindness had provided me with a special steamer. This took me next day to Assuan, where I had the choice of



VIEW OF EDFU, UPPER EGYPT.

two *dahabiyehs*. I chose the larger, which was fitted up with a comfort sufficient even for a luxurious traveller, and hired it for my sole use, stopping as I felt inclined at the places on the banks up to Assiut.

On the 1st September I took the train from Assiut to Cairo, and having the compartment to myself, thought over the past year with its varied experiences, and built castles in the air for the future. I little thought then that a year later I should again visit the Sudan. A few stations before Cairo several gentlemen entered my carriage: they spoke German! As if by the stroke

of a magician's wand, I felt myself transported to the home to which I shortly afterwards hastened, only making a short stay in the City of the Califs on the Nile. My feelings were such as he only could understand who, like me, has been for years separated from his dear ones by hundreds and hundreds of miles, and incurred hardships and dangers in his wanderings which make his safe return a matter of doubt from month to month. Once on my native soil, difficulties and dangers were all forgotten, joy filled my breast at the successful termination of my long journey, and gradually kindled the desire once more to tread the burning soil of the Dark Continent.

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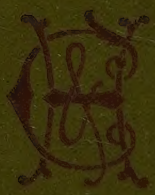
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